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This Edition is a link in the chain of Tattersall's persistent (& apparently costly) effort to get rid of Sternhold & Hopkins in the Church Services. The 1st Edition was printed & dated 1789, issued, with an Explanation of the delay, in 1791. This sumptuous Edition, 6 years later, is explained (lxvi) for a present to the Kings, Prelates &c in lieu of their support. The remark on lxvii seems to indicate that it preceded a public Edition, perhaps the one referred to in Jubilee (under Merrick). Tattersall made great efforts also to have suitable musical settings by high authorities made available. (See xciii &c). The original preface (1789) ends at middle of page xxiii. The balance to page xcvi is very interesting - an attempt to show that the Old Version has no particular authority, that improvement is desirable, a review of various efforts to retranslate the Bible, & a consideration of the advantages of Merrick

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APR 27 1925

A

VERSION

OF

THE PSALMS,

Originally written by the

Late Reverend *JAMES MERRICK*, A. M.

Fellow of TRINITY COLLEGE, OXON.

DIVIDED INTO STANZAS,

AND

ADAPTED TO THE PURPOSES

OF

PUBLIC OR PRIVATE DEVOTION,

BY THE REVEREND

WILLIAM DECHAIR TATTERSALL, A. M.

Late Student of CHRIST CHURCH, OXON.

Rector of WESTBOURNE, Suſſex; Vicar of WOTTON UNDER EDGE, Glouceſterſhire;
And Chaplain to the Honourable Mr. Juſtice BULLER.

LONDON:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR

MDCCXCVII.

TO

THE KING.

SIR,

THE following work, the reſult of much application, was at firſt undertaken, and has been completed ſolely from a deſire to promote the cauſe of Religion, and the credit of the Eſtabliſhed Church.

In this point of view, I truſt, it may not appear unworthy the regard of a Monarch, who has uniformly ſhewn himſelf the firm ſupporter of that Church, and graciouſly expreſſed

preſſed his conviction of its intrinſic purity, and inſeparable connection with our excellent Conſtitution.

That the Church of England may continue to flouriſh, and preſerve its accuſtomed mildneſs and moderation, under the happy government of Your Majeſty and Your Illuſtrious Deſcendants, to the lateſt ages, is the earneſt prayer of,

SIR,

Your MAJESTY's moſt obedient,

and moſt devoted Servant,

W. D. TATTERSALL.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE following attempt on the Pſalms, though a mixture of Tranſlation and Paraphraſe, will, I hope, be found to contain little more of the latter kind than what may be uſeful either in opening the ſenſe, or in pointing out the connexion, of the Original. The defects of it, great as they muſt be, would probably have been much greater, had it not been favoured with a reviſal by a gentleman, whoſe various and well-known abilities, toge-

ther with his ſingular acquaintance with the Hebrew Poetry, rendered him peculiarly qualified for the office. The Reverend Doctor LOWTH, Prebendary of Durham, having read a part of the work, was pleaſed to expreſs a deſire of ſeeing the whole: the Author of it was too ſenſible of the advantage which was likely to reſult from his inſpection of it, to decline ſuch an offer; and takes this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the very great ſervice which he has received from this gentleman's aſſiſtance; who, after having in a moſt friendly and candid manner propoſed his objections where he judged them neceſſary, was pleaſed to encourage and adviſe the publication of the work. My thanks are alſo particularly due to my very worthy and learned neighbour, JOHN LOVEDAY, Eſq. to whoſe peruſal the ſeveral parts of the work were ſubmitted, almoſt as ſoon as compoſed, and whoſe accurate criticiſms have rendered it leſs unworthy of the public light; to which, without conſulting ſuch judicious friends

as

as himſelf and the gentleman above-mentioned, it had been preſumption to expoſe it: as the latter of theſe gentlemen (whoſe ſon, Mr. JOHN LOVEDAY, of Magdalen College, Oxford, a young gentleman of diſtinguiſhed abilities and learning, has ſeconded him in every office of friendſhip and humanity towards me) has moſt readily aſſiſted me in conſidering the ſenſe of the Original whenever I have applied to him, ſo the former has favoured me with a great number of obſervations on the Hebrew Text; which I may hereafter (if God give me health) commit to the preſs, together with many others communicated to me by perſons of very great learning and eminence, and with ſuch remarks as have occurred to myſelf in comparing my Verſion or Paraphraſe with the Original. Though the annotations which I have received from Dr. LOWTH were written in a very expeditious manner, without conſulting many commentators, yet the ſingular attention which that learned gentleman appears

(in his admirable Lectures on the Hebrew Poetry) to have paid to the Pſalms, as well as to the other poetical parts of Holy Scripture, had ſo prepared him for the work which he has thus obligingly taken upon him, that they will, I am perſuaded, be found worthy of their author. As thoſe annotations which have been put into my hands are (many of them at leaſt) ſuch as will not be underſtood by any perſons who have not applied themſelves to the ſtudy of the learned languages, I have rather choſen to reſerve them for a ſeparate volume than to ſubjoin them to the Verſion or Paraphraſe which is here preſented to the reader. The inconveniences ariſing from my ſituation, remote from any of the moſt public libraries, have been in a great meaſure remedied by my acceſs to the large and well-choſen libraries of a gentleman before mentioned, and of my late pious, learned, and ingenious friend, the Reverend Doctor Bolton, Dean of Carliſle, as alſo by the favour of the moſt Reverend

verend the Lord Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY; who has (in addition to the many other inſtances, which I have experienced, of his Grace's goodneſs and condeſcenſion) been pleaſed to honour me, on this occaſion, with the voluntary offer, and the uſe, of ſome of the moſt conſiderable expoſitions of the Pſalms; ſuch as thoſe of Geierus, Michaelis, and Houbigant; together with Celſius's Hierobotanicon, Hillerus's Hierophyticon, and ſeveral new Verſions of the Pſalter in different languages. As the communication of theſe valuable helps demands my humbleſt gratitude, ſo it likewiſe encourages me to hope (though my own incapacity and a long courſe of ill health will ſcarce allow me to think of attempting a regular Comment on the Pſalms) that it may be in my power, in ſome inſtances, to confirm by ſufficient authorities, ſuch interpretations of ſeveral difficult texts as I have followed, and, in others, to diſcover the errors which I have committed.

It may be proper to advertiſe the reader, that the Verſion or Paraphraſe of the Pſalms now put into his hands has not been calculated for the uſes of Public Worſhip. The Tranſlator knew not how, without neglecting the Poetry, to write in ſuch language as the common ſort of people would be likely to underſtand: for the ſame reaſon he could not confine himſelf in general to ſtanzas, nor, conſequently, adopt the meaſures to which the tunes uſed in our Churches correſpond. However, as his meaſures are all of the Lyric kind, his work may, he hopes, anſwer the purpoſes of private devotion. Two of the Pſalms, the hundred and eleventh and the hundred and twelfth, have indeed been purpoſely tranſlated or paraphraſed in the meaſure which anſwers to the tune of the hundredth Pſalm, as it is ſung in the Church, on account of its known excellence.

The judicious reader will not, it is hoped, be offended,

offended, if he finds the ſame phraſes, and even the ſame lines, ſometimes occur in different Pſalms, when he conſiders what liberty of repetition the Hebrew Poetry admits in one and the ſame Poem, and, conſequently, how often the ſame expreſſions are likely to be found in a collection of many Hebrew Poems compoſed on ſimilar ſubjects. The candid Critic may the better judge what degree of indulgence the Tranſlator of ſuch a work may ſtand in need of, if he knows to how great difficulties no leſs able a writer than CORNEILLE was reduced on a like occaſion: whoſe words, in the Preface to his poetical Verſion and Paraphraſe of Thomas à Kempis, are as follows:------" Sur tout les redites " y ſont ſi fréquentes, que quand noſtre Langue " ſeroit dix fois plus abondante qu'elle n'eſt, je " l'aurois épuiſée fort aiſément, et j'avoüe que je " n'ay pû trouver le ſecret de diverſifier mes ex- " preſſions, toutes les fois que j'ay eu la meſme " choſe à exprimer."

Whatever

Whatever imperfections may be diſcovered in the following performance, when examined with a critical view, I ſhall by no means think my labour either uſeleſs or unrecompenſed, if any pious perſons ſhall find their devotion aſſiſted and improved by it, or their love more ſtrongly excited towards the great Author of our Salvation, ſo evidently pointed out in the courſe of theſe divine Compoſitions.

June 5, 1765.

THE

THE

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE Liturgy of the Church of England is allowed, by the moſt learned and devout members of the reformed churches abroad, as well as by the moſt candid and liberal of all religious ſects among ourſelves, to contain a judicious compilation of ſublime and admirable compoſitions. Probably it is altogether the beſt that ever was formed for the uſe of any Chriſtian community, except perhaps in the apoſtolic age. It has, therefore, been often lament-

ed, that the poetical verſion of the Pſalms, by Sternhold and Hopkins, ſhould be, on the whole, ſo unſuitable to it; that the part of the ſervice, which conſiſts in ſinging the praiſes of our Creator, has conſequently ſuffered a ſhameful neglect; and that, from the ſame cauſe, various abuſes have gradually ariſen, which it requires a very careful interference to correct. For the removal of theſe complaints, it appeared to the Editor, that the verſion compoſed by the late Mr. Merrick was peculiarly fitted, excepting only that it was not divided into ſtanzas throughout; an objection which it has coſt him ſome time and attention to obviate. Frequent endeavours have indeed been uſed to render the old verſion leſs exceptionable, by ſelecting from it certain portions of the Pſalms; but theſe well-meant deſigns, from ſome defect or other, have generally failed of producing the deſired effect. As a more complete remedy, Brady and Tate employed themſelves in forming an entire new verſion, which they

obtained

obtained permiſſion to introduce among thoſe congregations who were inclined to receive it. This performance did indeed deſerve conſiderable approbation when produced, but appears to come far ſhort of that ſince made by Mr. MERRICK, both in perſpicuity and ſublimity of expreſſion. Yet the utmoſt hope of this excellent Author, reſpecting the practical uſe of his verſion, ſeems to have been that it might be found to ſerve the purpoſes of private devotion. He has even aſſigned a reaſon why he could not make it fit for public worſhip; namely, "that he knew not how, without neglecting the "poetry, to write in ſuch language as the common "ſort of people would be likely to underſtand. "And for the ſame reaſon," he adds, "he could "not confine himſelf in general to ſtanzas, nor "conſequently adopt the meaſures to which the "tunes uſed in our churches correſpond." He has, however, with a view to the former purpoſe, compoſed Doxologies adapted to his own metres,

and even where he has not divided the Pſalm into ſtanzas: a circumſtance very favourable to the deſign of introducing his verſion into general uſe.

Many perſons indeed have thought with the Author himſelf, that Mr. MERRICK's verſion is entirely above the capacity of the loweſt claſs of people; and perhaps it is hardly poſſible to write any thing, which, to perſons ſo uninſtructed, ſhall be in all reſpects intelligible: but whoever compares it with the verſion of Sternhold and Hopkins, or the later production of Brady and Tate, will certainly diſcover that this objection holds not leſs ſtrongly againſt them: and that, in the work before us, the expreſſions which convey the ſentiments of the Royal Prophet, are for the moſt part clear, as well as poetical and ſublime. But though the Author found it not convenient to divide the Pſalms in general into ſtanzas, a difficulty has ariſen to ſome readers from that very circumſtance: for in long-

continued

continued ſentences they have ſeemed to want, notwithſtanding the punctuation, ſome guide to direct and fix their attention, and to ſhew them where to reſt. In the form now given to theſe compoſitions, beſides that they are thereby fitted for parochial uſe, the reader will be enabled to dwell upon each verſe at pleaſure, and digeſt the ſenſe, without fear of error, as he proceeds.

The two former verſions, allowing for the times in which they were made, may certainly be regarded as efforts greatly laudable; but when we conſider to what degree of perfection our language has now arrived, and with what propriety and elegance Mr. MERRICK has expreſſed, and often explained the ſenſe of his inſpired Author, it is no unfair derogation from them to point out where the preference muſt unavoidably be given. The luſtre of Mr. MERRICK's performance will perhaps be found in ſome meaſure diminiſhed in thoſe places where the

the Editor has been obliged to make a few alterations: but when his motive for the undertaking ſhall be fairly conſidered, he flatters himſelf that not many will cenſure him for the liberty, which, through neceſſity, he has taken. As Mr. MERRICK has declared that he was particularly attentive to the poetry in his verſion, and as the ſucceſs of that attention is univerſally allowed, the Editor has been always on his guard to vary from him as little, and as ſeldom as poſſible: and, to render the performance free from all material exceptions, whenever an addition was neceſſary, he has preferred, almoſt conſtantly, the introduction of lines written by Mr. MERRICK himſelf, in ſome other part of the verſion, to ſupplying the deficience by his own pen. Where this could not conveniently be done, he has carefully endeavoured to imitate Mr. MERRICK's ſtyle. He has alſo paid great attention to the Bible tranſlation, and has been guided and directed by the beſt commentators.

Some

Some perſons, on being conſulted, have ſuggeſted, that by leaving out certain lines which appear rather redundant, the neceſſary alterations would frequently have been made with greater eaſe. The aſſertion perhaps is juſt; but, unwilling to omit any part of compoſitions ſo deſervedly admired, the Editor has generally put himſelf to difficulties to preſerve as many as poſſible of the original lines. In ſome paſſages, however, he found omiſſion altogether unavoidable: he was neceſſitated alſo in a few inſtances to alter the tenſes, the perſons, and the ſtops, that the ſenſe in each verſe might be clear and diſtinct. This liberty he thought himſelf fully warranted to take, upon the authority of that very worthy and judicious critic, Dr. Lowth, the late Biſhop of London, who, in one of his remarks on the eighteenth Pſalm, has delivered his ſentiments to Mr. Merrick in this manner: "You ſeem "in doubt here about the Time. You ſee the "Paſt and the Future are all along very much con-

"founded

" founded in the Hebrew; and, I believe, the " beſt direction will be, to ſuit the Time as well " as you can to the context and courſe of your " Verſion."

The Pſalms are divided into ſtanzas of from four to twelve lines, by which means the purpoſe of variety is fully anſwered. The ſhorteſt ſtanza has been in general preferred. The Editor, ſome few years ſince, formed a portion of Mr. MERRICK's Pſalms into ſtanzas for the uſe of his own church; and at the ſame time, with the aid of ſeveral ingenious profeſſors of muſic, adapted to the words ſome of the choiceſt tunes he could obtain, which he publiſhed as a ſpecimen of what may be effected. From that partial attempt he has been led on imperceptibly through the work. It is certain that he met with many difficulties at the firſt, in removing the prejudices of his congregation, who were ſtrongly attached to the verſion they had been ſo long accuſtomed

cuſtomed to uſe, and were little diſpoſed to admit of any innovation: yet he has the ſatisfaction to obſerve, that, by perſeverance, every obſtacle has been overcome; that his pariſhioners now, ſo far from objecting to the change, are highly pleaſed with it, and give it every encouragement. It is, indeed, the general remark, that there are few churches, where the pſalmody is more decently and ſolemnly performed, and, on the whole, more juſtly admired.

There can be little occaſion further to detain the reader with remarks, either on the actual imperfections of our pſalmody, ſince they are very generally acknowledged, or on the means of removing them, among which, the preſent publications, aſſiſted by the attention of the clergy and others, will, it is hoped, be found efficacious. Should any thing further be thought neceſſary to illuſtrate either of theſe points, it may be given under the authority

of names that carry with them the utmoſt weight. Dr. BROWN, in his Diſſertation on the Riſe, &c. of Poetry and Muſic, obſerves, that " in the Pſalms " as they are verſified by Sternhold and Hopkins, " there are few ſtanzas which do not preſent ex- " preſſions to excite the ridicule of ſome part of " every congregation." " This verſion," he adds, " might well be aboliſhed, as it expoſeth one of " the nobleſt parts of divine ſervice to contempt. " Eſpecially as there is another verſion already " privileged, which, though not excellent, is not " intolerable. The parochial Muſic ſeems to need " no reform: its ſimplicity and ſolemnity ſuit well " its general deſtination, and it is of power, when " properly performed, to raiſe affections of the " nobleſt nature." And Dr. VINCENT,* in his ex-

* Head Maſter of Weſtminſter School, Sub-almoner and Chaplain to the King, and Rector of Allhallows the Great and Leſs, London.

cellent

cellent treatiſe, intitled, " Conſiderations on Pa-
" rochial Muſic," after citing the above obſerva-
tions, declares, that " if from the improvement of
" our language, or the refinement of our know-
" ledge, the whole is become unfit for its office;
" the dictates of reaſon, and the ſervice of reli-
" gion, require that it ſhould now be diſcarded,
" and ſome ſubſtitute prepared to ſupply its place."
He further remarks, that " if Pſalmody were once
" reſtored to its original rank and eſtimation, it
" would become an object of regard to the ruling
" powers to have this whole matter re-conſidered
" and reviſed. In that caſe it would not be diffi-
" cult to form a collection from different authors,
" which might carry this point as near perfection
" as is requiſite. There is a verſion by King
" JAMES the Firſt, which Mr. POPE commends,
" and is worthy his commendation; there is an-
" other by SANDYS; an excellent one by Mr. MER-
" RICK; there are detached pſalms in MILTON,

" and other authors ; all which might be examined
" and appreciated, and a whole formed which
" would do honour to our own or any other church ;
" and if ſuch a ſelection were once ſanctioned by
" Epiſcopal and Royal Authority, it would come
" to the people with every proſpect of producing
" all the reformation that is deſired. Such a work
" as this, would contribute to form a national taſte,
" as well as promote the national religion, nor is
" it impoſſible, that, with ſuitable encouragement,
" religious muſic ſhould again enter into the recrea-
" tion of domeſtic leiſure, and revive the ſenti-
" ments of primitive religion. Then alſo an op-
" portunity might offer for once more calling in
" the aid of freſh muſical compoſition, which new
" metres might require, or the ſimplicity of the
" preſent metres could admit ; but nothing of this
" ſort can be attempted till many of the previous
" points are eſtabliſhed."

It appears indeed highly deſirable, that the poetical verſion of the Pſalms ſhould be rendered as pleaſing as poſſible, to every perſon who is a member of the church, whether he be employed as a performer, or only as a reader and hearer; for it frequently happens that many in our congregations, without being much attracted by the muſic, will take up their prayer-books to follow the ſingers in the words. But ſuch perſons, though ſeriouſly diſpoſed, have ſeldom been able, where the old verſion was uſed, to forbear ſmiling at the quaint and injudicious expreſſions which there continually preſent themſelves: nor can it be expected that many readers of this age will be induced to look more than once into the verſion of Sternhold and Hopkins, with the view of deriving any rational ſatisfaction from the peruſal. This, it may ſafely be aſſerted, can never be the caſe with the work of Mr. MERRICK, which, on a variety of accounts, muſt, to every judicious mind, afford the trueſt ſatisfaction

tisfaction and delight. The following quotation from the poetical Prelections of the late Biſhop of LONDON, would be alone ſufficient to recommend that verſion to public notice:---" Vir doctiſſimus " JACOBUS MERRICK, Verſionem Pſalmorum car- " mine vernaculo jam abſolvit; opus eximium, " multis eruditionis, artis, ingenii luminibus diſ- " tinctum."*

Should the ſtanzas in this Edition appear to be arranged with ſufficient ſkill and judgment to deſerve the ſuffrage of the public; and ſhould Mr. MERRICK's work, in this form, be conſequently annexed, by permiſſion or authority, to our book of Common Prayer, it might ſoon, inſtead of lying hid in the libraries of the learned, become a very

* " Mr. JAMES MERRICK, a man of great learning, has lately " finiſhed a verſion of the Pſalms in Engliſh; an admirable work, " diſtinguiſhed by many ſplendid marks of learning, art, and ge- " nius."—LOWTH Prel. 26. p. 347. Not.

pleaſing

pleaſing and improving help to religious meditation and praiſe. The devout member of the church, having poured out his ſoul in prayer with zeal and fervency, would naturally be inclined to cloſe his addreſs with the pious effuſions of the inſpired Pſalmiſt; which, when expreſſed as they are in this verſion, with a dignity and energy proportioned to their original excellence, would be found to ſupply a variety of hymns, the moſt animating that religion can employ, and adapted to every poſſible ſtate and condition of human life.

If we may preſume to form an opinion from the inſtances gathered out of various authors, who have written upon this important ſubject in former reigns, we ſhall ſee good reaſon to conjecture that the ancient verſion of the Pſalms, ſtill in uſe among us, was never fully authorized, ſanctioned and approved by the King in council, or by his Parliament. It is generally admitted that Thomas Sternhold,

Sternhold, a man of ſtrict piety, who was Groom of the Chamber to HENRY the Eighth, being highly offended at the ſongs which he daily heard at court, turned a ſmall portion of David's Pſalms into Engliſh metre, and ſet them to muſic, flattering himſelf that they would be preferred to the looſe and irreligious ſonnets, at that time the principal entertainment in all faſhionable circles. But Wood and likewiſe many other ſerious and judicious writers are inclined to think that his endeavours proved ineffectual. The poetry and muſic of theſe Pſalms being, however, greatly admired in that age, they were, by degrees, introduced into all the parochial churches. But, notwithſtanding this deſirable encouragement, at the paſſing of the bill for our liturgy in the reign of EDWARD the Sixth, there was a ſtrong oppoſition, and, which appeared extraordinary, it aroſe even from the very perſons who had drawn up the form. It is ſufficiently clear that the queſtion was not, whether the bill for the liturgy

ſhould

ſhould be paſſed, or not, but whether the metres of Sternhold and Hopkins ſhould be inſerted in the bill as part of the liturgy. This was earneſtly oppoſed, and at length carried in the negative. Heylin confirms this obſervation, in his Church Hiſtory, and intimates that the Pſalms of David firſt began to be compoſed in Engliſh Metre by Thomas Sternhold, who tranſlating no more than 37, (he ſhould have ſaid 51,) left both an example and encouragement to John Hopkins and others to diſpatch the reſt. Fuller likewiſe ſays that the number of Pſalms tranſlated by Thomas Sternhold was 37, and aſſerts that John Hopkins (of whom Bale has ſaid that he was, Britannicorum Poetarum ſui Temporis non infimus, and Biſhop Tanner, Poeta, ut ea ferebant Tempora, eximius) finiſhed ſixty-five. The reſt, he obſerves, were done by W. W. William W. K.* R. W. that is Robert Wiſdom and others.

* The name of this perſon is unknown. The initials T. N. for Thomas Norton ought to have been inſerted.

Theſe continues Heylin (after reflecting with ſome ſeverity upon the performance) being allowed for private devotion, were by little and little brought into the uſe of the church, and permitted, rather than allowed, to be ſung before and after ſermons. Afterwards they were printed, and bound up in the Common Prayer Book. For though it is expreſſed in the title of thoſe ſinging Pſalms, that they were ſet forth and allowed to be ſung in all churches, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and alſo before and after ſermons, yet this allowance, ſeems rather to have been a connivance than an approbation, no allowance having been any where found by ſuch as have been moſt induſtrious, and moſt concerned in the ſearch.

The only clauſe which can be diſcovered, or which can be ſuppoſed to give an allowance for the public uſe of the Verſion of Sternhold and Hopkins in the Church, is taken from the ſtatute of 2 and 3

EDWARD

EDWARD the Sixth for uniformity of ſervice, which contains the following proviſo, that it ſhall be lawful for all men as well in Churches, Chapels, Oratories, or other places, to uſe openly any Pſalm or Prayer taken out of the Bible at any due time, not letting or omitting the ſervice or any part thereof mentioned in the ſaid book. If it is from hence only that the Pſalms of Sternhold and Hopkins were ſaid to be ſet forth and allowed, to be ſung, &c. I conceive that the ſame indulgence is granted by this act to every other Verſion, and even to all Prayers or Selections, provided they are really tranſlated from the inſpired writings; and it ſhould ſeem that any other Hymns are excluded. This obſervation is in ſome degree confirmed by the following paſſage, in a Book of Ceremonies, publiſhed in the year 1539. "The ſober, diſcreet, and devout "ſinging, muſic, and playing with organs, uſed in "the Church, in the ſervice of God, are ordained "to move and ſtir the people to the ſweetneſs of

" God's word, *the which is there ſung* : and by that
" ſweet harmony both to excite them to prayer and
" devotion, and alſo to put them in remembrance of
" the heavenly triumphant Church ; where is ever-
" laſting joy, continual laud and praiſe to God."

With a view no doubt of procuring ſome amendment in our Pſalmody, other writers in ſucceſſion have laudably endeavoured to awaken the attention both of the Clergy and Laity, towards this intereſting ſubject; from whoſe works it would be too tedious to extract the ſevere, though perhaps juſt obſervations they have made, upon the impropriety and inconſiſtency of continuing the uſe of the Pſalms verſified by Sternhold and Hopkins, and ſuch compoſers. I ſhall therefore ſometimes only refer to the names, and as nearly as I can to the dates, when ſeveral of theſe authors, who were the trueſt adherents to our liturgy, and admirers of it, offered their labours to the in-

ſpection

ſpection and judgment of the fathers and governors of our church. At other times, I ſhall perſiſt in borrowing their expreſſions, in hopes that, my own opinion, being ſtrengthened by their authority, will obtain the more favourable acceptance, and have the greater weight with thoſe, who may have it in their power to introduce the deſired improvement, whenever they ſhall be diſpoſed to countenance it.

The firſt of theſe collections is a valuable work, which, in the Bodleian catalogue is attributed to J. Keeper; but Warton, in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, is inclined to think it the compoſition of Dr. Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbiſhop of Canterbury, for (as he expreſſes himſelf) if this Verſion ſhould really be the work of J. Keeper, we are ſtill to ſeek for Archbiſhop Parker's Pſalms. In my ſearch at the above library, I perceived that neither the date, nor the author's name

appeared

appeared on the title page: but, upon comparing circumſtances, Warton's opinion ſeems to be corroborated; for Strype in his life of that prelate, remarks that, what became of the Pſalms he knew not, neverthelefs they were printed and that with the following title-----"The whole Pſalter tranſlated into Engliſh Metre which contayneth an hundred and fifty Pſalms. Quoniam omnis terræ Deus: Pſallite ſapienter----Pſal. 47. Imprinted at London by John Daye dwelling over Alderſgate beneath St. Martyn's." He further relates that, according to a memorandum in the Archbiſhop's own handwriting, on his birth-day, the 6th of Auguſt 1557, when he fled from the perſecution of Queen Mary, he perſiſted in the ſame conſtancy, being ſupported by the grace and goodneſs of his Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, by whoſe inſpiration he finiſhed the Book of Pſalms turned into vulgar Verſe. The Work was printed in 1560, was very little known, and it is imagined was deſigned only

only for preſents. For in a copy very richly bound, which was bought at the ſale of the late Mr. Weſt's library, there is a memorandum on a ſpare leaf in the hand-writing of Dr. White Kennet, Biſhop of Peterborough, purporting that the Archbiſhop printed his Book of Pſalms, and though he forbore to publiſh it with his name, yet he ſuffered his wife to preſent the book fairly bound to ſeveral of the nobility. Dr. Kennet therefore conjectures, that the very book, in which this memorandum is made, is one of the copies ſo preſented; and gives for a reaſon that he himſelf preſented a like copy to the wife of Archbiſhop Wake, wherein Margaret Parker in her own name and hand dedicates the book to a noble lady. Signed, Wh. Peterb. I cannot help ſurmiſing that the miſtake reſpecting the author of this work may have originated from hence; the Archbiſhop wrote his verſion during his exile in 1557, which was printed in 1560, John Keeper of Hart Hall, Oxford, publiſhed

publiſhed ſelect Pſalms of David ſet to Muſic in 4 Parts in 1574, and might probably have given a preference to this Verſion; the book being alſo ſcarce, and no other name prefixed to it, who can wonder if he obtained the credit of being the author of the work?

The jingle of the rhime may give it the appearance of levity, but the taſte of the age, in which it was compoſed, is a plea of no ſmall weight in its behalf. In this curious publication there are proper directions for ſinging the Pſalms diſtinctly, and audibly, and other very judicious hints on the uſe and virtue of them; with inſtructions for a right choice upon particular occaſions, from Athanaſius. The Pſalms have collects annexed, which only require a trifling alteration in the language, and when this is made, I propoſe to add them to a Proſe Paraphraſe of Mr. Merrick's Verſion, (which I ſhall publiſh with a view of rendering it intelligible

to

to readers of inferior capacity, as a recommendation to the general undertaking. Conſider this work altogether with the extracts from Athanaſius, Baſil, Chryſoſtom, &c. and it muſt be allowed an extraordinary good production.

There is a manuſcript of the Pſalms in metre by Sir Philip Sydney and the Counteſs of Pembroke, ſuppoſed to have been written in Queen Elizabeth's reign, which Dr. Donne highly commends, and at the ſame time ſeverely reflects on Sternhold and Hopkins, and the Church's toleration of what he deemed, even at that early period, an indifferent performance. But Sir John Denham, who confeſſes that he had not ſeen this manuſcript, judging from his Arcadia, eſteems Sir Philip very unhappy in his verſe.

The earlieſt verſion, which ſeems in part to have obtained a proper ſanction, is that of H. Dodd,

who having verſified the firſt nine Pſalms in 1603, for the uſe of his own family, tells us, they were ſo much approved that it pleaſed the Sovereign to privilege the ſame, and the impreſſion was all ſoon ſpent, and to his own knowledge with the good acceptation of all. He was moreover ſo preſſed to go on with this arduous taſk, that, after having modeſtly declined it for eighteen years, ſeeing no perſon diſpoſed to aſſiſt, he at laſt conſented to make another trial, and went entirely through the whole book. A blank leaf before the title page of a volume in my poſſeſſion, containing an addreſs to the worſhipful Mr. Page, as a token of his love, explains his reaſons for having yielded, becauſe in the old book of ſinging Pſalms he found ſo many and ſo groſs errors;

1ſt. By good Scriptures left out of the Metre;

2d. Superfluous verſes inſerted;

3d. Errors in the plain ſenſe;

4th. Troubleſome words to the unlettered, being of ſtrange tongues; that

that he could no longer forbear, but finding his Chriſtian love ſo worthily employed, boldly preſented unto him a reformation of the premiſes.

His Majeſty King JAMES, did not diſdain to lend his aſſiſtance towards the improvement of our Pſalmody, in ſupplying the church with a metrical tranſlation of his own; and we find that his ſon King CHARLES the Firſt allowed the publication and introduction of it in 1637, to which the following licence is prefixed, viz. CHARLES REX. "Having cauſed the Tranſlation of the Pſalms (where-
" of our late dear Father was the Author) to be
" peruſed, and it being found to be exactly and
" truly done, we do hereby authorize the ſame to
" be imprinted according to the patent granted
" thereupon, and do allow them to be ſung in all
" Churches of our dominions, recommending
" them to all our good ſubjects to that effect."

Among the many worthy men, who, within that age, beſtowed their labours on the Book of Pſalms, Mr. George Sandys, who wrote in 1638, is ſpoken of by Dr. Woodford; Sir John Denham accords with him in praiſe of this Writer, and Mr. Maſon allows his merit to be very conſiderable; for notwithſtanding he took the freedom of altering the many harſhly ſounding rhymes with which he found his verſes encumbered, he grants it was that defect only, and not the vanity of improving upon his author, which prompted the undertaking. Many of theſe Pſalms likewiſe were ſet to muſic by Henry Lawes; and Mr. Matthew Camidge in the year 1789, undertook to modernize the melodies at the requeſt of Mr. Maſon, who leaves it to the muſical and poetical critic (obſerving that if theſe could be united in one perſon, he would be the moſt competent, and perhaps the moſt favourable judge) to determine whether either the muſical editor in deviating from the modulation of Lawes, without departing

ing from his air, or the poetical editor in altering the verſification of Sandys without changing his metre, had acted juſtifiably. This verſion certainly deſerves notice, for its poetical merit, but is by no means calculated for the ſervice of the Church, without ſome alteration, as it lies under the ſame objection as Mr. MERRICK's poetical Tranſlation in its original ſtate, that it is not divided into ſtanzas.

Of all whom the pious and learned knight Sir John Denham had read, he moſt approved Mr. Barton, who, being a great Hebraiſt, brought his Verſion very near to the original, and, if I may be permitted to judge from the compoſitions of his, which I have met with in a collection of Pſalms by various authors, muſt have poſſeſſed talents equal to any of his contemporaries.

Miles Fleſher's attempt, which came out in 1646, is very praiſe-worthy, but altogether unfit

for

for the intended purpoſe. But though he was unſucceſsful in reſpect to his performance, I cannot help uniting moſt cordially with him in the devout prayer, wherewith he concludes his Preface, " that the Glory of God, by the more improved, chearful, and ſpiritual ſinging of Pſalms, together with the edification of the ſinger, may be advanced, and likewiſe that thoſe Pſalms, which in this place of warfare and pilgrimage, have in them ſome mixture of complaints and tears, may, to him that ſpiritually uſeth them be forerunners of thoſe heavenly Songs and Hallelujahs which ſhall be ſung in that concert above, by the choir of Angels and glorified Saints, where ſorrow and mourning ſhall ceaſe, and where Songs ſhall have nothing in them but matter of joy to him who ſings them, and of glory, honour, and praiſe to him to whom they are ſung; where by continual returns joy ſhall ariſe from praiſe, and praiſe from joy, to all eternity."

Dr.

Dr. King, Biſhop of Chicheſter, whoſe Tranſlation appeared in 1651, being willing to prevent any diſturbance which an alteration might bring, tied himſelf down to the old metre and old tunes. In doing this he unluckily purſued a method, for which he is rather cenſured by Dr. Patrick, becauſe he made every firſt and ſecond, every third and fourth line of a Pſalm to anſwer and rhyme to one another, whereby, in the ſhort meaſures eſpecially, of eight and ſix ſyllables (which is the moſt common), he was too much hampered and confined, ſo that the words could not fall in ſo naturally as they ought, for the rhyme, returning ſo quick, forced the laſt word of the firſt line out of its proper order. But the Biſhop obſerves, that it was his chief aim to render his compoſition rather with perſpicuity and plainneſs, for the vulgar uſe, than elegance; and adds, that as the ſervice of God was his firſt object, he ſhall account his labour fully recompenſed, if it proves uſeful and acceptable to the

moſt

moſt renowned Mother Church of England; under whoſe firſt eſtabliſhment and happy reformation, in the beſt and moſt orthodox times, he profeſſes himſelf, by all obligations of duty and devotion, an obedient ſon and faithful ſervant. Dr. Woodford, ſpeaking of this and of Maſter Sandys's Work apologizes for daring any thing at this part of Scripture after them. He therefore clears himſelf of all ambition to vie with, or of envy to detract from, the true value of their labours, which, he ſays, muſt be judged meriting all praiſe.

Miles Smyth obtained an imprimatur for his Tranſlation from the Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY in 1667, and had the ſame object in view with his predeceſſors, in this commendable employment of making the Pſalms ſpeak their own genuine ſenſe in proper and ſmooth Engliſh, and dreſſing them, though not gaily, yet agreeably and becoming their dignity. But notwithſtanding this was his profeſſed motive,

motive, yet he has deviated from the rule he laid down for himſelf, and I muſt acknowledge, though he was certainly, in many inſtances, an ingenious writer, that Dr. Patrick's obſervations, upon ſome of his expreſſions and phraſes, are perfectly juſt.

It would ſwell my Preface too largely, if I ſhould inſert the encomiums that might be beſtowed upon Lord Bacon, Sir Henry Wotton, Biſhop Hall, Mr. Herbert, and many others, who have written particular Pſalms; but, though an occaſion fairly offers, I muſt recollect, that I ought not to exceed the bounds I have preſcribed to myſelf. I ſhall only ſay therefore that theſe perſons were ſome of the brighteſt ornaments of our Church in that age, as their zealous efforts in her behalf moſt clearly evince.

About this period Dr. Woodford and Sir John

Denham, by what I can collect from their Prefaces, completed their Verſions, for in the year 1668, the Doctor addreſſed a complimentary poem to the Knight on his new verſion of the Pſalms. Sir John Denham, on the other hand, praiſes Dr. Woodford's copious and poetical paraphraſe, whoſe verſe, he ſays, is not for ſinging, but reading, and whoſe length is only in order to fluency and roundneſs of expreſſion, and the better to fit his paraphraſe for private meditation and delight; but with the moſt ingenuous diffidence owns, that there can be no emulation between himſelf and the Doctor, for where there is no reſemblance there is no compariſon. He adds that all the quarrel he has to him is, firſt, that he did not ſave him the pains, and then, that by ſome modeſt expreſſions in his preface, he ſeemed to invite, or indeed to provoke him to a new attempt; but by the pleaſure of reading his paraphraſe he was eaſily and perfectly reconciled to his preface; ſaving that, if he ſtood

accuſed

accuſed of too bold an undertaking, he muſt in part lay it to his charge. I have peruſed Dr. Woodford's Work, which Sir John Denham ſo abundantly extols, with peculiar ſatisfaction and pleaſure, and freely confeſs, that I think it merits every commendation, which has been given to it.

With reſpect to the verſion by Sir John Denham, it ſeems to me, that none of his predeceſſors or contemporaries have ever come near him, and that few of his ſucceſſors have equalled, ſcarcely one ſurpaſſed him. What height of devotion, what elegance of diction do we meet with from the beginning to the concluſion of this author's work, wherein there is nothing too difficult for meaner capacities, nothing foreign to, or incoherent with the ſcriptural ſenſe of the Pſalmiſt! This great and good man declares that he was far from undertaking the work upon any ſuggeſtion, or inſtigation of his own, but was ſolicited, and almoſt forced to it,

by many of his learned friends, both of the Clergy and Laity, and ſome of them as well verſed in the art of poetry, as in moſt of the other liberal ſciences. This work did not make its appearance for many years after it was finiſhed. It had remained a conſiderable time with GEORGE Lord Biſhop of Winton, tranſcribed for the Preſs by Heighes Woodford, who, in all probability, was a relation of the Doctor's, and was publiſhed at the earneſt deſire of that great ornament of the church of England Dr. SHARPE, when Archbiſhop of York, in the year 1714. His editor juſtly obſerves, that the fine genius of Sir John Denham appears every where in his former writings; yet in this, the product of his piety and retired years, he ſeems even to have excelled himſelf.

Richard Goodridge who thought, that, in the tranſlation of Sternhold and Hopkins, there were plura quidem tollenda relinquendis, obſerves, that every

every attempt to render their verſion more tolerable, is fruitleſs. He ſays, there are many excellent verſions extant, out of all which, if the choiceſt in each were taken, and put together ; ſuch a collection would *not only* exceed that which is now in uſe, but any one particular verſion, of any of thoſe perſons who have laboured in them ; finding however that the laudable endeavours of others in that age had not been regarded with the attention which he thought they deſerved, he was earneſtly deſirous of ſupplying theſe manifold defects in our Pſalmody by new metres of his own, which he varied on purpoſe to render them acceptable. Nevertheleſs he had the mortification to ſee his uſeful labours ſhare the ſame fate with the fair attempts of his predeceſſors, which occaſioned his reſentment, and perhaps made him more curious to diſcover the glaring faults in Sternhold and Hopkins, againſt whom he expreſſes himſelf with ſo much ſeverity, that he actually loſes ſight of all candour, and is guilty

of

of great injuſtice. For which reaſon I forbear to quote any of his criticiſms. When his firſt edition came out, I am not certain, having never ſeen it. In the ſecond edition (printed at Oxford, 1684,) he mentions that the whole number is completed. A third edition (which he ſtyles an additional verſion in the common metres, where above one hundred Pſalms may be ſung to the common old tunes uſed in churches) was publiſhed in London the year following.

Dr. Patrick who printed in 1684, a ſecond edition of one hundred Select Pſalms and Portions of the Pſalms, turned into metre, and fitted to the uſual tunes in Pariſh Churches, and likewiſe a ſecond edition of the whole of them, (adapted as the former) ten years afterwards, with the mention of an imprimatur in 1691, aſſigns the cauſe for publiſhing thoſe works to be this, that the vulgar might bear their part in them, and the intelligent

gent might not have reaſon to deſpiſe this branch of our ſervice. As he intended the people's benefit, ſo he took the metre to which they were accuſtomed, and fitted to the tunes, words which they could underſtand, and which would convey naturally, and eaſily into their minds the pious ſenſe, that every where breathes in the Pſalms of David: and though he thought but meanly of his own performances, by deſiring it might be remembered that he ſet not up for a poet, ſtill, unleſs my judgment deceives me, I apprehend that none of the allowed tranſlations deſerve to be compared with his, either for neatneſs and propriety in the phraſes, or for genius and taſte in the poetry.

I pretend not to aſſert that Dr. Watts, the moſt celebrated divine and poet among the Diſſenters, took Dr. Patrick's verſion in general for his pattern; but upon a careful view of the works of both theſe authors, there appears ſo ſtrong a reſemblance,

blance, particularly in the latter part, that I cannot help thinking Dr. Watts either purpoſely imitated, and borrowed from the latter, or from a diligent and frequent peruſal of him, fell unawares into his ſtyle, and manner of expreſſion. It is almoſt needleſs for me to point out the variety of paſſages,* wherein they are greatly ſimilar, both in the meaſure of their verſes, and the manner of their expreſſions, for every judicious reader, who poſſeſſes a tolerable ſhare of diſcernment, will be able to diſcover this without my direction. But wherever the latter author has taken hints from Dr. Patrick, he doubtleſs has made conſiderable improvements. Dr. Watts's verſion, though of great merit, might not have ſuited the church at large, whoſe aim has always been to adhere moſt ſtrictly to the ſenſe of the inſpired writer; for in his applying many of them to the intereſts of Britain (particularly men-

* Vide Pſ. 6, 63, 96, 107, 127, 142, &c. &c. &c.

tioned)

tioned) he ſeems to have exerciſed too great a liberty. The Doctor might have adhered more ſtrictly to the text of the original, and directed his readers to ſubſtitute Britain for Jeruſalem in their own minds, whenever any ſuch Pſalms were appropriated to particular occaſions. Nevertheleſs, for want of a more ſatisfactory verſion in our church, many of her communion have wiſhed to ſee Dr. Watts's work introduced; while others would chooſe to adopt the method purſued by thoſe Diſſenters, who either have compoſed their own, or ſelected Hymns from different authors, to anſwer the purpoſes of their ſeveral congregations. Why, while the Diſſenters, without ſcruple, admit the Hymns, and Pſalms of this elegant writer to be ſung in their places of Public Worſhip, we ſhould ſet ourſelves againſt works of undoubted merit, which have been written by the pious and learned Divines of our own communion, is unaccountable. For what juſt reaſon is there to eſteem our flocks leſs

qualified to judge of theſe matters than other people? I cannot affirm how far intereſt with men in power predominated in the days of Dr. Patrick, to prejudice them in favour of certain individuals; but, I imagine, if he had been as cloſely connected with the court, as Brady and Tate (the one being King's Chaplain, the other Poet Laureat) it is not improbable, that his tranſlation, having been apparently earlier than theirs, would without difficulty have obtained the preference.

I come at length to a more agreeable taſk, than has engaged my ſearches hitherto. In many of the aforementioned authors, there are very acrimonious cenſures of the ancient Verſion, and very ſtrong remarks upon the neceſſity of ſuperſeding it, whence, indeed, I might have multiplied arguments in behalf of my own attempts; but I prefer tranſcribing a paſſage from a very candid writer, Dr. Simon Ford, who publiſhed a new verſion in 1688. In his

his dedication, he profeſſes it to be " his endeavour, to promote the edification of the unlearned, by furniſhing them with ſmooth and plain expreſſions for the aſſiſtance of their devotion, in the praiſes they offer to God ; which, he thinks he may ſay he has, for the moſt part, ſo done, as to give no juſt occaſion of nauſeating any perſon, either by the too much bluntneſs of the phraſes, or obſoleteneſs of the words he has uſed, which were the faults ordinarily complained of in the metrical tranſlations in common uſe among us." In his preface alſo, he obſerves that, of the perſons who then did the church of England that remarkable ſervice, he can give little account beyond their names ; and thoſe (as to three of them) the very book informs him of, viz. Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and Robert Wiſdom. " Some Pſalms were done by W. W.* W. K. Thomas Norton, and others whoſe names

* In page xxv. William ſhould be eraſed, and a note added, remarking that W. W. is intended for William Whittyngham.

deſerved not to be loſt in oblivion, nor their labours to be mentioned with ſo much ſcorn and contempt, as they are by too many, for the baldneſs and flatneſs of the ſtyle, and ſome phraſes which ſound oddly in the ears of this age uſed to a ſort of more refined Engliſh. It ought rather to be remembered, to their honour, that they ſerved the church with the beſt they had, and probably as well as the poetry of that age would afford; and that God hath received a great deal of praiſe, and the ordinary ſort of Chriſtians a great deal of edification and comfort, by the uſe of that verſion of theirs, for above an hundred years in this church. And therefore though it be deſired that as both the Engliſh and poetry are very much improved ſince that time, ſo theſe holy poems ſhould partake of that improvement, by being rendered more ſuitable to the genius of this age; yet it were, in my judgment, but decent to bury that former tranſlation with honour for the ſervice it hath done, whenever it ſhall be,

be, if ever it be, exchanged for a better." Whether I have improperly applied the epithet candid to this writer, the quotation itſelf will clearly ſhew, and all who are forward to condemn Sternhold and Hopkins with the reſt, may learn from hence, not to carry their cenſures beyond the juſt limits; by which I would be underſtood to ſignify, no farther than to defend the neceſſity of an improvement, and contribute their endeavours towards accompliſhing this important object. Unqueſtionably, as the Doctor has hinted to us, we ought to make very great allowance for thoſe men, who wrote in an age when Engliſh poetry was but, as it were, beginning her progreſs.

Whether it proceeded from the influence of theſe judicious and moderate ſentiments of Dr. Ford, we are not able poſitively to determine, but the new Verſion of the Pſalms by Brady and Tate, a performance far above mediocrity, publiſhed in

1694,

1694, was authorized by the King in Council in 1696, and recommended by the Biſhop of LONDON in 1698. As this work is ſeldom met with beyond that dioceſe, I ſhall here inſert copies of the Royal Licence, and the Epiſcopal Sanction. The King's Letter runs thus. "At the Court at Kenſington, December 3, 1696. Preſent the King's moſt excellent Majeſty in Council.

"Upon the humble petition of Nicholas Brady and Nahum Tate, this day read at the board, ſetting forth, that the petitioners have, with their utmoſt care, and induſtry, completed a new verſion of the Pſalms of David in Engliſh metre, fitted for public uſe; and humbly praying his Majeſty's Royal Allowance, that the ſaid verſion may be uſed in ſuch congregations as ſhall think fit to receive it; his Majeſty taking the ſame into his royal conſideration, is pleaſed to order in council, that the ſaid new verſion of the Pſalms in Engliſh metre be, and the ſame is hereby allowed and permitted to

be

be uſed in all ſuch churches, chapels and congregations as ſhall think fit to receive the ſame."

The following contains the Biſhop of LONDON's mode of countenancing it; "His Majeſty having allowed and permitted the uſe of a new verſion of the Pſalms of David by Dr. Brady and Mr. Tate in all churches, chapels, and congregations, I cannot do leſs than wiſh a good ſucceſs to this royal indulgence; for I find it a work done with ſo much judgment and ingenuity, that I am perſuaded it may take off that unhappy objection which has hitherto laid againſt the ſinging Pſalms; and diſpoſe that part of divine ſervice to much more devotion. And I do heartily recommend the uſe of this verſion to all my Brethren within my dioceſe.

H. LONDON."

I would draw two inferences from theſe conceſſions, firſt, it is indiſputably manifeſt that no danger

was

was apprehended from the encouragement given to the joint work of theſe gentlemen, any more than from the countenance which had been afforded to their predeceſſors; and next, that a Biſhop of the Metropolis, even at that time, both ſaw and acknowledged the neceſſity of an amendment in our Pſalmody.

To confirm this opinion of the expediency of a gradual progreſs in the improvement of our Pſalmody, I ſhall further only mention the licence granted to Sir Richard Blackmore, paſſing over the various authors, who have ſince tranſlated the Pſalms into Engliſh Metre. I think a ſtronger proof that ſuch an attempt was thought neceſſary cannot be produced. This work was carefully examined, and approved by moſt of the Biſhops, recommended by them to the Lords Juſtices, (conſiſting of fifteen of the nobility and great officers of the crown, who were appointed to conduct the government during the abſence of the King,

King) and afterwards licenſed by them at the Council Chamber, Whitehall. It is needleſs to comment on this production, ſince the proceedings of the Right Reverend Prelates, upon that occaſion, will moſt clearly evince that they were prompted by a zeal for the honour of the church, to promote a more intereſting and inſtructive performance of this part of her ſervice.

The following are copies of the order of the Privy Council and the certificate from the Archbiſhops and Biſhops. " At the Council Chamber Whitehall, the 27th of October, 1720. Preſent their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices in Council.

" Upon the humble petition of Sir Richard Blackmore, this day read at the board, ſetting forth, that the petitioner has with great care and application, finiſhed a new VERSION of the PSALMS of DAVID in Engliſh Metre, fitted for public uſe,

and humbly praying his Majeſty's Royal Allowance and Recommendation of the ſaid verſion, that it may be received into thoſe congregations, that ſhall be ſatisfied with the ſame: and there being alſo read at the board a certificate under the hands of the Lords the Archbiſhops, and the Lords Biſhops of London, Wincheſter, Worceſter, Ely, Chicheſter, Landaff, Hereford, Norwich, Rocheſter, Oxford, St. Davids, St. Aſaph, Bangor, Peterborough, Briſtol, Litchfield and Coventry, ſetting forth their having peruſed and conſidered the ſaid new VERSION, and recommending it as fit to be received into the public congregations within the churches and chapels in this part of his Majeſty's Dominions: their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices, taking the ſame into conſideration, are pleaſed, with the advice of his Majeſty's Privy Council, to order that the ſaid new VERSION of the PSALMS in Engliſh Metre be, and the ſame is hereby allowed and permitted to be uſed

in

in all churches, chapels, and Congregations as ſhall think fit to receive the ſame.

TEMPLE STANYAN."

A copy of the certificate of the Lords the Archbiſhops and Biſhops, whoſe names are mentioned in the former order.

To the King's moſt Excellent Majeſty.

We your Majeſty's moſt faithful ſubjects the Archbiſhops and Biſhops of this your Majeſty's Church and Realm, whoſe names are under written, humbly beg leave to certify that we have peruſed and conſidered a new Tranſlation of DAVID'S PSALMS in Engliſh Metre, by Sir Richard Blackmore; and we conceive it has ſuch an agreement with the original Hebrew, ſuch clearneſs and purity of Engliſh ſtile, and is ſo well adapted to the capacity and affections of the common people, that it may well be received into the public congrega-

tions within the churches and chapels in this part of your Majeſty's Dominions, if your Majeſty ſhall think fit to grant your Royal Approbation and Allowance of the ſame, in ſuch manner as ſhall ſeem meet to your Royal Wiſdom.

W. CANTER.	LITCHFIELD
W. EBOR.	AND
I. LONDON.	COVENTRY.
WINTON.	CHICHESTER.
WIGHORN.	LANDAFF.
ELI.	HEREFORD.
ASAPH.	NORVIC.
BANGOR.	ROFFEN.
PETERBURG.	OXON.
BRISTOL.	MENEVEN.

Sir

Sir Richard Blackmore concludes his Preface in theſe emphatical terms concerning the approbation of his verſion by the Archbiſhops and Biſhops:

" And here I would, with ſtrongeſt expreſſions of gratitude, acknowledge my obligations to their Graces the Lords Archbiſhops of CANTERBURY and YORK, who agreeably to their ſingular principles of piety, goodneſs, and humanity, were pleaſed to animate and encourage me in carrying on and completing this difficult undertaking: I likewiſe return my moſt humble thanks to thoſe Right Reverend Biſhops, that favoured and promoted this performance, ſeveral of whom obliged me ſo far as to compare the whole or a conſiderable part of it with the original, and aſſiſted me with their learned and judicious remarks; and who all, in concurrence with the moſt Reverend the Archbiſhops, procured the Allowance and Licence of the Royal Authority,

rity, as expreſſed in the Order of Council before ſet forth."

The letters, with which I alſo have been honoured, from the Biſhops of the preſent day, will juſtify me in aſſerting, that, whatever degree of merit is allowed to be in this verſion, whatever praiſe is due to it, their general ſentiments are favourable to ſuch an undertaking; and it is humbly preſumed, that as the verſion of Sternhold and Hopkins did not preclude all future improvements, ſo neither ſhould this reſtrain others from uſing their endeavours to perfect ſo eſſential a part of religious ſervice.

The verſion of Sternhold and Hopkins ſeems to have remained unaltered till the year 1696, when many different readings were given to it, and the reaſon is ſaid to be this; about that time Mr. Tate and Dr. Brady publiſhed a new verſion of part of the Book of Pſalms, as a ſpecimen of that verſion of

of the whole, which was afterwards printed in 1696. In this eſſay, according to the opinion of many perſons, they had ſo much the advantage of Sternhold and Hopkins, that the company of Stationers, who were poſſeſſed of the ſole privilege of printing the Pſalms, took the alarm, and found themſelves under a neceſſity of meliorating the verſion of the latter: and for this purpoſe ſome perſon endued with the faculty of rhyming was employed in that very year to correct the verſification, as he ſhould think proper; and ſince that time, it has been ſtill farther varied, as appears by the edition of 1726, but with little regard to the Hebrew Text, at the pleaſure of the perſons from time to time intruſted with the care of the publication. Sir John Hawkins (from whoſe hiſtory the above remark is extracted) ſays, the effects of theſe ſeveral eſſays towards a reformation of the ſinging Pſalms are viſible in the verſion now in common uſe, which is ſuch as in the preſent times is not uttered,

tered, nor was ever uttered in times paſt, and if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. For being an heterogeneous commixture of old and new words and phraſes, it is but little approved of by thoſe who conſider integrity of ſtyle as part of the merit of every literary compoſition.

Having traced the ſubject up to this period, it would be an unneceſſary and almoſt endleſs labour to collect the paſſages from modern writers, who unanimouſly agree with thoſe whom I have above quoted, that a change in our Pſalmody is abſolutely requiſite. Men, who are the furtheſt from any deſign to diſturb the church's peace, to this day expreſs their concern and diſſatisfaction, perhaps with more aſperity than, all circumſtances conſidered, is fairly allowable, at the continuance of Sternhold and Hopkins; for which reaſon many have endeavoured to remove theſe unanſwerable objections, by ſelecting particular verſes, at a diſtance

tance from each other, from the later verſion; but I cannot help intimating, though the motives are moſt highly commendable, that verſes, choſen ſo irregularly, are neither like a Pſalm nor any other ſacred Hymn. If it be judged expedient that the Pſalms of David ſhould be ſung in preference to all other compoſitions, is it not proper that the context ſhould be preſerved, by an uniform connection, in the ſenſe of the inſpired author?

As we are taught to underſtand that Mr. Addiſon had long determined to dedicate his poetry for the future wholly to religious ſubjects, and alſo credibly informed that he deſigned to give a paraphraſtic Verſion in Engliſh of a large number of the Pſalms, it is not improbable but that, if he had lived to employ his extraordinary talents in tranſlating theſe divine poems, there would have been no temptation for others to have engaged in a work of the ſame nature. A verſion, produced

by a man ſo eminent in every branch of literature, would have laſted for a great ſeries of years, if not as long as theſe inſpired Hymns ſhould continue to be ſung in our language. The beauties and graces of his ſtyle were the boaſt of his own, and are likely to gain the admiration of every ſucceeding age. From the few ſpecimens, which he has left us, it is indeed to be lamented that this favourite author had not lived to accompliſh his purpoſe.

Having taken the freedom to alter Mr. Merrick's Verſion, I have thought it entitled to a handſome edition. My motives, I hope, will be approved, for I have merely ſtood forth to remedy a principal defect in our ſervice, without any mercenary views, conceiving that I have no claim to any emoluments ariſing from the work of another perſon. It is printed in its preſent ſtate chiefly as a mark of the ſincereſt gratitude to our excellent Sovereign, who has been graciouſly pleaſed to grant me his permiſſion

permiſſion to dedicate the undertaking to him, and to the Right Reverend Prelates, and Heads of Colleges, who upon a former occaſion have condeſcended to honour me with their names, and is deſigned for a preſent, in token of the deference and regard I owe them for their countenance and ſupport. Conſcious of the reſpect due to them, I was not willing to proceed, till I found an opportunity of placing it in their hands, that they might be enabled to give it a candid and impartial examination before its appearance in public.

It affords me pleaſure to underſtand that the purſuits both of myſelf, and of my fellow labourers in the ſame way, towards the ſervice of our religious eſtabliſhment are eſteemed laudable; and I cannot help taking it for granted, that former objections will gradually vaniſh, that the arguments againſt admitting a better verſion into the church will no longer be looked upon as incontrovertible, and

that at length the moſt meritorious performance will ſucceed.

But ſhould this verſion be thought improper to be introduced into the ſervice of the Church, after ſuch encouragement, I ſhall not fail to meet with a recompence from reflecting upon the purity of my intentions. I truſt it has undergone a fair trial, and, if it had appeared not to poſſeſs a ſufficient degree of merit, I conceive, I ſhould have underſtood long ago that it ought to be rejected. Were we even to allow that there may be ſubſtantial reaſons for diſcouraging all attempts of the kind, as dangerous innovations, and incompatible with the welfare and intereſts of the Church, it would be ſtill deſirable that thoſe reaſons ſhould be generally aſſigned; not only that others may deſiſt from the like undertakings in future, but alſo that the advocates for an improvement may be reſtrained, if poſſible, from continuing to expoſe this

this branch of our worſhip by the ſeverity of their criticiſms.

If, in the proſecution of my labours, I ſhould be blamed by judicious perſons for having been too ſanguine in my expectations, or as having erred in the method of recommending them to the notice of our eccleſiaſtical governors, I truſt that allowances will be made for what has proceeded certainly from a well-meant zeal, and that nothing will be imputed as a wilful deviation from the paths of duty, and obedience to thoſe, whoſe ſituation and lawful authority entitle them to every mark of reſpect.

Since the foregoing remarks were written, Mr. Mason's Eſſays hiſtorical and critical, on Church Muſic, have fallen into my hands. I am, as I always have been, a great admirer of the works of this ingenious author, nevertheleſs, in a few inſtances,

ſtances, I differ from him in ſentiment, particularly in regard to his comment on the opening of the twenty-firſt Pſalm, as tranſlated by Mr. MERRICK, and, in what I am now about to offer, I hope it will not appear that I intend to ſhew the leaſt diſreſpect to a perſon of ſuch acknowledged learning and abilities.

I readily admit his poſitions, that the addreſs to the Deity would have been introduced with more propriety in the firſt or ſecond line; that the epithet "unwearied" and the phraſe "taught by bleſt experience" may be unneceſſary; but the former defect is made good in the ninth line, and I will not ſcruple to aſſert that, if no more epithets, or phraſes ſhould be added to the verſion of thoſe, who, at a future time, ſhall endeavour to improve our Pſalmody, poſterity will have no great reaſon to complain of too much amplification.

The

The attempt to omit the ſynonimous phraſes, and retain only the general ſentiment, ſeems equally objectionable, and whoever undertakes to furniſh a new verſion upon this plan, muſt take care to eſcape the imputation of being obſcure by confining himſelf within too narrow a circle.

I have no propenſity to cenſure any man, who wiſhes to diſcover his genius, eſpecially if his motives for publiſhing are commendable, and he acquits himſelf with a tolerable degree of ſkill. It is the buſineſs of a Tranſlator, to conſider the full meaning of the original, to adhere to it as cloſely as he can, without omiſſion, or addition, and, if the ſenſe be clearly explained, it may be reckoned a matter of indifference whether it is rendered in four or eight lines. When firſt I read Mr. MERRICK's tranſlation, I ran it over curſorily, and was inclined to think, as others have thought, from the eaſe and fluency of the ſtyle, that it might be deemed rather

too

too prolix, but it never ſtruck me as being either feeble or tedious. On a ſecond peruſal however I was induced to alter my opinion, even in the former inſtance, for upon comparing it with the Bible Tranſlation, which (as we learn from his table of references) Mr. MERRICK took for his guide, I perceived he had confined himſelf more accurately to it than I imagined, without neglecting at the ſame time to conſult the Hebrew original, of which he has ſhewn himſelf perfectly maſter. To this, if we are allowed to add the circumſtance, of the advantages he received by the information relative to the interpretation of various paſſages, which he obtained from ſeveral of the firſt ſcholars of the age, who had profeſſedly made that language their peculiar ſtudy; beſides the indiſputable proofs of that comprehenſive erudition, and happy turn for verſification, which he ſo admirably united in his own perſon, we may be led to pronounce that no one perhaps was ever equally qualified for the undertaking. I am free to own, that,

that, as often as I have had recourſe to this excellent author, the diſcovery of freſh beauties has been the pleaſing reward of my reſearches.

The paſſage, which Mr. MASON has ſelected for the ſubject of his animadverſion, cannot fail, I conceive, to afford a ſtriking inſtance of the truth of my poſition. Let us take our biblical proſe verſion of the twenty-firſt Pſalm, and try whether the general ſentiment is more completely expreſſed by Mr. MERRICK, or according to Mr. MASON's plan; which, I apprehend, will be beſt accompliſhed by reducing each to proſe. Sternhold's lines are too awkward, and Brady and Tate, though ſomewhat better, are too tame to be brought to a compariſon. The Bible Tranſlation ſtands thus----" The King ſhall joy in thy ſtrength, O Lord, and in thy ſalvation how greatly ſhall he rejoice?" The ſtyle here is dignified, but not ſufficiently dilated, according to my ideas, and, for common underſtand-

 ings,

ings, wants explanation. The King ſhall joy, becauſe he is ſupported by thy ſtrength, and in thy ſalvation how greatly ſhall he rejoice? or as Dr. PATRICK (formerly Biſhop of Ely) has paraphraſed it, how much beyond all expreſſion is his joy and thankfulneſs for thy wonderful deliverance of him? The ſtrength of the Almighty is as neceſſary to be noticed, as his ſalvation, and the declaration, "the King ſhall joy, &c." with the addition, "how greatly," and the repetition, "ſhall he rejoice," may be conſidered as a beauty in the ſentence, at the ſame time it more ſtrongly evinces the fervency of the Pſalmiſt's gratitude to the Deity. Though Voltaire might be diſpoſed to ſpeak of theſe repetitions in the Oriental tongue with a philoſophical ſneer, yet the great Corneille, if I rightly underſtand Mr. MERRICK's quotation, from the Preface to his Poetical Verſion and Paraphraſe of Thomas à Kempis, was not inclined to omit theſe *redites*, or repetitions. He lamented that he was ſo confined with reſpect to his

his own language, that if it had been ten times more copious he ſhould eaſily exhauſt it, for he could not diſcover the art of varying his expreſſions every time he had occaſion to mention the ſame things. From the difficulties to which this able writer was reduced, Mr. MERRICK imagined the CANDID CRITIC would judge what degree of indulgence he might ſtand in need of, if the ſame phraſes, and even the ſame lines, ſometimes occurred in different Pſalms. The inſtance which Mr. MASON has noticed is taken from the firſt four lines of this Pſalm, which Dr. LOWTH has tranſlated, arranged, and given for his primary ſpecimen of parallel ſynonimes.

PARALLEL I.

O Jehovah in thy ſtrength the King ſhall rejoice.

PARALLEL II.

And in thy ſalvation ſhall he greatly exult.

Theſe parallels appear to give additional force and energy to the ſentiment, and therefore ought by no means to be compreſſed.

Let us now ſee how theſe parallel ſynonimes are verſified by Mr. MERRICK.

> By thy unwearied ſtrength upheld,
> To Thee the King his thanks ſhall yield,
> And, taught by bleſt experience, know
> What joys from thy ſalvation flow!

Or in proſe; "the king, upheld by thy unwearied ſtrength, ſhall yield his thanks to Thee; and, taught by bleſt experience, ſhall know what joys flow from thy ſalvation." The ſenſe of this is clear and intelligible to every capacity. Mr. MERRICK tells us, with the moſt humble deference, that his attempt on the Pſalms, though a mixture of tranſlation and paraphraſe, he hopes, will be found to contain little more of the latter kind than what may be

be uſeful, either in opening the ſenſe, or in pointing out the connection of the original. Surely if the epithet "unwearied" and the phraſe "taught by bleſt experience" are the only redundant adjuncts in this ſtanza, they muſt be looked upon as very allowable; for what could afford more ſubſtantial joy to the Pſalmiſt, than the reflection that he was *conſtantly* ſupported, or upheld by the ſtrength of the almighty? and how greatly muſt this joy be increaſed from *the happy experience* of his ſalvation? The next verſe is certainly not leſs prolix, and, if the *licentia vatum* is here uſed, it appears to be *ſumpta pudenter*, and not in the leaſt deficient in point of energy. E. G.

Thy cares his heart's deſire complete;
His pray'r from thy eternal ſeat,
As low to Thee his knees he bends,
In full acceptance back deſcends.

In proſe; "thy cares complete his heart's deſire;

ſire; his prayer, as he bends his knees low to Thee, deſcends back from thy eternal ſeat in full acceptance." This ſtanza is likewiſe couched in terms, eaſily to be underſtood. In the Bible Tranſlation; "Thou haſt given him his heart's deſire, (ſo far Mr. MERRICK is tolerably cloſe) and haſt not withholden the requeſt of his lips:" here we find the ſenſe more diffuſe, for the prayer is addreſſed from the ſupplicant, in the moſt humble poſture, to the Deity in heaven. From the foregoing ſpecimens I ſhould have conceived, that Mr. MERRICK would have eſcaped cenſure; yet for theſe liberties, which are ſuppoſed to prove the laxity of his verſion, ſome ſharp reflections are caſt upon him: but with what juſtice, let profeſſed Hebraiſts and Men of Letters, who have been employed in tranſlating the works of ancient writers, determine. The next verſe begins,

"Thou, Lord, preventive of his want,"

and here the principal defect is ſupplied.

Omitting

Omitting to inſert Biſhop Lowth's next parallels, ſince they are clearly expreſſed in the Bible Tranſlation, I ſhall here only produce Mr. Mason's remark, that the ſelected ſenſe in both paſſages might in proſe be expreſſed briefly but fully thus; how greatly, O Jehovah, ſhall the King rejoice in thy ſalvation; thou haſt granted him the deſire of his heart, and the requeſt of his lips; therefore Mr. Mason thinks, what is expreſſed in eight lines might without difficulty, and perhaps with more energy, be compreſſed into four, and gives the following as an inſtance.

Great God, by thy ſalvation bleſt,
What rapture glows in David's breaſt!
To Heav'n and Thee he lifts his pray'r
That finds its full acceptance there.

Theſe lines reduced to proſe would ſtand thus, "Great God, what rapture glows in David's breaſt, bleſt by thy Salvation! He lifts his prayer to Heaven

Heaven and Thee, that finds its full acceptance there." The beginning of this paſſage might be improved if we could read it thus. "Great God, what rapture glows in the breaſt of David, who is bleſt by thy ſalvation." It is certainly ſo underſtood, though not ſo expreſſed. The imperfection of the next line ſeems to have originated from an overſight, for a perſon of Mr. MASON's penetration could not but perceive the neceſſity of its being thus arranged,

> To Thee in Heav'n he lifts his pray'r,
> That finds its full acceptance there;

which removes the difficulty. Mr. MASON however informs us that his attempt was not meant as a trial of his poetical ſkill, but merely as an illuſtration of his critical meaning. I ſhall therefore only remark that according to my ideas it contains a mixture of amplification and compreſſion; which

in

in the literal conſtruction is not altogether free from obſcurity. "*In heaven*" and "*there*" muſt certainly be conſidered as unneceſſary adjuncts.

The hints which he has given, that Mr. MERRICK as well as Brady and Tate had kept to the original tenſes of the Hebrew, and only poor Sternhold and himſelf had made a variation, by ſubſtituting the preſent for the future, induce me to agree, that in all probability this adherence was too nicely obſerved by Mr. MERRICK. It was the advice of no leſs a ſcholar than Biſhop LOWTH, that he ſhould ſuit them to the context and courſe of his verſion; and I am glad to have it confirmed, from an authority ſo well eſtabliſhed as that of Mr. MASON, that an Engliſh verſifier, or even a proſe tranſlator, ſhould not in this reſpect be too ſtrictly tied down; for this acknowledgement tends to remove ſome ſcruples in regard to my own proceedings.

Having advanced thus much in behalf of an author, who can no longer ſpeak for himſelf, I am prepared to anticipate Mr. Mason, or other learned critics in condemning any undue liberties I may have taken. My ſole intention was, by dividing this excellent verſion into ſtanzas, to make it uſeful to the church; and it has been my particular aim to preſerve the connection, as accurately as poſſible, without departing unneceſſarily from the tranſlator's mode of expreſſion: and in whatſoever paſſages I may have varied from it, my hope is that the freedom will not be thought altogether inexcuſable. I will freely own that, though I have avoided alteration as much as poſſible, in many inſtances it ſeemed neceſſary to amplify the ſenſe, by the inſertion of additional lines; and in others to compreſs it into a ſmaller compaſs; in doing which I may have diminiſhed, in ſome degree, the force of the original. I commit myſelf however to the candour of all impartial critics, who will doubtleſs,

before

before they paſs their ſentence, advert to the motives aſſigned in the former part of the preface, by which I was led to engage in the undertaking. An attempt may be bold without being preſumptuous, and juſtice will pardon much, in conſideration of a laudable intention.

It would have afforded me peculiar ſatisfaction, if Mr. MASON could have been prevailed upon to adapt Mr. MERRICK's verſion for parochial uſe. He has ſhewn what talents he poſſeſſes for ſuch an attempt, by the ſpecimens he has given us in his improvement of Sternhold; and I am inclined to believe (though in ſome inſtances he has amplified even that verſion) that if he had exerted his abilities in new modelling Mr. MERRICK for the ſame purpoſe, his endeavours could not have failed to attract the notice of all learned and good men, who would have united their efforts to promote the ſucceſs of his work, by all means likely to

obtain it a legal ſanction. His ſelection is entitled, "Pſalms taken from the old verſion, reviſed, altered and adapted to ſuch eaſy tunes as may be ſung by the whole congregation." To diſcover the improvement he has made, let us only compare the forty-firſt Pſalm of Sternhold, with Mr. MASON's emendation.

STERNHOLD.

The man is bleſt that careful is
The needy to conſider,
For in the ſeaſon perilous
The Lord will him deliver.

The Lord will make him ſafe and ſound,
And happy in the land,
And he will not deliver him
Into his Enemies hand.

And in his bed when he lies ſick
The Lord will him reſtore,
And Thou, O Lord, wilt turn to health
His ſickneſs and his ſore.

MASON.

MASON.

Bleſt is the man who yields his ſtore,
With kind compaſſion, to the poor,
In time of danger and of dread
The Lord himſelf will bring him aid,
With length of days he ſhall be crown'd
For he a Friend in Heav'n has found.

Nor will that heav'nly Friend forego
His help, or yield him to his Foe,
If age brings on diſeaſe and pain
He will not at his doom complain,
And, e'en if Death approaches near,
Will meet his fate without a fear.

For God with hope ſhall raiſe his head,
Shall ſmooth with faith his dying bed;
His deeds of charity ſhall find
Acceptance in his Maker's mind;
Who ſoon ſhall make his anguiſh ceaſe,
And bid his ſoul depart in peace.

Though we have here but little of the original, and the ſeveral ſtanzas ſeem to abound with what may

may be called unneceſſary adjuncts, yet I would not blame Mr. MASON for any laxity. A poet, who has an eaſy and flowing vein cannot always check himſelf, but will be diffuſe or conciſe as the ſubject of his thoughts happens to lead him; ſometimes indulging, at other times reſtraining the powers of that enthuſiaſm which he feels, and particularly when his mind is employed in divine and heavenly meditations.

If it be deemed requiſite to continue the old verſion, which was certainly undertaken at firſt upon the moſt laudable motives, but appears now no better than a dull kind of rhythmical proſe, thoſe, who aim at correcting it have nothing more to do than to perſiſt in their refinements, till they leave only the initials of the former tranſlators over the Pſalms which they chooſe to verſify.

I ſhall bring forward another inſtance wherein it will appear that Mr. MASON has not ſcrupled to reject

reject Sternhold, and (if I miſtake not) has manifeſtly borrowed from Mr. MERRICK's verſion; for where there is ſo near a reſemblance in the expreſſions, who can think otherwiſe? The Pſalm I allude to is the hundred and twenty-fifth.

From the old Verſion by ROBERT WISDOM.

Thoſe that do place their confidence
Upon the Lord our God only,
And fly to him for their defence
In all their need and miſery:
Their faith is ſure,
Still to endure,
Grounded on Chriſt the corner ſtone,
Mov'd with none ill,
But ſtandeth ſtill
Stedfaſt like to the Mount Sion.

MERRICK begins the Pſalm thus.

Who truſt in God's protecting hand
Secure as Sion's Mount ſhall ſtand
That, proof to ages, meets the ſkies,
And fix'd each adverſe ſhock defies.

MASON

MASON thus.

Thoſe, who with holy confidence,
Truſt in the Lord for their defence,
Secur'd by his protecting hand
Shall ſtedfaſt as Mount Sion ſtand.

The two firſt lines are all that can be ſaid to be uſed from the verſion by Robert Wiſdom, the two next appear to have been taken from Mr. MERRICK, notwithſtanding they may have been originally ſuggeſted from a line of no ſmall force and energy, by W. K. in the old verſion, whoſe real name I have not been able to learn.

As Sion's Mount ſhall firmly ſtand.

Now it is plain that the ſenſe, which Mr. MASON has expreſſed in four lines, is compriſed by Mr. MERRICK in two. "They who truſt in the Lord ſhall be as Mount Sion;" the latter part of this verſe,

verſe, " which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever," is either entirely omitted, or deſigned to be comprehended in the word ſtedfaſt. To correſpond with this ſentence in the original, Mr. MERRICK has added two lines. Provided Mr. MASON had been deſirous of avoiding prolixity, it ſhould ſeem he might have expreſſed himſelf in this manner;

> Who truſt in God's protecting hand
> Shall ſtedfaſt as Mount Sion ſtand.

But this would not complete the ſtanza, and therefore it was allowable to amplify in ſome degree. I ſee nothing objectionable in Mr. MASON's enlargement of the ſenſe: in ſhort, I was ſo well ſatisfied with the firſt lines, that, I am proud to acknowledge, I inſerted them, with a trifling alteration, in the following manner, from his copy, and thought it no diſparagement to adopt them from ſo claſſical a writer.

They, who with holy confidence
Truſt in the Lord for their defence,
Secur'd by his protecting hand,
Shall ſtedfaſt as Mount Sion ſtand,
That proof to ages meets the ſkies,
And, fix'd, each adverſe ſhock defies.

I was willing that it ſhould be known whence I had taken theſe lines, in caſe the work ſhould fall into the hands of Mr. MASON; otherwiſe I ſhould have preferred that of W. K. as above cited, to the fourth line.

I cannot quit this ſubject without adding, that if this attack had not come from ſuch a pen as that of Mr. MASON, who has himſelf been engaged in a ſimilar cauſe, I ſhould not have employed a moment's conſideration upon it, but paſſed it over in ſilence. But I can aſſure that gentleman, that nothing has now been aſſerted, with the deſign of paſſing any unhandſome reflections upon him. My intention

tion has been merely to remove the objections which have been urged againſt Mr. MERRICK's verſion by a perſon, from whoſe opinion I am ſorry to diſſent; and I lament that Mr. MERRICK has not found a more able advocate, ſincerely wiſhing that whoſoever ſhall hereafter complain of this verſion may be ſo happy as to point out, or produce another of ſuperior merit.

For a few errors of the preſs, which may be found in this edition, I think it neceſſary to beſpeak the candour and indulgence of the reader. Situated at the diſtance of more than one hundred miles from the metropolis, I could only receive the firſt proofs by the poſt, after returning which, commonly in haſte, I was obliged to rely upon the printer both for inſerting my corrections exactly, and for preventing any new miſtakes.

Before I finally diſmiſs the Publication, I moſt

gladly embrace the opportunity of again confeſſing, that my thanks are due to ſeveral perſons of the higheſt reſpectability, for their voluntary aid; in particular, to Dr. Beadon, Biſhop of Glouceſter, for the occaſional communication of his ſentiments upon the undertaking; for the advice he has ever ſhewn himſelf ready to afford me in the progreſs of it; and for the favourable manner in which he has been kind enough to mention it to others of the venerable Bench. As his recommendation of it has been powerful, ſo I entertain a full perſuaſion that it will prove at length effectual. The obligations conferred by Lord Ducie, (with whom I have the honour and happineſs to be acquainted as a neighbour and friend) though of a different nature, were of infinite uſe to me. His actual aſſiſtance in alleviating ſome of the difficulties, that muſt neceſſarily ariſe from my correſpondence with the printer, at ſuch a diſtance from London, was granted in the moſt kind and friendly manner.

manner. Such inſtances of civility and regard I cannot paſs in ſilence ; and they, to whom I own myſelf indebted will, I truſt, at all times find me diſpoſed to ſpeak of their favours in terms expreſſive of my warmeſt gratitude.

I conceive it becomes me alſo to mention that I have obtained very ſingular advantages from gentlemen moſt eminently diſtinguiſhed for their ſuperior talents in the ſcience of Muſic. But ſince I have taken notice of their generous efforts in my addreſs to them at the beginning of another undertaking, entitled " Improved Pſalmody", wherein they have been ſo long engaged, there will be no need for me to repeat in this place, how exceedingly I value their aid ; and I am willing to perſuade myſelf that their labours will in no reſpect be ineffectual, and that they will derive from them abundant credit to themſelves, in this and future ages.

From

From many Clergymen remarkable for their piety, and zealous for the welfare of the eſtabliſhed Church, I have received applications to ſupply them with the muſical part of my work; and I have ſince been informed by the ſame perſons, that on examination they not only approved but immediately determined to adopt it for the uſe of their reſpective congregations. I am therefore encouraged to hope that by degrees it will be received in like manner throughout the kingdom. The regular continuation of the plan till the whole ſhall be executed, and brought as nearly as poſſible to a ſtate of perfection, is however requiſite to its entire acceptation, and is a point to which all its admirers look up with an eagerneſs that demands from me the cleareſt explanation concerning my reſolution to proceed in it. That I will perſevere in the beſt manner, and not keep them in ſuſpenſe a moment beyond what ſhall be found indiſpenſably neceſſary, I can give them the moſt poſitive aſſurance. At

the

the ſame time it ſhould be properly underſtood of what nature are the obſtacles, by which this projected improvement muſt be unavoidably retarded. The co-operation of a number of gentlemen of the higheſt muſical eminence, while it is a circumſtance moſt propitious to the final ſucceſs of my attempt, and probably deciſive in its favour, nevertheleſs renders it difficult to fix preciſely the period, when it will be completed; but I have every reaſon to believe that the ſucceeding numbers will be publiſhed with more expedition. Zealous as thoſe gentlemen are to carry into effect their promiſed ſervices, and to perſiſt in them to the end, ſtill are they, as it may be conjectured, frequently interrupted by profeſſional avocations: and though they ſhould employ every convenient opportunity of leiſure for the proſecution of this arduous buſineſs, yet it cannot be purſued with that rapid progreſs which partial friends might wiſh. Without this powerful ſupport, I muſt have

left

left the Verſion in its new form, to be peruſed as a pattern of excellent poetry, or adapted to ſuch melodies as might have been occaſionally procured. With it, I doubt not that the moſt ſanguine expectations will be proportionably gratified; and if ſome little delay ſhould intervene from unforeſeen circumſtances, it will, I truſt, be compenſated by a ſet of compoſitions, equal to the merit of this elegant Tranſlation.

WOTTON UNDER EDGE,
June 4, 1796.

A VER-

A

VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS.

PSALM I.

I.

O HOW bleſt the man, whoſe ear
Impious counſel ſhuns to hear,
Who nor loves to tread the way
Where the ſons of folly ſtray,
Nor their frantic mirth to ſhare,
Seated in deriſion's chair ;
But, to virtue's path confin'd,
Spurns the men of ſinful mind,
And, poſſeſs'd with ſacred awe,
Meditates, great God, thy law ;
This by day his fix'd employ,
This by night his conſtant joy.

2.

Like the tree, that, taught to grow
Where the ſtreams irriguous flow,
Oft as the revolving ſun
Through the deſtin'd months has run,
Regular, its ſeaſon knows,
Bending low its loaded boughs,
He his verdant branch ſhall ſpread,
Nor his ſick'ning leaves ſhall ſhed ;
He, whate'er his thoughts deviſe,
Joyful to the work applies,
Sure to find the wiſh'd ſucceſs
Crown his hope, his labour bleſs.

3.

See, ah ! ſee a diff'rent fate
God's obdurate foes await ;
See them, to his wrath conſign'd,
Fly like chaff before the wind :
When thy Judge, O Earth, ſhall come,
And to each aſſign their doom,
Say, ſhall then the impious band
With the juſt aſſembled ſtand ?

Theſe

Theſe th' Almighty, theſe alone,
Objects of his love ſhall own,
While his vengeance who defy
Whelm'd in endleſs ruin lie.

PSALM II.

1.

WHY thus enrag'd, ye tribes profane?
Why ſtrive the Gentiles thus in vain?
Why, rouz'd by diſcord's fierce alarms,
Do headlong nations ruſh to arms?

2.

Earth's ſcepter'd lords rebellious riſe
Againſt the Ruler of the ſkies,
And Him, on whoſe diſtinguiſh'd head
His hand the ſacred oil has ſhed.

3.

In factious counſels thus they join,
And vaunting brave the Pow'r divine,
" Quick let us each renounce their ſway,
" And caſt their hated bands away."

·4·

God from on high their threats ſhall hear,
Laugh, as the tumult meets his ear,
And, arm'd with vengeance, thus aloud
Superior quell the frantic croud:

5·

" Yet, Mortals, yet your Monarch ſee,
" And bow to Him the humble knee,
" His throne on Sion's hill my hand
" Has built, and what I build ſhall ſtand."

6.

Thy will, Great Father, I obey;
Pleas'd I accept the offer'd ſway,
And through the earth's extended frame
The counſels of thy love proclaim.

7·

" Thou art my Son, on this bleſt day
" Begotten; (thus I hear thee ſay,)
" Prefer thy wiſh, and to thy hand
" Lo! I conſign each heathen land.

" I bid

8.

" I bid thee rule the nations round,
" Far as to earth's remoteſt bound ;
" Though join'd in firmeſt league, thy foes
" With vain attempt thy pow'r oppoſe.

9.

" Thy arm the iron rod extends !
" Behold them, as the ſtroke deſcends,
" Cruſh'd like the potter's brittle ſtore,
" And ſcatter'd to unite no more."

10.

Ye kings, from error's ſleep ariſe ;
Ye judges of the earth, be wiſe ;
And, warm'd with duteous zeal, conſpire
To ſerve with joy th' eternal Sire.

11.

O, leſt ye periſh from the way,
That leads to realms of endleſs day,
With aweful love, with holy fear,
His Son, the world's great hope, revere.

If

12.

If yet but kindling in his hand
The vengeful bolt uplifted ſtand,
Thrice happy, who on him depend,
And thankful own th' almighty friend.

PSALM III.

1.

BEHOLD, my God, what num'rous foes
With dire intent my ſteps incloſe,
While, fluſh'd with hope, the impious band
In haughty triumph round me ſtand;
" Lo! there," they cry, " our obvious prey,
" The wretch, whom God has caſt away."

2.

But ſee Omnipotence my ſhield!
My head aloft by thee upheld,
Thy fav'ring beams around me ſhine;
Thou, Lord, from Sion's hallow'd ſhrine
With kind regard ſhalt hear my cry,
And inſtant grant the wiſh'd reply.

Oppreſs'd

3.

Oppreſs'd with toil, I ſought repoſe,
I laid me down, I ſlept, I roſe;
For thou, my God, wert waking ſtill,
To guard my ſlumb'ring head from ill;
Though myriads, leagu'd, againſt me riſe,
My heart ſecure their rage defies.

4.

Thy aid, bleſt Lord, indulgent yield;
Oft as I trod the doubtful field,
Each hoſtile cheek has felt thy ſtroke;
Thy rod their teeth vindictive broke;
O yield (nor ſhall I aſk in vain,)
That oft experienc'd aid again.

5.

Th' impending ſtorm, my God, aſſuage,
'Tis thine to quell their impious rage,
'Tis thine, great God, 'tis thine to ſave
Thy ſervants from th' expecting grave,
'Tis thine to bleſs them from above,
And crown them with eternal love.

PSALM IV.

1.

DEFENDER of my rightful cauſe,
While anguiſh from my boſom draws
The deep felt ſigh, the ceaſeleſs pray'r,
O make thy ſervant ſtill thy care;
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
That aid again, intreated, yield.

2.

How long, ye ſons of pride, how long
Shall falſehood arm your impious tongue?
How long ſhall ſecret love of ill
To wretched malice urge your will,
And erring rage your breaſt inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame?

3.

To God my heart ſhall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his bleſſings to beſtow
On each, whoſe breaſt has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear;

Him

Him wouldſt thou pleaſe ? with rev'rent awe
Obſerve the dictates of his law.

4.

In ſecret, on thy couch reclin'd,
Search to its depth thy reſtleſs mind,
Till, huſh'd to peace, the tumult lie,
And wrath and ſtrife within thee die ;
With pureſt gifts approach his ſhrine,
And ſafe to him thy care reſign.

5.

I hear a hopeleſs train demand,
" Where's now the wiſh'd Deliv'rer's hand ? "
Do thou, my God, do thou reply,
And let thy preſence from on high
In full effuſion o'er our head
Its all-enliv'ning influence ſhed.

6.

What joy my conſcious heart o'erflows !
Not ſuch th' exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long-expecting eyes
The vintage and the harveſts riſe,

And, ſhadowing wide the cultur'd ſoil,
With full requital crown his toil.

7.

My weary eyes in ſleep I cloſe,
My limbs, ſecure, to reſt compoſe;
For thou, great God, ſhalt ſcreen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed,
Thy choiceſt gifts ſhalt bid me ſhare,
And make my ſafety ſtill thy care.

PSALM V.

1.

THE words, that from my lips proceed,
My thoughts, for thou thoſe thoughts canſt read,
My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me when I pray.

2.

With earlieſt zeal, with wakeful care,
To thee my ſoul ſhall pour its pray'r,
And, ere the dawn has ſtreak'd the ſky,
To thee direct its longing eye:---

3.

To thee, whom nought obſcur'd by ſtain
Can pleaſe; whoſe doors to feet profane
Inexorable ſtand; whoſe law
Offenders from thy ſight ſhall awe.

4.

Let each, whoſe tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who leſſons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirſts a brother's blood to ſhed,
Thy hate and heavieſt vengeance dread.

5.

But I, whoſe hope thy love ſupports,
(How great that love!) will tread thy courts,
My knees in lowlieſt rev'rence bend,
And tow'rd thy ſhrine my hands extend.

6.

Do thou, juſt God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hoſtile ſnare;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my ſteps thy way.

7.

Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
Of hatred and of guilt compos'd,
Nurs'd in deceit, in ſin allied,
Nor faith, nor truth their actions guide.

8.

Their throat a ſepulchre diſplays,
Deep, wide, inſatiate; in their praiſe
Lurks flatt'ry, and with ſpecious art
Belies the purpoſe of their heart.

9.

O let the miſchiefs they intend
Retorted on themſelves deſcend,
And let thy wrath correct their ſin,
Whoſe hearts thy mercy fails to win.

10.

May all, who truſt in thee, employ
Their grateful voice in ſongs of joy,
And ſhare the gifts on thoſe beſtow'd,
Who love the name of Jacob's God.

To

11.

To each, who bears a guiltleſs heart,
Thy grace its bleſſing ſhall impart;
Strong as the brazen ſhield, thy aid
Around him caſt its cov'ring ſhade.

PSALM VI.

1.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulneſs of thy vengeance ſhed;
With pitying eye my weakneſs view,
Heal my vex'd ſoul, my ſtrength renew;
And O, if yet my ſins demand
The wiſe corrections of thy hand,
Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
Return, great God, return, and ſave
Thy ſervant from the greedy grave.

2.

Shall death's long ſilent tongue, O ſay,
The records of thy pow'r diſplay,

Or

Or pale corruption's ſtartled ear
Thy praiſe within its priſon hear?
By languor, grief, and care oppreſs'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breaſt,
And tears, in large profuſion ſhed,
Inceſſant lave my ſleepleſs bed.
Return, great God, return, and ſave
Thy ſervant from the greedy grave.

3.

While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hoſtile ſtorms invade my ſoul,
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year
Relentleſs from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health eraſe,
And ſpread before my waſting ſight
The ſhades of all-obſcuring night.
Return, great God, return, and ſave
Thy ſervant from the greedy grave.

4.

Hence, ye profane! my Saviour hears,
While yet I ſpeak, he wipes my tears,

Accepts

Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With ſhame their vain attempts forego;
His vengeance whelms their ſouls in dread,
And burſts in tempeſts o'er their head,
While, ſtruck with horror from on high,
In wild amaze they backward fly.
My Saviour hears; and deigns to ſave
His ſervant from the greedy grave.

PSALM VII.

1.

O SAVE me, Lord, and to my foes
Do thou, in thee I truſt, oppoſe
Thy pow'r, and let the arm divine,
Stretch'd in my cauſe, beſpeak me thine:---

2.

Leſt, while I mourn thy abſent aid,
The lion fierce my ſoul invade,
Pleas'd, with my blood his thirſt allay,
And rend the unreſiſting prey.

My

3.

My God, if truth their cenſure guide,
If guilt be in my facts deſcried,
If e'er from my diſſembling heart
My friend has found the hoſtile part,---

4.

If, gracious Lord, with ſtubborn mind
To wrathful violence inclin'd,
Impell'd by wrongs, I taught my foe
The terrors of my hand to know,---

5.

That foe's worſt vengeance let me meet,
Till, trampled underneath his feet,
Low in the duſt my life be laid,
And earth's dark womb my glory ſhade.

6.

Riſe, mightieſt Lord, triumphant riſe,
O'er each, whoſe hand thy pow'r defies;
O let thy wrath chaſtiſe my foes,
Hear, and relieve thy ſervant's woes.

Judg-

7.

Judgment is thine: in awful ſtate,
While circling Crouds the doom await,
Aſcend thy throne, great God, again,
And juſtify thy ways to Men.

8.

O Thou, on whom our fates depend,
My cauſe, my guiltleſs cauſe, defend;
Awake, thy aiding ſtrength excite,
Awake, and vindicate my right.

9.

Sin's baneful growth do thou controul,
And guard from ill the upright ſoul;
For thou, juſt Lord, with ſearching eye,
The heart and inmoſt reins canſt try.

10.

To God, my Soul, for help repair,
Who makes the faithful heart his care,
Th' impartial Judge! whoſe eyes each day,
Indignant, ſcenes of guilt ſurvey.

11.

If Man his law refuſe to know,
He whets his ſword, he bends his bow,
He tips with fire the fatal dart,
Ordain'd to pierce th' Oppreſſor's heart.

12.

With miſchief teem their breaſts, but woe,
And fruſtrate hope attend the throe;
They dig, and with exacteſt care
A pit, but for themſelves, prepare.

13.

They toil, and each, condemn'd to gain
The luckleſs harveſt of his pain,
Ills, for a Brother's head deſign'd,
Retorted on his own ſhall find.

14.

Thy juſtice, Lord, ſhall on my breaſt
In ſure remembrance ſtand impreſs'd,
With grateful joy my heart inſpire,
And wake to ceaſeleſs praiſe my lyre.

PSALM

PSALM VIII.

1.

IMmortal King! thro' earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praiſe, and name!
Whoſe reign o'er diſtant worlds extends,
Whoſe glory heav'n's vaſt height tranſcends.

2.

From Infants thou canſt ſtrength upraiſe,
And form their liſping tongues to praiſe,
That, ſtruck with awe, each wrathful Band
In mute aſtoniſhment may ſtand.

3.

When, wrapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the ſky,
Whoſe frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have ſpread,---

4.

The ſilent moon, with waxing horn
Along th' ethereal region borne,
The ſtars with vivid luſtre crown'd,
That nightly walk their deſtin'd round,---

5.

Lord! what is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot ſhould find a ſhare,
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thine ear ſhouldſt bow?

6.

His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' angelic Tribes beneath them ſee,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguiſh'd glory blaze.

7.

Subjected to his feet by Thee,
To him all Nature bows the knee;
The beaſts in him their Lord behold,
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,---

8.

The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vaſt deſert of the ſky,
And all the wat'ry tribes, that glide
Through paths to human ſight denied.

Im-

9.

Immortal King! thro' earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praiſe, and name!
Thy reign o'er diſtant worlds extends,
Thy glory heav'ns vaſt height tranſcends.

PSALM IX.

1.

WARM'D to its inmoſt depth my breaſt
Thanks, not by words to be expreſs'd,
Conceives, nor ſhall my grateful tongue
E'er leave thy wondrous acts unſung.

2.

Thee, Lord, I boaſt my bliſs ſupreme,
Thy praiſe my ſong's exhauſtleſs theme;
O Higher than the Higheſt, hail!
Thou, thou haſt bid my cauſe prevail.

3.

Lo! from the terror of thine eye
My Foes with ſtumbling ſtep ſhall fly,

Or,

Or, ſtruck by thy reſiſtleſs hand,
In heaps promiſcuous ſtrew the land.

4.

Strict juſtice, Lord, ſupports thy throne,
And her decrees and thine are one;
Thy ſtern rebuke the Heathen feel,
Their name oblivion's ſhades conceal.

5.

See, o'er their guilt-polluted plain
Deſtruction, death, and horror reign:
While, where the rural waſte extends,
No more the village ſmoke aſcends.

6.

No more their cities brave the ſky,
But ras'd by thee, forgotten lie,
Scarce ev'n in ſhapeleſs ruins view'd,
That mark where once the wonder ſtood.

7.

But Thou, when time ſhall reach its end,
Unchang'd the ſceptre ſhalt extend;

Then

Then fill thy throne in awful ſtate,
While Man's whole Race thy judgment wait.

8.

Come ye, who in the dang'rous hour
Wiſh for your guard the ſtrong built tow'r;
Each terror to the winds reſign'd,
In God a ſurer refuge find.

9.

The Souls, that erſt oppreſs'd with woe
Have learn d thy name, great God, to know,
Their hope on thee ſhall ſtill ſuſtain,
Whom none has ſought, and ſought in vain.

10.

In Sion God has fix'd his reſt;
O be his praiſe aloud confeſt;
His acts through ev'ry clime reſound,
Far as to earth's extremeſt bound.

11.

He from the proud Oppreſſor's hands
The poor Man's guiltleſs blood demands,

And

And (nor with unregarding ear,)
His juſt complaint from heav'n ſhall hear.

12.

O Thou, whoſe care prolongs my breath,
And lifts me from the gates of death,
Thy Servant's woes attentive view,
While impious Men my ſteps purſue :---

13.

So ſhall thy praiſe employ my tongue,
And Sion's portals hear my ſong,
While with experienc'd heart I ſhew
What joys from thy ſalvation flow.

14.

Low in the pit for others made
Th' Artificers of death are laid,
And, ſtruck with dire amazement, find
Their nets around themſelves intwin'd.

15.

His juſtice thus our God diſplays,
And miſchief with itſelf repays

On

On thoſe who thus their arts prepare,
And for the Guiltleſs plant the ſnare.

16.

Behold the grave its jaws extend,
While to its depths the Crouds deſcend,
Who dare in lawleſs counſels join,
Forgetful of the Will divine.

17.

For think not, O ye Good diſtreſt,
That in the all-rememb'ring breaſt
Your woes and wrongs unnotic'd riſe,
That virtue's hope for ever dies.

18.

Up, Lord, nor let the impious Soul
Build ſin on ſin without controul;
Thy balance, mightieſt Judge, aſſume,
Paſs on the Heathen Race their doom.

19.

O let thy terrors, ſcatter'd wide,
Correct them, till each Son of Pride,

By Thee convinc'd, his weakneſs ſcan,
And humbled own himſelf but Man.

PSALM X.

1.

SAY, Lord, why thus thy aiding pow'r
Deſerts us in the needful hour,
Why clouds impervious, round thee roll'd,
Thy preſence from our ſight withhold?

2.

Shall impious Men eſcape thy view,
While thus the Guiltleſs they purſue?
O let them, by themſelves chaſtis'd,
The ills ſuſtain for him deviſ'd,---

3.

No longer boaſt their mad deſires,
And acts which headlong rage inſpires,
Or joyous graſp their lawleſs gain,
And Thee, the Soul's beſt wealth, diſdain.

Proud

4.

Proud Wretch! who ſhuns o'er nature's face
The footſteps of thy care to trace,
And Thee, th' all-potent Monarch, Thee
Denies, who gav'ſt himſelf to be.

5.

Behold, while, high above all height,
Thy judgments, Lord, his diſtant ſight
Elude, this Miniſter of Woe
Blaſt with his breath each obvious Foe;

6.

"See, proof to each aſſault I ſtand:
"What Pow'r ſhall e'er my fear demand?
"What ill, to life's remoteſt day,
"Obſtruct the tenour of my way?"

7.

The Sinner's lips, with curſes fraught,
Words ill according to his thought
Have utter'd, and beneath his tongue
Lurk fraud, and violence, and wrong.

8.

Beſide the ſolitary way,
Intent the helpleſs Poor to ſlay,
He waits, and with malignant eye
Inſidious marks each Paſſer by.

9.

As, couch'd within his buſhy lair,
The Lion fierce with hideous glare
Around him caſts his wide ſurvey,
And meditates the future prey,---

10.

So longs the Man of Blood to ſeize
The Souls, that own thy juſt decrees;
When planted with ſucceſsful care,
His nets their captive feet inſnare:---

11.

What, Lord, his fury ſhall withſtand,
Or ſave them from the murth'rous Band,
That, leagu'd in ſin, aſſiſt his toil,
And ſhare with him the guilty ſpoil?

" Shall

12.

" Shall heav'n's high Lord," he cries, " deſcend
" The human actions to attend?
" The paths by me at will purſu'd
" His mem'ry, and his thought elude."

13.

Riſe, mightieſt Lord, and lift thy hand,
Nor let the injur'd Poor demand
Thy ſaving aid with fruitleſs pray'r,
But guard them by thy foſt'ring care.

14.

Why ſhould the Souls, who thee defy,
With impious tongue reproachful cry,
" Tis not within th' Almighty's plan
" To ſcrutinize the acts of Man?"

15.

What eyes, like Thine, eternal Sire,
Through Sin's obſcureſt depths inquire?
What Judge, like Thee, on virtue's Foes
The needful vengeance can impoſe?

The

16.

The meek Obſerver of thy laws
To Thee commits his injur'd cauſe;
In Thee, each anxious fear reſign'd,
The Fatherleſs a Father find.

17.

O, break the arm of impious might;
So ſhall their threats no more excite
Our dread, nor thy offended eye
The triumphs of their guilt deſcry.

18.

Thine is the throne: beneath thy reign,
Immortal King! the Tribes profane
Behold their dreams of conqueſt o'er,
And vaniſh to be ſeen no more.

19.

Thou, Lord, thy People's wiſh can'ſt read,
Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed;
'Tis Thine their drooping hearts to rear,
And when they call incline thine ear.

'Tis

20.

'Tis Thine the Orphan's cheek to dry,
The guiltleſs Suff'rer's cauſe to try,
To rein each earthborn Tyrant's will,
And bid the Sons of Pride be ſtill.

PSALM XI.

1.

ON God my ſtedfaſt hopes rely:
Why urge ye then my Soul to fly,
And ſwift, on trembling wings convey'd,
To ſeek the mountains cov'ring ſhade?
See, prompt to ill, th' inſidious Foe
Now couch'd in ſecret bend the bow,
Now to the ſtring adjuſt the dart,
That thirſts to wound the guiltleſs heart:
While Juſtice mourns her baſe o'erthrown,
Say, who the injur'd cauſe ſhall own?

2.

Thou, Lord, that cauſe wilt ſtill ſuſtain;
Thou, thron'd amid thy heav'nly fane,

Shalt

Shalt caſt, regardful, from on high
On ſuff'ring innocence thine eye,
Each human heart intent to prove,
And bid the Souls that ſeek thy love,
Bleſt Objects of thy conſtant care,
The fulneſs of thy bounty ſhare;
While lawleſs hands and hearts impure
Thy wrath and ſtedfaſt hate endure.

3.

Behold the light'nings wing their way,
Behold the fires vindictive ſtray;
While from thy hand the baleful draught,
With ſtorm and mingled ſulphur fraught,
In wild amaze the impious Train
Low to its utmoſt dregs ſhall drain:
For (juſt himſelf,) where'er it ſhines
To juſtice God his love inclines,
Delighted in the upright mind
His own reflected beams to find.

PSALM XII.

1.

O HELP me, Lord: for none I ſee,
Whoſe acts conform to thy decree;
Nor truth, nor faith my ſearch can trace
Amid the Sons of human Race.

2.

New plans of fraud each mind has known,
And ſpeaks a language not its own;
Their lips have learn'd with ſpecious art
To veil the purpoſe of the heart.

3.

But God, with vengeance arm'd, ſhall riſe,
The tongue of flatt'ry to chaſtiſe,
And juſtice to the lip of pride
Its ſtroke with aim unerring guide.

4.

What force, exclaims the impious Band,
Shall eloquence like ours withſtand?

And ſay to whom the taſk belongs
To fix the bridle on our tongues.

5.

" Enough (th'eternal Sire has cried)
" Enough my ſuff'ring Saints have ſigh'd,
" To Me diſclos'd their ceaſeleſs fear,
" And pour'd their ſorrows in mine ear.

6.

" My hand ſhall ſee their wrongs redreſt,
" And ſoothe to peace their troubled breaſt,
" Its ſaving aid around them throw,
" And guard them from th' inſulting Foe."

7.

Pure are thy words, almighty Lord,
As Silver, that, by art explor'd,
Has ſeen the ſev'nth tormenting fire
Around th' incloſing vaſe aſpire.

8.

Thy love thy Servants, Lord, ſhall ſhare,
And, ſafe in thy protecting care,

Behold

Behold, unmov'd, an impious Age
Aim at their life its fruitleſs rage.

9.

When Men, by ev'ry crime debas'd,
In ſeats of ſov'reign rule are plac'd,
Then wrong and fraud the Earth o'erſpread,
And vice triumphant lifts the head.

PSALM XIII.

1.

HOW long ſhall I, my God, in vain,
Preſt by a weight of griefs complain?
Say, ſhall I ſink in deep deſpair,
For ever baniſh'd from thy care?

2.

Condemn'd thy abſent beams to mourn,
Still to divided counſels turn
My lab'ring thought, and hear the Foe
Exulting triumph in my woe?

3.

Thy Suppliant's voice attentive weigh,
And bid, O bid thy heav'nly ray
With healing influence o'er me riſe,
Ere death's dark ſlumber cloſe my eyes.

4.

What tranſport would my fall impart,
To each incens'd Oppoſer's heart,
Who would his utmoſt art addreſs,
The Friend of Peace and Truth t' oppreſs!

5.

" Behold," the hoſtile tongue would cry,
" Beneath my feet behold him lie,
" The Wretch, that, haſting to his end,
" With pow'r ſuperior durſt contend."

6.

But, while their ceaſeleſs threats I hear,
Thy mercy, Lord, diſpels my fear;
My hopes on thy Salvation reſt,
And fill with conſcious joy my breaſt.

Well

7.

Well pleas'd that mercy to proclaim,
To Thee, inſtinct with holy flame,
To Thee my tongue from day to day
Shall meditate the grateful lay.

PSALM XIV.

1.

BEHOLD the Fool, whoſe heart denies
The God who form'd the Earth and Skies:
While, fearleſs, ſin's worſt paths he treads,
Mark how the dire example ſpreads.

2.

Of Man's whole Race not one we find
To virtue's heav'n-taught rules inclin'd,
Who 'midſt infectious times has ſtood
Unſtain'd, and obſtinately good.

3.

Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Caſt on the Sons of Earth his eye,

If haply ſome he yet might ſee
True to their God, from error free.

4.

He look'd: but ah! not one could find
To virtue's heav'n-taught rules inclin'd:
Each, led from Wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſues the tenour of his way.

5.

O ſay, what ignorance could blind
The Souls, who with remorſeleſs mind
Preſume my People to devour,
As bread, nor own their Maker's pow'r!

6.

Yet ſee their thoughts tumultuous roll,
See various terrors ſhake their ſoul;
For God amidſt the Righteous dwells,
And each invading Foe repels.

7.

And what are Ye, who thus deride
The Souls that in their God confide,

With

With wife ſimplicity of mind
To his all-juſt decrees reſign'd?

8.

Who, mightieſt Lord, to Iſrael's eyes
Shall bid the wiſh'd Salvation riſe,
From Sion's hill its healing ray
Extend, and round us pour the day?

9.

When Thou thy Captives ſhalt reſtore,
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' Judah's ſhore,
And ceaſeleſs ſhouts, thro' Heav'ns wide frame
Loud echoing, Jacob's joy proclaim.

PSALM XV.

1.

WHO ſhall tow'rd thy choſen ſeat
Turn in glad approach his feet?
Who ſhall at thine altars bend?
Who to Sion's hill aſcend?
Who, great God, a welcome Gueſt,
On that hallow'd mountain reſt?---

He whoſe heart thy love has warm'd,
He whoſe will, to thine conform'd,
Bids his life unſullied run;
He whoſe word and thought are one.

2.

He who ne'er, with cruel aim,
Seeks to wound an honeſt fame,
Nor, with gloomy joy poſſeſs'd,
Can a Brother's peace moleſt,
Or, to ſlander's tongue ſevere,
Stoops with eaſy faith his ear:
Who, from ſervile terror free,
Spurns at thoſe who ſpurn at Thee,
And, to each who Thee obeys,
Love and lowlieſt rev'rence pays.

3.

What he ſwears, with ſtedfaſt will
To his loſs he ſhall fulfil,
Nor by avaricious loan
Make the poor Man's bread his own;

Nor

Nor can bribes his ſentence guide
'Gainſt the Guiltleſs to decide.
He who thus, with heart unſtain'd,
Treads the path by Thee ordain'd,
He, great God, ſhall own thy care,
And thy conſtant bleſſing ſhare.

PSALM XVI.

1.

FATHER of All! my Soul defend;
On Thee my ſtedfaſt hopes depend;
" Thou, mightieſt Lord, and none beſide,
" Thou art my God," my heart has cried.

2.

In vain, with grateful zeal, I burn
Thy boundleſs goodneſs to return;
In vain would gifts by me beſtow'd
Augment the treaſures of my God.

3.

Yet ſhall my love on all deſcend,
Whoſe Souls to thy decrees attend,

My heart's deſire to each incline,
Whoſe ſaintlike virtue marks him thine.

4.

The Wretch, who madly ſtrays from Thee,
And bows to Gods miſcall'd the knee,
Shall find new ſorrows round him roll
And whelm in dread his conſcious Soul.

5.

Be Witneſs to my guilt, if e'er
Their draughts of offer'd blood I ſhare,
If, while thy breath my life ſuſtains,
Their name my hallow'd lip profanes.

6.

Thee, Lord, my patrimony, Thee
The portion of my cup I ſee:
Thy care my envied lot ſecures,
And life's beſt gifts around me pours.

7.

Thee let me bleſs, the faithful Guide,
Whoſe counſels o'er my life preſide,

And

And Wiſdom to my wakeful breaſt
At midnight's ſilent hour ſuggeſt.

8.

In all my acts, in each intent,
Thee to my Soul my thoughts preſent,
Whoſe ſure defence my gate has barr'd,
And planted on my right a guard.

9.

For this my heart, for this my tongue,
Shall meditate the joyful ſong;
Hope e'en in death ſhall be my Gueſt
And ſmooth the pillow of my reſt.

10.

Thou from the grave my Soul ſhalt free,
Nor leave thy Holy One to ſee
Corruption's pow'r:---before my eyes
The op'ning paths of life ſhall riſe;---

11.

Thoſe paths that to thy preſence bear;
For plenitude of bliſs is there,

And pleaſures, Lord, unmix'd with woe,
At thy right hand for ever flow.

PSALM XVII.

1.

TO Thee, the Judge inthron'd on high,
Shall injur'd innocence apply:
O let my pray'r by Thee be heard,
From undiſſembling lips prefer'd;
O let my doom from Thee proceed,
And gracious mark the upright deed.

2.

When night's dark ſhades were round me pour'd,
Thy thoughts my Spirit have explor'd;
Say, to thy all-diſcerning eyes
If aught of guilt within me riſe,
If offer'd violence and wrong
Have urg'd to ſin my thoughtleſs tongue.

3.

Taught by thy word, my ſtedfaſt mind
Has each nefarious path declin'd;

O ſtill

O ſtill my Guardian, ſtill my Guide,
Forbid my wav'ring feet to ſlide;
To Thee (for thou the pray'r canſt hear,)
To Thee my ſuppliant voice I rear!

4.

O treat me not with cold diſdain,
Nor let my vows return in vain:
Do thou, whoſe hand th' Oppreſſor quells,
And each invading Pow'r repels
From him, whoſe hopes on Thee repoſe,
To me thy wondrous grace diſcloſe.

5.

What care the pupil of the eye
Demands, that care to me apply;
Let thy prevailing beams diſpel
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell,
"And keep, O keep me, King of Kings,
"Beneath thy own almighty wings."

6.

Rich in my ſpoils, with murth'rous hate
A pamper'd Croud around me wait:

Their

Their heart, with impious fury ſtung,
To mad preſumption prompts their tongue,
Pride on their neck its chain has bound,
And violence inveſts them round.

7.

With watchful look they mark my way,
As lurks, expectant of the prey,
The Lion, or his tawny Brood,
To rapine born, and nurs'd in blood;
Riſe, Lord, and let me, by thy aid
Preſerv'd, their threat'ning jaws evade.

8.

With ſword unſheath'd, and lifted hand,
Preventive cruſh the lawleſs Band,
Whoſe days, with life's full bleſſings fraught,
To Earth's low ſcene confine their thought;
Whoſe eyes a num'rous Race behold,
To heir their heaps of treaſur'd gold.

9.

Far other bliſs my Soul ſhall own,
A bliſs to guilty minds unknown:

O! when,

O! when, awaken'd by thy care,
Thy face I view, thy image bear,
How ſhall my breaſt with tranſport glow,
What full delight my heart o'erflow!

PSALM XVIII.

1.

BLEST Object of my Soul's deſire,
To Thee my grateful thoughts aſpire:
On Thee my ſtedfaſt hope I build;
My God, my Reſt, my Rock, my Shield.

2.

The Strength of my Salvation Thee,
And Tow'r of ſure defence, I ſee;
Protected by thy pow'rful arm,
No danger can my Soul alarm.

3.

What Foe ſhall e'er my terror raiſe,
While thus I pay my debt of praiſe,
And, as the doubtful field I tread,
To God my ſuppliant hands outſpread?

Woes

4.

Woes heap'd on woes my heart deplor'd,
While ſin's tumultuous torrents roar'd,
And, ſpreading wide before my view,
Their gloomy horrors round me threw.

5.

The ſepulchre's extended hands
Had wrapt me in its ſtrongeſt bands,
And death, inſulting, o'er my head
Th' inextricable toils had ſpread.

6.

My words, as griev'd to God I pray,
Wing to his heavenly fane their way,
Through adverſe clouds their paſſage clear,
Nor unaccepted reach his ear.

7.

With ſtrong convulſions groan'd the ground,
The hills, with waving foreſts crown'd,
Loos'd from their baſe, their ſummits nod,
And own the preſence of their God.

Col-

8.

Collected clouds of wreathing ſmoke
Forth from his angry noſtrils broke,
And orbs of fire, with dreadful glare,
Ruſh'd onward through the glowing air.

9.

Incumbent on the bending ſky
The Lord deſcended from on high,
And bade the darkneſs of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.

10.

God to his car the Cherub join'd,
And on the wings of mightieſt wind,
As down to earth his journey lay,
Reſiſtleſs urged his rapid way.

11.

Thick-woven clouds around him clos'd,
His ſecret reſidence compos'd,
And waters, high ſuſpended, ſpread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.

12.

In vain reluctant to the blaze,
That previous pour'd its ſtreaming rays,
As on he moves, the clouds retire,
Diſſolv'd in hail, and ruſhing fire.

13.

His voice th' almighty Monarch rear'd,
Thro' Heav'n's high vault in thunders heard,
And down in fiercer conflict came
The hailſtones dire and mingled flame.

14.

With aim direct his ſhafts were ſped,
In vain his Foes before them fled;
Now here, now there his light'nings ſtray,
And ſure deſtruction marks their way.

15.

Earth's baſis open to the eye,
And ocean's ſprings, were ſeen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury paſt,
And o'er them breath'd the dreadful blaſt.

God

16.

God in my reſcue from the ſkies
His arm extends, and bids me riſe
Emergent from the flood profound,
Whoſe waves my ſtruggling Soul ſurround.

17.

His hand my ſtrongeſt Foes repell'd,
Their force by force ſuperior quell'd,
And I, unequal to the fight,
Ev'n I have triumph'd in his might.

18.

Oppreſs'd with languor, grief, and pain,
Ere yet my nerves their ſtrength regain,
His fierce aſſault th' Invader gave;
But thou wert preſent, Lord, to ſave.

19.

My ſpacious path by Thee outſpread,
With courſe ſecure behold me tread;
From Thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
My Soul its fulleſt ſuccour found.

20.

Bleſt in the favour of my God,
I ſpeak the grace on all beſtow'd,
Who guiltleſs hands to him can raiſe,
And offer unpolluted praiſe.

21.

His precepts, fix'd before my view,
My thoughts with ſtedfaſt aim purſue,
Nor error's cloud, nor arts of ſin
My Soul from his obedience win.

22.

Thou ſeeſt, eternal Judge, my breaſt
Each taint of inward guilt deteſt;
Thine eye my innocence ſurveys,
Thy pow'r with fulleſt bliſs repays.

23.

Thy ways to ours conform: in Thee
The Holy ſhall the Holy ſee,
The Pure the Pure; the perfect Mind
In Thee perfection's ſelf ſhall find.

Their

24.

Their arts the Men of froward turn
Surpafs'd by deeper art fhall mourn,
While they their pow'rs with effort vain
Unite againft the pious Train.

25.

By Thee their Guardian, ever nigh,
The Poor are fav'd; the haughty Eye,
Chaftis'd by thy afflicting ftroke,
Bends to the earth its humbled look.

26.

While night's thick fhades around me ftand,
My lamp, illumin'd by thy hand,
Pours through the gloom its fteady ray,
And turns my darknefs into day.

27.

My arm, if Thou thine aid fupply,
Shall bid whole Hofts before me fly;
My feet, if Thou my finews ftring,
High o'er the wall exulting fpring.

28.

Author of Good! nor ſin, nor guile
The pureneſs of thy path defile;
On thy tried word who build their truſt,
Shall find their confidence was juſt.

29.

What God but Thee ſhall Iſrael know,
Or who, O who can ſave but Thou?
'Tis God that arms me for the fight,
'Tis God that girds my Soul with Might.

30.

Upheld by him, in air ſublime,
Swift as the hind, the rock I climb,
Girded with ſtrength, there fix my ſtand,
Safe from each proud Invader's hand.

31.

By him inform'd, with ſureſt art
My hands direct the pointed dart,
And forceful break the ſteely bow,
New wreſted from the ſtruggling Foe.

Thou,

32.

Thou, mightieſt Lord, haſt o'er my head
The ſhield of thy Salvation ſpread;
Thee its defence, my Soul has found,
And gratefully thy ſuccour own'd.

33.

By thy right hand I walk'd upheld,
Great in thy mercy trod the field
With ſtep enlarg'd, and, Thou my Guide,
Nor fear'd to fall, nor knew to ſlide.

34.

With fierce purſuit my Foes I preſs'd,
Beheld my ſpear their flight arreſt,
Nor bade my ſword its fury ſtay,
Till proſtrate on the earth they lay.

35.

My Foes, beneath my feet o'erthrown,
The terrors of my hand have known,
They bow'd, they fell, diſtain'd with gore;
They bow'd, they fell, and roſe no more.

Bleſt

36.

Bleſt Lord! 'Twas thy reſiſtleſs pow'r,
That arm'd me for the dreadful hour,
Their backs expos'd to many a wound,
And ſtretch'd them breathleſs on the ground.

37.

Aloud, oppreſs'd with horror, cried
The rebel Throng; but none replied:
To God they call; but God their pray'r,
Abhorrent, ſcatters to the air.

38.

Behold their Troops before me chas'd,
As duſt before the driving blaſt,
And trampled, as the yielding clay,
Extended o'er the beaten way.

39.

When factious Crouds againſt me roſe,
How prompt thy hand to interpoſe!
O'er Realms, that have but heard my Name,
Through Thee the juſt command I claim.

The

40.

The Tribes, that from their God eſtrang'd,
Through climes to me unknown had rang'd,
With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
And trembling own a foreign ſway.

41.

In vain they ſeek themſelves to hide
In walls and forts, their ſtrength and pride,
Each dreads my vengeance to ſuſtain,
Nor walls, nor forts their fears reſtrain.

42.

Bleſt be the living God, whoſe aid,
When impious Foes my peace invade,
Their rage inſtructs me to decline,
And makes his wiſh'd ſalvation mine.

43.

His pow'r inflicts th' avenging ſtroke,
And bends the Nations to my yoke,
Each force, that durſt my reign conteſt,
By his reſiſtleſs ſtrength ſuppreſs'd.

44.

For this, thy pow'r my ſong ſhall claim,
And diſtant Regions hear thy fame,
Whoſe hands thy David to the throne
Have raiſed; whoſe oil his temples own.

45.

Proſperity and fair ſucceſs
His counſels and his arms ſhall bleſs,
Thy love on Him and on his Line
With unextinguiſh'd luſtre ſhine.

PSALM XIX.

1.

GOD the heav'ns aloud proclaim
Through their wide extended frame,
And the firmament each hour
Speaks the wonders of his pow'r.

2.

Day to the ſucceeding day
Joys the notice to convey,

And

And the nights, in ceaſeleſs round,
Each to each repeat the ſound.

3.

Prompt, without or ſpeech or tongue,
In his praiſe to form the ſong,
To the Lord they raiſe the theme,
Who of Gods is God ſupreme.

4.

Pleas'd to hear their voice extend
Far as to her utmoſt end,
Earth the heav'n-taught knowledge boaſts
Through her many languag'd Coaſts ;---

5.

While the Sun above her head
Sees his tabernacle ſpread,
And, from out his chamber bright,
Like a bridegroom, ſprings to ſight.

6.

See him, with gigantic pace,
Joyous run his deſtin'd race,

See him, ev'ry breaſt to chear,
Paſs through Heav'n in ſwift career;---

7.

Now, to fartheſt Regions borne,
Onward ſpeed, and now return,
And to all, with welcome ray,
Life and genial warmth convey.

8.

Warmth and life each thankful Heart
Feels thy law, great God, impart;
Clear from every ſpot it ſhines,
And the guilt-ſtain'd thought refines.

9.

Truth's firm baſe its frame upholds,
While it myſteries unfolds,
Which the childlike mind explores,
And to heav'nly ſcience ſoars.

10.

Preſt with ſorrows, doubts, and fears,
What like this the Spirit chears,

Stor'd

Stor'd with rules, that ſhall ſuggeſt
Laſting joy to ev'ry breaſt?

11.

What ſo perfect, what ſo pure?
What to reaſon's eye obſcure
Can ſuch wond'rous light afford
As the dictates of thy word?

12.

Where thy fear its fruit matures,
(Fruit, that endleſs years endures)
There the mind, with ſtedfaſt truſt,
Owns thy ſtatutes wiſe, and juſt.

13.

Nor can gold ſuch worth acquire
From the ſev'nth exploring fire,
Nor the labour of the bees
E'er in ſweetneſs vie with theſe.

14.

Taught by them, thy Servant's breaſt
Joys the bleſſings to atteſt,

Heap'd

Heap'd on thoſe, whoſe hearts ſincere
Learn thy precepts to revere.

15.

Beſt Inſtructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he ſtrays?
Save from error's growth my mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.

16.

Purge me from the guilt, that lies
Wrapt within my heart's diſguiſe;
Let me thence, by Thee renew'd,
Each preſumptuous ſin exclude:---

17.

So my lot ſhall ne'er be join'd
With the Men, whoſe impious mind
Fearleſs of thy juſt command,
Braves the vengeance of thy hand.

18.

Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by Thee;

To thy all-obſerving eyes
Let my thoughts accepted riſe.

19.

While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Bleſt Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, my ſtrength, propitious hear.

PSALM XX.

1.

MAY he, whom Heav'n, and Earth obey,
Regard Thee in the dreadful day,
May Jacob's Lord above thy head
His own victorious banner ſpread.

2.

May he from out his hallow'd ſhrine
Reach to thy aid the hand divine,
And ſtrength into thy Soul inſtill
From beauteous Sion's favour'd hill.

There

3.

There may thy incenſe to the ſkies
In ſweet memorial ever riſe;
Thy victims there in ſmoke aſpire,
Touch'd by his own celeſtial fire.

4.

May he thy ev'ry thought approve,
May he indulgent from above
His wonted benefits impart,
And grant the wiſhes of thine heart.

5.

May he in dangers intervene,
While we, his great Salvation ſeen,
Aſſiſt thy joy, thy triumph ſhare,
And bleſs the God, who hears thy pray'r.

6.

I ſee, I ſee th' Almighty ſhed
His bleſſings on th' anointed head,
Attentive from his holy Heav'n
Protect the crown himſelf has giv'n.

I ſee

7.

I ſee th' Almighty to thy Foes
His all ſubduing ſtrength oppoſe,
And, cloth'd with mercy, reach his hand
To ſave Thee from the impious Band..

8.

Theſe urge to fight the rattling car,
And thoſe the fiery ſteed prepare,
Unenvied both by us, who ſee
Our ſure defence, great God, in Thee.

9.

Driv'n by ſuperior force they fly,
Or, fall'n, in heaps promiſcuous lie,
While we our heads exulting raiſe,
And ſing our great Deliv'rer's praiſe.

10.

O, when we praiſe, and when we pray,
Do Thou, whom Heav'n and Earth obey,
Accept the praiſe, confirm the pray'r,
And make our ſafety ſtill thy care.

PSALM XXI.

1.

BY thy unwearied ſtrength upheld,
To Thee the King his thanks ſhall yield,
And, taught by bleſt experience, know
What joys from thy Salvation flow.

2.

Thy cares his heart's deſire complete;
His pray'r from thy eternal ſeat,
As low to Thee his knees he bends,
In full acceptance back deſcends.

3.

Thou, Lord, preventive of his want,
The bleſſings of thy love wilt grant,
And bid the golden circlet ſpread
Its pureſt ſplendors round his head.

4.

He aſk'd Thee life, and finds it giv'n,
Life, laſting as the days of Heav'n;

The conqueſts, which thy hands beſtow,
With grace and glory bind his brow.

5.

He, crown'd with bliſs perpetual, he
Thy face in full diſplay ſhall ſee,
And (for on Thee his hopes rely,)
Unmov'd each adverſe ſhock defy.

6.

Thy hand ſhall find each latent Foe,
And vengeful ſtrike th' unerring blow,
Mark as their crimes for juſtice call,
And teach thy terrors where to fall.

7.

Fierce as the kindled furnace glows,
Whoſe ſides the crackling thorns incloſe,
Thy wrath its flames ſhall round them pour,
And quick their boaſted ſtrength devour.

8.

Their fruit a luckleſs Progeny,
Uprooted from the ground ſhall die,

And Earth their Tribe no more behold
Amidſt her Families inroll'd.

9.

In vain each hoſtile art they try;
Behold, as trembling back they fly,
Thy ſhafts, adjuſted to the ſtring,
Impatient wait upon the wing.

10.

Maker of all, through earth and ſkies
O let thy pow'r conſpicuous riſe,
And furniſh to our grateful lays
A theme of everlaſting praiſe.

PSALM XXII.

1.

MY God, my God, O tell me, why
Unheeded ſtill aſcends my cry,
Why thus from my afflicted heart
Thy preſence and thy health depart.

Eternal

2.

Eternal Lord, throughout the day
With fruitleſs plaint to Thee I pray;
Nor ſleeps the anguiſh of my Soul,
When night's dark ſhades involve the pole.

3.

Yet unimpeach'd thy faith appears,
Thy ſanctity my heart reveres,
O Thou, to whom in homage join
The Sons of Jacob's choſen line.

4.

Thee, Lord, our Sires their ſtrength confeſt,
And found Thee, as their ſtedfaſt breaſt
To Thee its full affiance gave,
Nor ſlow to hear, nor weak to ſave.

5.

Lord, what am I? a Man in form,
Yet Brother to the trampled Worm;
An Outcaſt from the human Kind,
To fierce deriſion's rage conſign'd.

They

6.

They ſhake the head, they ſhout, they gaze;
Each eye, each lip, contempt betrays:
" On God," they cry, " thy hope was ſtaid;
" Be God, if his thou art, thy aid."

7.

Thine, mightieſt Father, thine I am;
By Thee from out the womb I came,
From Thee my ev'ry comfort ſprung,
While yet upon the breaſt I hung.

8.

Hail, from my birth and to my end
My God, my Guardian, and my Friend;
O haſte, thy needful help beſtow,
And ſave me from th' invading Foe.

9.

O view me not with diſtant eye,
While various griefs await me nigh;
Thy aid withheld, what friendly Pow'r
Shall ſhield me in the dang'rous hour?

10.

See Baſan's Bulls around me roar,
Nor rage the famiſh'd Lions more,
When nightly through the ſtarleſs gloom
Along the howling wild they roam.

11.

My frame, disjoin'd, in ſwift decay
Waſtes like the running ſtream away;
My heart in groans its grief proclaims,
And melts, as wax before the flames.

12.

Faſt to my jaws my tongue is chain'd,
My fleſh its vital moiſture drain'd,
While, Lord, thy chaſtiſement it bears,
Dry as the clayform'd vaſe appears:---

13.

Yet, patient ſtill of ev'ry pain
Unerring wiſdom can ordain,
I wait till Thou reſume my breath,
And lodge me in the duſt of Death.

A hoſ-

14.

A hoſtile Throng, who Thee deſpiſe,
Dogs fierce of kind, againſt me riſe;
And, while faſt-iſſuing ſtreams the gore,
My hands and feet relentleſs bore.

15.

My ſtarting bones to ev'ry eye
Expos'd, O ye that, paſſing by,
In wonder, not in pity join,
O ſay, was ever grief like mine?

16.

My raiment each with each divides,
My veſture, as the lot decides,
Becomes ſome new Poſſeſſor's ſpoil,
The prize that crowns his impious toil.

17.

My God, my ſtrength, recede not far,
But haſte, and make my Soul thy care,
My Soul, purſu'd by hoſtile hate,
Afflicted, helpleſs, deſolate.

My

18.

My God, for thou their rage haſt ſeen,
With timelieſt ſuccour intervene,
And turn th' impending ſwords away,
Nor yield me to the Dog a prey.

19.

The foaming Lion's wrath aſſuage,
Nor let the Oryx, in his rage,
With headlong force againſt me borne,
Aim at my life the pointed horn.

20.

So will I joy thy honour'd name
Amidſt my Brethren to proclaim,
And gath'ring Crouds ſhall hear my tongue
Thus to my God awake the ſong.

21.

" Exalt, ye Saints, the pow'r divine,
" Exalt him, all of Jacob's line,
" And let each Tribe with duteous fear
" His boundleſs Majeſty revere.

22.

" 'Tis not in him, with cold diſdain
" To hear the helpleſs Poor complain;
" He kindly ſees their wrongs redreſt,
" And ſooths to peace their troubled breaſt.

23.

" He, nor with unrelenting eye
" Each falling tear, each heaving ſigh
" Regards, attentive to perceive
" Their wants, and faithful to relieve."

24.

Such ſtrains thy mercy ſhall inſpire,
While in the full aſſembled choir
To Thee the votive ſong I raiſe,
And thankful pay my debt of praiſe.

25.

To you, ye humble, meek, and good,
Who aſk from Iſrael's Lord your food,
His hand indulgent from on high
Shall yield at full the wiſh'd ſupply.

Who

26.

Who ſeek like you their God, like you
To him their praiſes ſhall renew,
Whoſe love immortal life imparts,
And ſwells with joy their conſcious hearts.

27.

Maker of all! through ev'ry land
Thy deeds in full record ſhall ſtand,
And fartheſt Realms converted join
In homage to the Name divine.

28.

Kings ſhall in Thee their mightier greet,
And lay their ſceptres at thy feet;
(Thy grace by ſacrifice implor'd,)
Earth's Tribes ſhall ſpread the feſtal board.

29.

And all Mankind, whoſe mortal frame
Th' infatiate grave prepares to claim,
Thy pow'r, immortal Judge, ſhall own,
And proſtrate kneel before thy throne.

30.

See, while by Thee redeem'd I live,
A Race from me their birth derive,
A Race by juſt poſſeſſion Thine,
Whoſe hearts inſpir'd, to truth incline:---

31.

Whoſe tongue thy glory ſhall diſplay,
Inſtruct the World thy will t' obey,
And bid thy righteous acts engage
The wonder of the future age.

PSALM XXIII.

1.

LO, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want ſhall never more be mine;
In a paſture fair and large
He ſhall feed his happy Charge,
And my couch with tend'reſt care
'Midſt the ſpringing graſs prepare;

When

When I faint with ſummer's heat,
He ſhall lead my weary feet
To the ſtreams that ſtill and flow
Through the verdant meadow flow.

2.

He my Soul anew ſhall frame,
And his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I ſtray,
Teach my ſteps the better way;
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the ſhades of death o'erſpread,
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wiſh I ſee
By thy rod and ſtaff ſupplied,
This my guard, and that my guide.

3.

While my Foes are gazing on,
Thou thy fav'ring care haſt ſhewn;
Thou my plenteous board haſt ſpread,
Thou with oil refreſh'd my head;

Fill'd

Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows;
Conſtant, to my lateſt end
This my footſteps ſhall attend,
And ſhall bid thy hallow'd dome
Yield me an eternal home.

PSALM XXIV.

1.

EARTH, big with empires, to thy reign
Submits, great God, its wide domain;
Whate'er this Orb's vaſt bounds confine,
By juſt poſſeſſion, Lord, is Thine.

2.

That Orb amid the watry waſte
Thy hands, beſt Architect, have plac'd,
And bid th' unfathomable deep
Beneath its firm foundations ſleep.

Lord,

3.

Lord, who ſhall to thy hill aſcend?
Who ſuppliant at thine altars bend,
There joyful find a ſure abode,
And own the preſence of their God?

4.

Whoſe hands and heart from guilt are free,
Who ne'er to idols bow'd the knee,
Nor, ſtudious of deceit, would try
By oaths to conſecrate a lie.

5.

On ſuch th' Almighty from above
Shall heap the bleſſings of his love,
And, purg'd from ſin's tranſmiſſive ſtain,
Admit them to his ſacred fane.

6.

Such only form the choſen choir,
Whoſe feet, with licens'd ſtep, aſpire
To viſit Sion's bleſt abode;
Who ſeek the face of Jacob's God.

Lift,

7.

Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd gate,
Aloft, with ſudden ſpring, your weight,
Ye everlaſting portals, rear;
Behold the King of Glory near!

8.

And who this King of Glory? ſay:
That Lord who bears th' eternal ſway;
Who, cloth'd with ſtrength, to war deſcends,
And conqueſt on his ſword attends.

9.

Lift, lift your heads, each hallow'd gate,
Aloft, with ſudden ſpring, your weight,
Ye everlaſting portals, rear;
Behold the King of Glory near!

10.

And who this King of Glory? ſay:
The God, whom Heav'n's high Hoſts obey;
In him that King of Glory view,
And yield to him that homage due.

PSALM

PSALM XXV.

1.

TO Thee, great God, my Soul ſhall riſe,
On Thee my ſtedfaſt mind relies;
O ſave me, Lord, from ſhame and woe,
And blaſt the triumphs of my Foe.

2.

Nor ſhame, nor woe the heart attends,
Whoſe truſt on Jacob's God depends;
But grief, confuſion, doubt, and fear
The Souls, that raſhly ſin, ſhall tear.

3.

Thy paths, bleſt ſource of Light, diſplay,
And teach my doubting ſteps thy way;
God of my health, from morn to eve
In Thee my hopes have learn'd to live.

4.

O lead me in thy truth, and ſtore
My heart with thy celeſtial lore;

Thy mercy, Lord, recal to mind,
Whoſe beams from earlieſt age have ſhin'd.

5.

O let oblivion's thickeſt veil
Th' offences of my youth conceal,
That I with them my lot may bear,
Whoſe Souls thy kind remembrance ſhare.

6.

Good, Lord, and juſt art Thou; thy love
Returning Sinners joy to prove,
And, led by thy auſpicious ray,
Correct the error of their way.

7.

In Thee ſhall each of humble mind
The Friend, and ſure Inſtructor find;
And each, whoſe truſt on Thee is plac'd,
Shall happineſs perpetual taſte.

8.

Thus, while the dictates of thy law,
His thoughts to full obedience awe,

With

With joy thy paths the Juſt ſhall tread,
By mercy and by truth outſpread.

9.

Thy wonted pity, Lord, impart,
While in the anguiſh of my heart
The burthen of my guilt I own,
And humbled bow before thy throne.

10.

Ye Souls, that to his fear incline,
Secure to God your ſteps reſign,
And learn from his directing hand
What path may beſt your choice demand.

11.

How bleſt, thy precepts, Lord, who knows!
As o'er life's pilgrimage he goes,
See peace and ſafety nightly ſpread
Their tent around his favour'd head.

12.

See, rang'd in fair deſcent, his line
The lot, which thy decrees aſſign,

Divide, and, long as time ſhall laſt,
The bleſſings of thy bounty taſte.

13.

Who bow to Thee th' attentive ear,
The ſecrets of thy will ſhall hear;
Thy compact, Lord, to ſuch reveal'd,
Shall light and heav'nly tranſport yield.

14.

Wrapt in the hoſtile ſnare I lie,
Yet lift to thee th' expecting eye,
Till thou my full relief decree,
And bid my captive Soul go free.

15.

O turn Thee, Lord, in pity turn,
Behold me helpleſs and forlorn;
See various griefs my heart oppreſs;
My wants ſupply, my wrongs redreſs.

16.

O let me thy attention win,
And ſeal the pardon of my ſin;

For

For who like Thee with quick'ning ray
Can chaſe each cloud of grief away.

17.

While factious Crouds around me wait,
Inflam'd with rage, and impious hate,
Stretch to my aid the arm of pow'r,
And guard me in the dang'rous hour.

18.

Let not my Soul, on Thee reclin'd,
Its ſorrows utter to the wind;
Let truth and ſpotleſs innocence
Their ſuccours to my heart diſpenſe.

19.

Indulgent to my pray'r, with mine
My country's wiſh'd deliv'rance join;
God of my hope, thy love diſcloſe,
And heal, O heal thy people's woes.

PSALM XXVI.

1.

BE thou my Judge; thy ſearching eyes
My guiltleſs life have known;
On Thee my ſtedfaſt Soul relies,
Nor fear of lapſe ſhall own.

2.

O ſearch me ſtill; my heart, my reins
With ſtricteſt view ſurvey;
Thy love, great God, my hope ſuſtains,
Thy truth directs my way.

3.

The houſe of guile, and ſeat of lies
With ſtudious care I ſhun;
From Crouds, that impious deeds deviſe,
My ſteps abhorrent run.

4.

In innocence I waſh my hands,
Thy altar compaſs round,

And

And grateful lead the ſacred Bands,
Whoſe hymns thy acts reſound.

5.

How oft, inſtinct with warmth divine,
Thy threſhold have I trod!
How lov'd the courts, whoſe walls inſhrine
The glory of my God!

6.

O let me not the vengeance ſhare,
That waits the guilty Tribe,
Whoſe murth'rous hands each miſchief dare,
And graſp the offer'd bribe.

7.

But pour, O pour, while thus I tread
The path by Thee prepar'd,
Thy beams of mercy on my head,
And round me plant a guard.

8.

Thou, Lord, my ſteps haſt fix'd aright,
And, pleas'd, ſhalt hear my tongue

With

With Iſrael's thankful Sons unite
To form the feſtal ſong.

PSALM XXVII.

1.

THOU, Lord, my ſafety, thou my light,
What danger ſhall my Soul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm ſhall dare
To hurt whom thou haſt own'd thy care?

2.

When erſt, impatient to devour,
Againſt me roſe each hoſtile pow'r,
Their fierce attempts ſucceſsleſs found,
They ſtumbled, fell, and bit the ground.

3.

Though adverſe Hoſts the ſtandard rear,
Thy Servant ſhall without a fear
The gath'ring war around him ſee,
And fix, ſecure, his truſt on Thee.

One

4.

One wiſh, with holy tranſport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet ſhall form;
That in thy preſence I may ſtand,
And ſhare the bleſſings of thy hand.

5.

One gift I aſk; that to my end
Fair Sion's dome I may attend,
There joyful find a ſure abode,
And view the beauty of my God.

6.

For He within his hallow'd ſhrine
My ſecret refuge ſhall aſſign,
And, while the ſtorms around me beat,
Fix on the rock my ſtedfaſt feet.

7.

My heart ſecure to God reſign'd,
In Him its ſafety boaſts to find,
For He, his arm beneath me ſpread,
High o'er my Foes exalts my head.

8.

For this, with grateful joy beſtow'd,
My off'ring ſhall his altar load,
My tongue its note exulting raiſe,
And dictate to the harp his praiſe.

9.

O hear me, Lord; on Thee I call,
And proſtrate at thy footſtool fall;
Propitious in my cauſe appear,
And bow to my requeſt thine ear.

10.

" Seek ye my face with duteous care,
" And frequent to my throne repair;"
Thus to my heart I hear Thee ſpeak;
Thy face, my heart replies, I ſeek.

11.

Look down, my only Hope! look down,
Behold me, but without a frown,
And ne'er to my deſiring eye
Thy preſence, heav'nly Lord, deny.

O let

12.

O let me, on thy aid reclin'd,
Thee ſtill my great Salvation find,
Nor leave me, helpleſs and forlorn,
The abſence of thy grace to mourn.

13.

When, doom'd the Orphan's lot to bear,
No Father's kind concern I ſhare,
Nor o'er me wakes a Mother's eye,
My wants attentive to ſupply :---

14.

Adopted by thy care, in Thee
The Parent and the Friend I ſee,
And, nouriſh'd by thy foſt'ring hand,
Within thy courts ſecure I ſtand.

15.

Inſtruct me Lord, thy path to know,
And, while with ſecret art the Foe
My doubting ſteps would turn aſide,
Be Thou my Guardian and my Guide.

16.

O ſave me from the hand of wrong;
My Soul by each malignant tongue
With cauſeleſs inſult loaded view,
And charg'd with guilt it never knew.

17.

O how had grief conſum'd my frame,
But that I hop'd, while yet my name
Amidſt the Living ſtands inroll'd,
Thy boundleſs mercy to behold.

18.

With patient hope, with mind ſedate,
On Iſrael's God expectant wait;
Be ſtrong, be ſtedfaſt: ſo thy heart
Shall feel his grace its aid impart.

PSALM XXVIII.

1.

GOD, my Strength, to Thee I pray;
Turn not thou thine ear away;

Leſt,

Left, while to thy Suppliant's cry
Thou thine anſwer ſhalt deny,
Sudden I my place aſſume
'Midſt the Tenants of the tomb:
Gracious to my vows attend,
While the humble knee I bend,
And, inſpir'd with holy fear,
Tow'rd thy ſhrine my hands uprear.

2.

Give me not thy wrath to know,
Nor to feel the vengeful blow,
By thy juſt decrees aſſign'd
To the Men of impious mind,
Who, their hearts intent on wrong,
Smooth with lies their venom'd tongue;
Let whate'er their thoughts deviſe,
Thus aloud thy Juſtice cries,
What their ruthleſs arm has dar'd,
Meet from Thee its full reward:---

3.

While thy wrath with ſteady pace
Step by ſtep their feet ſhall trace,
And, though now their ſtubborn ear
Shun thy wond'rous acts to hear,
Teach them to confeſs thy pow'r,
Shatter'd like ſome heav'n-ſtruck tow'r,
That before th' aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Stooping from its airy height,
'Midſt the thunder's awful roar,
Falls, to be rebuilt no more.

4.

Let me, for with pitying ear
God my pray'r has deign'd to hear,
Let me thanks perpetual yield;
He my ſtrength, and he my ſhield,
On his long experienc'd aid
See my hope for ever ſtay'd,
While my heart, with joy poſſeſs'd,
Dances in my throbbing breaſt,
And my tongue in grateful lays
Conſecrates to Him its praiſe.

Thou,

5.

Thou, whoſe arm is o'er us ſpread,
Prompt to guard th' anointed head,
And from each Invader's hand
Vindicate thy choſen land,
Save thy People from diſtreſs,
And thy Patrimony bleſs!
Give them, Lord, thy love to ſhare,
Feed them with a Shepherd's care,
And their pow'r to lateſt days
O'er their Foes triumphant raiſe.

PSALM XXIX.

1.

SING, ye Sons of might, O ſing
Praiſe to Heav'n's eternal King;
Raiſe to Him ſome new taught ſong,
To his praiſe the note prolong.

2.

Pow'r and ſtrength to Him aſſign,
And before his hallow'd ſhrine

Yield

Yield the homage, that his name
From a Creature's lips may claim.

3.

Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;
Hush'd to silence, while he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.

4.

See, as louder yet they rise,
Echoing through the vaulted skies,
Loftiest cedars lie o'erthrown,
Cedars of steep Lebanon.

5.

See, uprooted from his seat,
Lebanon itself retreat;
Trembling at the threat divine,
Sirion hastes its flight to join.

6.

See them like the heifer borne,
Like the beast, whose pointed horn

Strikes

Strikes with dread the ſylvan train,
Bound impetuous on the plain.

7.

Now the burſting clouds give way,
And the vivid light'nings play,
And the wilds, by Man untrod,
Hear, diſmay'd, th' approaching God.

8.

Cades, o'er thy lonely waſte
Oft the dreaded ſounds have paſt;
Oft the woods his ſtroke invades,
Widow'd of their leafy ſhades.

9.

Mightieſt oaks its fury know;
While the pregnant hind her throe
Inſtant feels, and on the earth
Trembling drops th' unfiniſh'd birth.

10.

Proſtrate on the ſacred floor,
Iſrael's Sons his name adore,

While his acts to ev'ry tongue
Yield its argument of ſong.

II.

He the ſwelling ſurge commands;
Fix'd his throne for ever ſtands;
He his People ſhall increaſe,
Arm with ſtrength, and bleſs with peace.

PSALM XXX.

I.

TO Thee, great Ruler of the ſkies,
Whoſe arm its conſtant aid ſupplies,
While vanquiſh'd Foes confeſs my ſway,
My heart its ready vows ſhall pay;
My grateful tongue, immortal King,
Thy mercy ſhall for ever ſing.

2.

As, preſs'd with woe, to Thee I cried,
Thy hand its healing pow'r applied,

And,

And, while increaſing languors gave
The ſignal to th' expecting grave
This mortal fabrick to receive,
Revers'd the doom, and bade me live.

3.

Ye faithful Sons of Iſrael's name,
Your Maker's ſanctity proclaim,
And, while his mercies on your breaſt
In ſweet memorial ſtand impreſs'd,
To him in joyful accents raiſe
The ſong of gratitude and praiſe.

4.

How well our great Preſerver knows
To weigh and to relieve our woes!
Behold his wrath's avenging blaſt,
How ſlow to riſe, how ſoon o'erpaſt,
How prompt his favour to diſpenſe
Its life-imparting influence.

5.

How ſpeedy his paternal love
Our deep afflictions to remove!
Grief for a night, obtruſive gueſt,
Beneath our roof perchance may reſt,
But joy, with the returning day,
Shall wipe each tranſient tear away.

6.

O Lord, as pleas'd I look'd around,
And view'd my life with bleſſings crown'd,
While, ſafe in thy protecting hand,
High on the rock I took my ſtand,
In confidence of Soul I ſaid,
"What ills ſhall e'er my peace invade?"

7.

But, inſtant, thou thy face hadſt turn'd,
And proſtrate on the earth I mourn'd:
I mourn'd, and, O my Guard, my Guide,
With humbler ſpirit thus I cried,

Shall

Shall aught of profit, if the ground
My blood abſorb, to Thee redound?

8.

Shall, vocal in thy praiſe, the duſt
Proclaim thy counſels wiſe and juſt,
And wake thy wondrous acts to tell
Amid corruption's dreary cell?
Thy aid, my God, in pity lend,
And gracious to my plaints attend.

9.

Again the face of joy I wear;
Thy hand, indulgent to my pray'r,
The ſackcloth from my loins unbound,
With mirth's fair cincture wraps me round;
Thy ſtrength my fainting ſpirit chears,
And checks my griefs, and calms my fears.

10.

For this, with ſacred tranſport fill'd,
To Thee my Soul its praiſe ſhall yield,

My

My thankful heart with zeal ſhall burn,
My tongue the bands of ſilence ſpurn,
And, pleas'd, through life in grateful verſe
Thy love, eternal Lord, rehearſe.

PSALM XXXI.

1.

LORD, for on Thee ſupported ſtand
My hopes, O let thy aiding hand
The juſtice of my cauſe proclaim,
And ſave me from impending ſhame.

2.

Thy ear, thou Majeſty divine,
Propitious to my pray'r incline;
Haſte to my help, and let thy pow'r
My rock preſent and brazen tow'r:---

3.

That rock, that tow'r, my God, in Thee,
Snatch'd from ſurrounding ills, I ſee;

Shew

Shew me thy path, and ſo thy name
Shall praiſe and thanks perpetual claim.

4.

O let me, by thy counſel led,
That path with ſtep unerring tread,
And, ſav'd by thy preventive care,
Shake from my feet the broken ſnare.

5.

God of my ſtrength, the wiſe, the juſt,
To Thee my ſpirit I intruſt;
From Thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
My Soul its full redemption found.

6.

My thoughts the ſelf-deceiving train,
Enſlav'd to ſuperſtitions vain,
Abhor, and 'midſt increaſing woes
Their confidence on Thee repoſe.

7.

Thy mercy ſhall my thanks employ,
My conſtant theme, my higheſt joy;

For

For Thou, my Soul by griefs purſu'd,
My ſtate with pitying eye haſt view'd,

8.

Thy hand, while rang'd in cloſe array
Inſulting Hoſts around me lay,
Gave to the wind their vain deſign,
And made the paths of freedom mine.

9.

Once more, my ſight with inward grief
Conſum'd, vouchſafe me thy relief,
Confeſs me thine, diſpel the ſighs
That in my heaving boſom riſe.

10.

For while my Soul its ceaſeleſs pains
Deep through its inmoſt frame ſuſtains,
Life's noon for eve exchang'd I bear,
And age invited on by care.

11.

The guilt, that in my thought revolves,
My ſtrength impairs, my joints diſſolves;

The

The ſcorn of Foes, and, keener yet,
The ſcorn of Friends, my ſoul beſet.

12.

My former Gueſts, if in their way
My waſted form they now ſurvey,
With horror ſtruck, the ſight forego,
And ſhun th' infection of my woe.

13.

With lonely ſtep the earth I tread,
Forgotten as the ſilent Dead,
Or as the vaſe of meaneſt clay,
In uſeleſs fragments caſt away.

14.

Opprobrious tongues my fame invade,
While terrors wrap me in their ſhade,
And Crouds with fierce and heighten'd rage
Againſt my life their pow'rs engage.

15.

Yet ſee me, Lord, in Thee confide;
Thou art my God, my heart has cried;

From Thee my time its limit knows;
O ſave me from devouring Foes.

16.

O let thy preſence on me beam,
Thy clemency my life redeem,
Nor let me, Lord, the ſhame ſuſtain
Thy aid to aſk, and aſk in vain.

17.

Theirs be the ſhame, thy pow'r who brave,
Nor ceaſe their inſults, till the grave,
Abſorbing quick the guilty Throng,
In endleſs ſilence ſeal their tongue:

18.

Such ſilence on their lips impoſe,
Whoſe words their pride-ſwoln heart diſcloſe,
At Wiſdom's Sons their malice aim,
And blaſt with lies the guiltleſs name.

19.

O, how ſhall All who ſeek thy love
The fulneſs of thy bounty prove!

And

And teach th' admiring World to ſee
How bleſt the Souls that truſt in thee!

20.

Thy Saints, while breath their life prolongs,
Sav'd by thy care from ſtrife of tongues,
Shall ſee thy tabernacle ſpread
Its awful ſplendors o'er their head.

21.

Bleſt be the Name of Jacob's God,
Whoſe love, in happieſt hour beſtow'd,
Has given within my lot to fall
The ſtrong-built city's guarding wall.

22.

Awhile with uncollected mind,
As baniſh'd from thy ſight, I pin'd;
But Thou thy Servant's pray'r haſt heard,
In anguiſh of my heart prefer'd.

23.

Ye Souls, devoted to his fear,
With thankful love your God revere,

Who wakes your choſen Train to guard,
And deals to pride its juſt reward.

24.

Be ſtrong, be ſtedfaſt: ſo your mind
From him its full ſupport ſhall find,
Ye Saints that in his care confide,
Nor own, nor aſk a help beſide.

PSALM XXXII.

1.

HOW bleſt the Man, whoſe conſcious grief
From Thee, great God, has found relief;
Whoſe guilt thy boundleſs love has veil'd,
His fears compos'd, his weakneſs heal'd: ---

2.

To whom th' offences of his hand
No longer now imputed ſtand,
Who learns thy precepts to revere,
Whoſe heart is pure, whoſe tongue ſincere.

While

3.

While deep within my lab'ring breaſt
My mind its dire diſeaſe ſuppreſs'd,
Inceſſant groans, that ſhun'd controul,
Betray'd the anguiſh of my ſoul.

4.

See age-anticipating care
My joints diſſolve, my ſtrength impair,
Relentleſs from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health eraſe.

5.

When night extends its duſky cone,
Beneath thy terrors, Lord, I groan;
The ſhades anon retreating ſee;
And day to all reſtor'd, but me.

6.

Behold my frame with drought conſum'd,
That late with youthful vigour bloom'd;
Such drought the blaſted fields betray,
Beneath the dog-ſtar's burning ray.

My

7.

My humbled ſoul its crimes ſhall own: ---
Behold me bow before thy throne,
To Thee my inmoſt guilt diſcloſe,
And in thy boſom pour my woes.

8.

But lo! while yet my hands I rear,
The voice of mercy to my ear
Deſcends, and whiſp'ring peace within
Confirms the pardon of my ſin.

9.

For this ſhall All who Thee adore,
Ere yet the day of grace be o'er,
To Thee with ſtedfaſt hope repair,
To Thee prefer th' unwearied pray'r.

10.

So, when affliction's tempeſts riſe,
And heave the billows to the ſkies;
They, ſafe in Thee, the ſtorm ſhall brave,
And diſtant view the madding wave.

When

11.

When various griefs my ſoul ſurround,
In Thee my ſure retreat is found;
Thy wiſh'd ſalvation meets my eyes,
And ſongs of triumph round me riſe.

12.

Come, from thy God inſtruction learn;
While, prompt from error's path to turn
Thy feet, thy ev'ry ſtep I ſcan,
Let reaſon's uſe beſpeak thee Man.

13.

Nor imitate the ſteed and mule,
Whoſe brutal mouth, averſe to rule,
To guard thee from their rage, muſt feel
The forceful rein, and curbing ſteel.

14.

What pangs the impious Tribe await,
While hope and joy his heart dilate,
Who truſts in Thee, O King of Kings,
And mercy round him ſpreads her wings!

15.

Ye Saints, exulting lift your voice,
Ye pure of mind in him rejoice,
Whoſe preſence on the ſoul impreſs'd
With heav'nly tranſport fills the breaſt.

PSALM XXXIII.

1.

YE Saints (to you the taſk belongs,
And praiſe ſits comely on your tongues;)
Bleſs, bleſs Jehovah! ſweet the joy
When taſks like theſe the voice employ;
Wake to Jehovah's name the lute,
Nor let the ten-ſtring'd lyre be mute.

2.

O ſing, in accents loud and ſtrong,
O ſing ſome new-invented ſong;
And let the finger's artful ſtroke
The pſalt'ry's various pow'r provoke,
And teach the praiſe of Iſrael's Lord
To vibrate on the ſounding chord.

God's

3.

God's words eternal truth has ſeal'd;
His promiſes, in act fulfill'd,
Shall equity and judgment prove
The changleſs objects of his love,
And bid the earth's wide confines know
The gifts that from his bounty flow.

4.

His word yon azure vault outſpread,
Ere Time the ſeaſons onward led;
Form'd by his breath the ſtarry Hoſt,
Their unextinguiſh'd luſtre boaſt;
While in their cavern'd ſtorehouſe ſleep
The treaſures of the wat'ry deep.

5.

Thy Maker's name, O Earth, revere;
And let thy Sons with holy fear
To him in low proſtration bend,
And duteous his decrees attend.
He ſpake: And Heav'n, and Seas, and Land,
Appear'd. He bade: And lo, they ſtand.

6.

Their counſels vain the Heathen Tribes
Unite; but God th' event preſcribes,
And blaſts at will each hope that ſprings
Within the breaſt of haughtieſt Kings;
His counſel, from controul ſecure,
His counſel, only ſhall endure.

7.

His thoughts to time's remoteſt bound
With ſure effect ſhall e'er be crown'd:
How bleſt the People that have known
Him for their God, and Him alone;
The flock his heritage declar'd,
And objects of his fix'd regard!

8.

Wide o'er the Sons of Earth his eye
The Pow'r eternal from on high
Extends, (that Pow'r whoſe hand, with art
Myſterious, forms the human heart,)
Through life's wild maze their ſteps purſues,
Each act, each thought, attentive views.

Think

9.

Think not, ye Kings, his aid reſign'd,
In well arm'd Hoſts your help to find;
In vain the Warrior bold and young
Exults, his arm with vigour ſtrung:
In vain, his Lord to ſave, the ſteed
Vaunts in the fight his ſtrength and ſpeed.

10.

Hail, ſure Protector of the Juſt!
From him who builds on Thee his truſt
Thy arm averts with ſtudious care
Each death that viewleſs wings the air;
Thy hand with food his life ſuſtains,
When drought infeſts the blaſted plains.

11.

Our ſouls by Thee, their help and ſhield,
With patient hope have ſtood upheld;
Thy ſacred name our truſt, each mind
From Thee ſhall joy perpetual find:
In mercy give us, Lord, to ſee
How juſt the hope that reſts on Thee.

PSALM XXXIV.

1.

THEE will I thank, and day by day
Form to thy praiſe the joyful lay;
From morn to eve the ſong extend,
Thee boaſt my Father, Thee my Friend.

2.

While pleas'd each heart of humble frame
Shall wake, great God, to hear thy fame;
His voice let each triumphant raiſe,
And ſing with me your Maker's praiſe.

3.

To him my ſoul diſclos'd its care;
He heard, and preſent to my pray'r
His faithful buckler o'er me held,
Each terror from my breaſt diſpell'd.

4.

The Souls, that his decree regard,
Like me his chearing light have ſhar'd,

And

And fearleſs of repulſe or ſhame
The promſe of his mercy claim.

5.

Behold a heart with woes oppreſs'd;
Behold, its vows to God addreſs'd,
His hand its healing pow'r diſplay,
And chaſe each cloud of grief away.

6.

His Angel, nigh the juſt Man's tent
Encamp'd, each danger to prevent,
His ſure protection round him throws,
Though harneſs'd Hoſts his peace oppoſe.

7.

Hail, Saviour of the Human Race!
Hail, Fountain of exhauſtleſs Grace!
Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
Nor own, nor aſk a help but Thine.

8.

O taſte with me; O taſte and prove
The bleſſings of his boundleſs love;

His

His fear preſerve, ye juſt and pure,
And live from dread of want ſecure.

9.

The ſtrengthful Lion's tawny brood
With thirſt and penury of food
Are ſtung; but who in God confide
Shall find their ev'ry wiſh ſupplied.

10.

Ye Children, come; my precepts hear,
And learn the dictates of his fear:
O come; if long extent of days,
With bleſſings crown'd, thy hope can raiſe.

11.

Averſe from each injurious art,
Let falſehood from thy lips depart;
Be good thy choice; from evil ceaſe;
And plight the ready hand to peace.

12.

Him ſerve, whoſe fav'ring eyes ſurvey
The hearts that his commands obey;

Him

Him ſerve, whoſe ever open ear
With juſt regard their pray'r ſhall hear.

13.

But terrors planted on his brow
Inſtruct the ſtubborn ſoul to bow,
And vengeance, kindled to a flame,
Blots from the Earth the impious name.

14.

With ſuppliant voice, in each diſtreſs,
His ſole ſupport, his ſole redreſs,
From God the Man of faithful mind
Shall ſeek, and what he ſeeks ſhall find.

15.

A Spirit griev'd is ſacrifice
Delightful to th' all-ſeeing eyes;
God, ever watchful, ever near,
The meek and contrite ſoul ſhall chear.

16.

What though the Juſt, by his decree,
Awhile a Man of griefs we ſee,

His

His love ſhall ſoon its aid beſtow,
Relieve his cares, and ſoothe his woe.

17.

To violence expos'd, his frame
Thy fix'd attention, Lord, ſhall claim:
Not Hell's worſt rage one bone ſhall dare
To break, when Thou haſt bid to ſpare.

18.

But ill on all who ill intend
In full proportion ſhall deſcend;
Who tow'rd the juſt in hatred join,
Shall feel, great God, the weight of thine.

19.

'Tis Thine thy Saints from woes to free:
Nor time throughout its courſe ſhall ſee
The Soul, whoſe hope on Thee is ſtaid,
Neglected mourn thy abſent aid.

PSALM XXXV.

1.

DO Thou, juſt God, my cauſe defend,
O let thy pow'r its aid extend,
And make my quarrel Thine; my Foes
Let thy reſiſtleſs arm oppoſe;
Ariſe thy ſpeedieſt help to yield,
And reach the corſlet, reach the ſhield,
Graſp in thy hand the glitt'ring lance,
And obvious in the breach advance:
Say to my troubled Soul; "In Me
"Thy ſtrength and ſure ſalvation ſee."

2.

Let ſhame their glowing cheeks o'erſpread,
Whoſe ceaſeleſs threats excite my dread;
And let them, ſtruck with wild affright,
Inglorious backward urge their flight,
Diſpers'd, as chaff before the wind,
Thy Angel preſſing cloſe behind,

Along the dark and ſlipp'ry way,
Whoſe paths their ſtagg'ring ſteps betray;
And from the arm ethereal find
The vengeance to their guilt aſſign'd.

3.

Lord, ſee my Foes with cauſeleſs hate
Beſide my path inſidious wait,
With cauſeleſs hate the pit prepare,
And plant before my ſteps their ſnare,
O let deſtruction's ſudden ſtroke,
While thus thy juſtice they provoke,
Deſcend vindictive on their head;
Faſt in the net for me outſpread
Involv'd, let each repentant groan,
And reap the miſchiefs he has ſown.

4.

But Thou, my Soul, with awful joy
On God thy ſtedfaſt thought employ,
And, his ſalvation taught to prove,
Record the wonders of his love;

Each

Each bone, whoſe ſtrength ſupports my frame,
With grateful tranſport ſhall exclaim,
Lord! whom like Thee ſhall Mortals find,
For ever juſt, for ever kind,
Like Thee prepar'd th' afflicted poor
From lawleſs inſult to ſecure?

5.

A Prey to want, oppreſs'd with wrong
Awhile I pin'd; a hoſtile Throng,
Whoſe tongue to fraud has loos'd the reins,
And lie with lie connected feigns,
Againſt me urg'd, to ſcandal prone,
The guilt my breaſt had never known,
And left me helpleſs and forlorn
The friendſhip ill repaid to mourn,
That, when affliction's weight they bare,
Had taught my heart their woes to ſhare.

6.

While ſickneſs wrapt them in its chain,
And fix'd them on the bed of pain,

My heart, that no affection ow'd,
With ſympathizing pity glow'd,
I knew their ſuff'rings to bewail,
And ſunk with grief, with faſting pale,
To God, in ſorrow's garb array'd,
With humbleſt interceſſion pray'd,
And found the pray'r their pride has ſpurn'd
With bleſſings on my head return'd.

7.

Diſſolv'd in tears, with languor worn,
What grief for Foes my Soul has borne!
Nor Friend for Friend ſincerer woes,
Nor Brother for a Brother knows;
Nor feels the Son his melting breaſt
With deeper ſenſe of grief impreſs'd,
That graſps a dying Mother's hand,
And waits to take her laſt command,
Or o'er her loſs in ſecret pines,
And wraps the ſackcloth round his loins.

8.

Not ſuch the pity ſhown to me;
Ev'n Abjects my abjection ſee

With

With ſcornful gaze, as round me ſtand,
In adverſe league, a lawleſs Band,
Theſe taught with well-diſſembled art
To veil the purpoſe of their heart,
While thoſe in open hate engage,
And ceaſeleſs vent their murth'rous rage,
Now furious grind their teeth, and now
Inſulting aim the deathful blow.

9.

How long wilt Thou, my God, how long
With patient eye behold my wrong?
How long ſhall I, with anguiſh torn,
Thy face, my God, averted mourn?
With vain and fruitleſs hope attend,
Till Thou, my Guardian and my Friend,
The Lion's dreaded rage controul,
And reſcue my deſerted ſoul,
That 'mid th' aſſembled Tribes my tongue
May raiſe to Thee the thankful ſong?

O let

10.

O let not my uninjur'd Foes,
With ſpeaking eye, amidſt my woes,
As round they ſtand in cloſe array,
The triumphs of their heart betray:
Behold them, Lord, their arts addreſs,
The Friends of peace and truth t' oppreſs,
But chief my name with inſults load,
" Thou Wretch abandon'd of thy God,
" In vain," they clamour, " what our eyes
" Atteſt, thy conſcious tongue denies."

11.

Lord, Thou th' Oppreſſor's rage haſt ſeen,
With timelieſt ſuccour intervene;
Not ſilent long, Almighty Sire,
Remain, nor diſtant far retire;
Ariſe, thy ſaving pow'r diſcloſe,
And heal with pitying hand my woes;
Awake, thy aiding ſtrength excite,
Awake, and vindicate my right;

Let

Let juſtice teach them, by thy ſtroke,
Their frantic triumphs to revoke.

12.

Let not their heart, its wiſh complete,
With ſecret joy tranſported beat,
Or, boaſting, hail th' expected hour,
That gives me to the Murth'rer's pow'r;
But back my threaten'd life demand
From ſharp oppreſſion's iron hand;
Let All who make my grief their ſcorn
Their blaſted hopes aſtoniſh'd mourn;
Let ſtern rebuke and foul diſgrace
With ſhame perpetual clothe their face.

13.

Lo, nigh me rang'd, with thankful voice,
The friends of innocence rejoice,
And "Bleſt," they cry, "be Jacob's Lord,
"The God by heav'n and earth ador'd,
"Who joys his Servant's cauſe to plead,
"And crowns with peace his favour'd head."

While

While, loudeſt in the choir, my tongue
To notes of praiſe ſhall tune its ſong,
And pleas'd, through each revolving day,
Thy juſtice, mightieſt Lord, diſplay.

PSALM XXXVI.

1.

BEHOLD the Wretch, in error loſt,
Whoſe ſtubborn heart with impious boaſt
His law rejects, his fear denies,
Who form'd the earth, and ſeas, and ſkies.

2.

He ne'er repentant looks within,
To view the meaſure of his ſin;
His tongue, to falſehood train'd, his mind
No more to acts of good inclin'd.

3.

Concerted miſchiefs croud his breaſt,
And rob his midnight hours of reſt;

Nor

Nor wiſdom to her paths his will
Can turn, or wean his ſoul from ill.

4.

Thy mercy, Lord, to heav'n extends,
Thy truth the lofty clouds tranſcends;
Fix'd as the mountain's ſolid baſe
Thy righteouſneſs maintains her place.

5.

Who ſeeks to trace the will divine
By reaſon's aid, with ſcanty line
(Prepoſt'rous,) would the deep explore,
And meaſure with his ſpan its ſhore.

6.

Nor reſt thy cares alone confin'd
To us, the Sons of human kind;
Thy hand th' unconſcious brute ſuſtains,
And ſpreads his paſture on the plains.

7.

But We, with pious truſt, who know
What gifts we to thy mercy owe,

(O what that mercy can excel!)
Beneath thy foſt'ring wings ſhall dwell.

8.

To each, who ſeeks thy name, behold
Thy houſe its richeſt ſtores unfold,
And bliſs, unintermix'd with woe,
In fulleſt ſtreams their breaſt o'erflow.

9.

From out thy ſeat, immortal King,
Forth iſſues life's perennial ſpring;
Thy light with unextinguiſh'd rays
Shall o'er our heads auſpicious blaze.

10.

Lord, may the ſouls who Thee have known
The bleſſings of thy mercy own,
And each, who bears a ſpotleſs mind,
His refuge in thy juſtice find.

11.

Me let thy care, Almighty Friend,
From pride's injurious foot defend;

Each

Each impious hand, that ſeeks my hurt,
Let thy ſuperior ſtrength avert.

12.

O bid before my ſight each Foe
The terrors of thy vengeance know;
Lo, there they fall, their triumphs o'er,
And proſtrate lie, to riſe no more.

PSALM XXXVII.

1.

LET not the Sinner's wealth, or might
The envy of thy ſoul excite:
Anon thine eye ſhall ſee him fade
Quick as the flow'r or vernal blade,
That now rejoicing lifts the head,
Now with'ring on the earth is ſpread.

2.

But Thou thy will to heav'n's high Lord
(His faith thy truſt, thy rule his word,)

Submit, and nouriſh'd by his hand,
Inherit from his gift the land,
In Him delight, on Him depend;
Him chuſe thy Guide, thy Way, thy End.

3.

So ſhall his love thy wiſhes grant,
His care anticipate thy want,
And bid thy acts in light ſerene
Fair as the riſing morn be ſeen,
Thy juſtice as the noon of day
Diffuſive pour its cloudleſs ray.

4.

With patient hope await his will,
Nor let the ſight of proſp'rous ill
Impel thee with diſquiet vain
His wiſe diſpoſals to arraign,
Leſt wrath and doubt thy conſcience blind,
And urge to acts of guilt thy mind.

5.

See, from their dwelling torn, th' Unjuſt
To thoſe, who fix on God their truſt,
(So wills the Majeſty divine,)
Their forfeit heritage reſign:
Wait but awhile, then look around;
No more the impious Race are found.

6.

But ſee the meek and pious Band
(Advanc'd by God's almighty hand
The pow'r among them to divide,
To fierce ambition's ſword denied,)
Earth's bounds poſſeſs, and, peace their care,
The fulneſs of its bleſſings ſhare.

7.

Gnaſhing his teeth, the Fool prepares
To catch the Upright in his ſnares;
But God his frantic rage derides,
And ſees the day, as on it glides,
Whoſe beams, with wrath uncommon red,
Shall ſtream in vengeance o'er his head.

On

8.

On you, ye Poor, with vain intent,
The ſword is drawn, the bow is bent;
The ſword, with better aim impreſs'd,
Deſcends into its Owner's breaſt;
Reluctant to the Archer's will
Burſts the tough bow, and mocks his ſkill.

9.

Exchange not ye your ſcanty ſtore
For heaps of guilt-polluted ore:
That God, ye Saints, whoſe love ye ſeek,
The arm of lawleſs pow'r ſhall break,
And bid the Juſt protected ſtand
Beneath the ſhadow of his hand.

10.

By Him your years determin'd flow:
The lot, which his decrees beſtow,
From Sire to Son, till time ſhall end,
In ſure ſucceſſion ſhall deſcend;
No diſtant time ſhall ſee his love
Its bleſſings from his Saints remove.

When

11.

When War's dire flames around you burn,
From you the darts their points ſhall turn ;
Each blaſt that taints the redd'ning ſky
From your exempted fields ſhall fly ;
Nor ſhame, nor want the heart attends
Whoſe truſt on Jacob's God depends !

12.

Who know not Thee, great God, to dread,
As victims for the ſlaughter fed,
Conſum'd by Heav'n's avenging fire
Shall periſh, and in ſmoke aſpire :
How ſwift, how ſudden is their fate,
What horrors, Lord, their death await.

13.

While faithleſs Theſe th' intruſted loan
With baſe ingratitude diſown,
His plenteous alms the Juſt can give,
And pleas'd a Brother's wants relieve ;
Earth's goods thy bleſſing to the Pure
Shall grant, and what it grants inſure :

While

14.

While guilty Souls the curſe divine
To full exciſion ſhall conſign ;
The Juſt, bleſt object of thy love,
Thou, Lord, wilt lead, his path approve,
Thy faithful hands his ſteps ſuſtain ;
Nor falls he, but to riſe again.

15.

Once was I young, and now am old,,
Yet ne'er the Righteous could behold
By God deſerted, nor his Seed
Requeſting at my gate their bread ;
Secure he lives, and for his Heirs
Proſperity and peace prepares.

16.

From ill recede ; to good incline
Thy thought ; and endleſs life be thine :
Delighted whom his laws delight
Th' Almighty views ; nor day nor night
The Soul, that bows to his decree,
Abandon'd from his love ſhall ſee.

Behold,

17.

Behold, ye Juſt, th' eternal doom
The Sinner's ſhort-liv'd days conſume;
His Fruit, a luckleſs Progeny,
Uprooted from the ground ſhall die;
While happier ye to yours aſſign'd
A heritage perpetual find.

18.

How bleſt whom Thou, great God, haſt taught,
His lips, with ſacred ſcience fraught,
The leſſons of thy truth impart;
And, grav'd within his inmoſt heart,
Thy Law, the ever faithful guide,
Forbids his ſtedfaſt feet to ſlide.

19.

Each art the murth'rous Tribe eſſay,
And mark the Guiltleſs for their prey;
But God his reſcue has decreed;
Himſelf will riſe his cauſe to plead,
Refuſe th' Accuſer's perjur'd tongue,
And ſave him from the hand of wrong.

20.

Wait on thy God; obſerve his ways:
His pow'r aloft thy head ſhall raiſe:
Exerted in thy right, his hand
Shall vindicate to thee the land,
And bid, before thy ſight, each Foe
The terrors of his vengeance know.

21.

The proſp'ring Sinner once I view'd;
Strong as the healthful tree he ſtood,
That, ſhadowing wide its native ſoil,
Nor knows, nor aſks the Planter's toil:
I went, I came, and look'd again;
I look'd, but fought his place in vain.

22.

Behold the Juſt, and mark his end;
See peace his eve of life attend:
But ſee, ah! ſee a diff'rent fate
The Sinner's wretched courſe await;
For lo, upon his lateſt hour
The ſtorms of heavieſt vengeance low'r.

To

23.

To God the Juſt his ſafety owes,
Him owns his ſtrength amidſt his woes,
Aſſur'd that He ſhall each defend
Whoſe conſtant hopes on Him depend.
And, while his Foes their peace invade,
Reach in their cauſe his promis'd aid.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
The fulneſs of thy vengeance ſhed;
Pierc'd by thy ſhafts, great God, I ſtand,
And feel the preſſure of thy hand.

2.

Thou ſeeſt, from health eſtrang'd, my frame
The terrors of thy wrath proclaim,
While conſcious guilt alarms my breaſt,
And robs my tortur'd joints of reſt.

3.

Whelm'd with a weight of ſins I mourn,
A weight too heavy to be borne;
My wounds, whoſe ſmart thoſe ſins repays,
The wide-infected air betrays.

4.

See! bow'd, from morn to eve, with woe,
And wrapt in ſackcloth drear, I go;
My reins with hidden torments wrung,
Each limb diſeas'd, each nerve unſtrung.

5.

Aloud my ſuff'rings I bemoan,
And fainting pour the frequent groan;
But Thou, ere yet my groans proceed,
My griefs and inmoſt wiſh canſt read.

6.

Behold my heart with anguiſh torn,
My ſtrength with long affliction worn,
And ſtretch'd before my waſted ſight
The ſhadows of approaching night.

Each

7.

Each kind Conſoler of my care,
Who wont my plenteous board to ſhare,
With pitying eye, with ſilent gaze
My alter'd lineaments ſurveys.

8.

My Friends, and next Allies by birth,
(Once dear Companions of my mirth,
When wing'd with health the moments flew)
My griefs with diſtant horror view.

9.

With ſnares my Foes beſet my way,
Intent on death, throughout the day
With fierceſt rage my name revile,
And diſcipline their thoughts to guile.

10.

Invented crimes, and taunts ſevere,
With ſteadieſt patience, Lord, I hear,
Unmov'd, as one who deaf and mute
Nor cenſure feels, nor can refute.

For

11.

For thou, beſt Advocate, art nigh;
On Thee, great God, my hopes rely;
O vindicate my fame from wrong,
And ſilence the reproachful tongue.

12.

Thou know'ſt the tenour of my pray'r,
Thou know'ſt what inſults, Lord, I bear;
Propitious hear, not let my Foes
Exulting triumph in my woes.

13.

Mark, when my ſteps have chanc'd to ſlide,
The ſhouts that riſe on ev'ry ſide,
And, echoing through the wounded air,
The triumphs of their heart declare.

14.

Thou ſeeſt how prone to lapſe my feet,
What woes my eyes inceſſant meet;
Nor ſhuns my ſoul its guilt to own,
But ſorrowing bows before thy throne.

How

15.

How ſtrong, how num'rous are the Foes,
That unprovok'd my peace oppoſe,
Their veins with health's full current warm,
And ſtrung with active might their arm!

16.

Ill for my good return'd I find,
Nor know from aught (but that, inclin'd
To good, their deeds I ſhun,) to date
The ground of their prepoſt'rous hate.

17.

O let me, rais'd by Thee, no more
The abſence of thine aid deplore;
God of my life, recede not far,
But haſte, and make that life thy care.

PSALM XXXIX.

1.

MY ſteps diſcretion's rules ſhall guide:
No error from my lips ſhall ſlide,
(Thus to myſelf reſolv'd I ſaid;)
Nor word, in wiſdom's ſcale unweigh'd.

2.

While lawleſs Crouds attend me nigh,
And mark me with inſidious eye,
Behold me with the ſteady rein
Each effort of my tongue reſtrain.

3.

Awhile my ſoul its purpoſe keeps;
A ſtubborn ſilence ſeals my lips:
But O! from themes of good withheld,
How oft my full-ſwoln heart rebell'd!

4.

My thoughts in various tumult roll;
At length, impatient of controul,

Forth

Forth from my ſtruggling boſom brake
The kindled flame; and thus I ſpake.

5.

Taught by thy wiſdom, let me learn
How ſoon my fabric ſhall return
To earth, and in the ſilent tomb
Its ſeat of laſting reſt aſſume.

6.

O let me, heav'nly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end;
What are my days? (a ſpan their line;)
And what my age compar'd with Thine?

7.

Our life advancing to its cloſe,
While ſcarce its earlieſt dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty ſhade we run,
And Vanity and Man are one.

8.

With anxious pain this Son of care
Toils to inrich an unknown Heir,

And, eyeing oft his heapy ſtore,
With vain diſquiet thirſts for more.

9.

Where, Lord, ſhall I my refuge ſee?
On whom repoſe my hope but Thee?
O purge my guilt, nor let my Foe
Exulting mock my heighten'd woe.

10.

Convinc'd that thy paternal hand
Inflicts but what my ſins demand,
I ſpeechleſs ſate; nor plaintive word,
Nor murmur from my lips was heard.

11.

But O, in thy appointed hour
Withdraw thy rod; leſt nature's pow'r,
While griefs on griefs my heart aſſail,
Unequal to the conflict, fail.

12.

O, how thy chaſtiſements impair
The human form, however fair!

How

How frail the ſtrongeſt frame we ſee,
If Thou the Sinner's fate decree!

13.

As when the fretting moths conſume
The labour of the curious loom,
The texture fails, the dyes decay,
And all its luſtre fades away.

14.

Such, Man, thy ſtate! then humbled, own
That Vanity and Thou are one;
Thyſelf, when in the balance weigh'd,
A nothing, and thy life a ſhade.

15.

To thee, great God, my knees I bend;
To thee my ceaſeleſs pray'rs aſcend;
O let my ſorrows reach thine ears,
And mark my ſighs, my groans, my tears.

16.

God of my Fathers! here as they,
I walk the Pilgrim of a day:

A tranſient Gueſt, thy works admire,
And inſtant to my home retire.

17.

O ſpare me, Lord, awhile, O ſpare,
And nature's ruin'd ſtrength repair,
Ere, life's ſhort circuit wander'd o'er,
I periſh, and am ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

1.

WITH patient hope my God I ſought;
He to his Suppliant's want his thought
In happieſt hour applied:
He from the dark and miry pit
High on the rock has rais'd my feet;
Nor fear my ſteps to ſlide.

2.

His praiſe inſpires my grateful tongue,
And dictates to my lips a ſong
In ſtrains unheard before:

Admiring

Admiring Crouds his work ſhall ſee,
Their ſtrength on him repoſe with me,
With me his name adore.

3.

Bleſt, who in Thee, great God, confide,
Nor madly truſt the arm of pride,
And helps that but betray.
Thy mercies, Lord, all praiſe ſurmount,
Nor numbers can their ſum recount,
Nor words their worth diſplay.

4.

Nor ſacrifice thy love can win,
Nor off'rings from the ſtain of ſin
Obnoxious man ſhall clear:
Thy hand my mortal frame prepares,
(Thy hand, whoſe ſignature it bears,)
And opes my willing ear.

5.

And ſince the blood of Victims ſlain,
And hallow'd gifts, attempt in vain
T' avert th' Offender's doom,

Myſelf

Myſelf th' atonement will provide;
Lo! (touch'd with pity thus I cried,)
I come, my God, I come.

6.

Thy book, by ſacred Bards unroll'd,
My full obedience has foretold
To thy myſterious will;
His juſt aſſent thy Servant gives,
Thy words my breaſt with joy receives,
My hands with zeal fulfil.

7.

The faithful Witneſs to thy fame,
Aloud thy juſtice I proclaim
To Abraham's choſen Race;
My lips, thou know'ſt, have ne'er declin'd
To preach the theme by Thee injoin'd,
The wonders of thy grace.

8.

With ſtrong deſire my boſom glows
Thy truth and mercy to diſcloſe,
In Man's relief diſplay'd:

O let

O let that truth diſpel my woe,
That mercy, Lord, around me throw
Its all-protecting ſhade.

9.

While griefs on griefs my cup have mix'd,
On Earth my downward looks are fix'd;
The ſins, whoſe weight I bear,
(Thoſe ſins, that number'd by the eye
The hairs that ſhade my head outvie,)
My heart with anguiſh tear.

10.

Haſte to thy Servant's reſcue, haſte;
My Soul by hoſtile numbers chas'd,
To Thee directs its pray'r.
In wild confuſion backward borne
Their wiſh defeated let them mourn,
And loſt in empty air.

11.

Be ſhame their juſt reward aſſign'd,
While round me with relentleſs mind
Deriſion's ſhout they raiſe:

Thy

Thy bliſs let all who ſeek Thee ſhare,
And, taught thy love, that love declare
In ſongs of ceaſeleſs praiſe.

12.

While theſe in thy ſalvation joy,
Increaſing griefs my thought employ,
And ſpeedieſt aid demand:
My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
O, inſtant in my cauſe appear
And reach thy ſaving hand.

PSALM XLI.

1.

BLEST, who with gen'rous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,
Bows to the poor Man's want his ear,
And wipes the helpleſs Orphan's tear.

2.

Who to th' afflicted gives relief,
And kindly ſoothes each anxious grief;

In

In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,
Himſelf thy pity, Lord, ſhall know.

3.

Thy love his life ſhall guard, thy hand
Give to his lot the choſen land,
Nor leave him in the dreadful day
To unrelenting Foes a prey.

4.

When languid with diſeaſe and pain,
Thou, Lord, his ſpirit wilt ſuſtain,
Prop with thine arm his ſinking head,
And turn with tend'reſt care his bed.

5.

O let me, Lord, thy mercy ſhare,
(Thus to my God I form'd the pray'r,)
Health to my fainting ſoul diſpenſe,
That humbled owns its dire offence.

6.

" When ſhall he periſh?" Thus my foes
With ruthleſs tongue their wiſh diſcloſe;

" Why lingers death's appointed hour
" Oblivion on his name to pour ?"

7.

The hoſtile Viſitants appear
Beſide my couch, and drop the tear;
Though, feigning, o'er my griefs they mourn,
Their hearts with ſecret malice burn.

8.

See them, ſcarce parted from my gate,
Aloud proclaim their ſettled hate;
Now pleas'd they form ſome dark deſign,
Now whiſp'ring thus in curſes join:

9.

" Still may the guilt unpurg'd remain,
" That binds him on the bed of pain;
" Nor let him from that bed ariſe,
" But cloſe in endleſs ſleep his eyes."

10.

Yea Thou, the Friend to whom my heart
Its inmoſt counſels wont t' impart,

Ev'n

Ev'n Thou, in ſubtlety diſguis'd,
The man whom chief of friends I priz'd;---

11.

For whom the ſocial board I ſpread,
And broke with lib'ral hand my bread,
With lifted heel, (ſevere return!)
The partner of thy breaſt couldſt ſpurn.

12.

Maker of all! be Thou my guard;
Give me, (my ſtrength by Thee repair'd)
Give me to teach the faithleſs Band
To own the juſtice of thy hand.

13.

So, while my pray'rs indulg'd approve
My ſoul the object of thy love,
My Foes, with inward anguiſh torn,
Shall each his blaſted triumphs mourn.

14.

And I, for Thou thy aid ſhalt yield,
In innocence of heart upheld,

Thy courts ſhall ever tread, and there
The fulneſs of thy preſence ſhare.

15.

O thankful bleſs th' Almighty Lord,
The God by Jacob's Sons ador'd;
With joyful hearts his love proclaim,
And praiſe, O praiſe, his holy name.

16.

His fame, ere time its courſe began,
O'er heav'n's wide region echoing ran;
To him through endleſs ages raiſe
One ſong of oft-repeated praiſe.

PSALM XLII.

1.

AS pants the hart for cooling ſprings,
So longs my Soul, O King of Kings,
Thy face in near approach to ſee,
So thirſts, great Source of life, for Thee.

With

2.

With ardent zeal, with ſtrong deſires
To Thee, to Thee my Soul aſpires;
When ſhall I reach thy bleſt abode?
When meet the preſence of my God?

3.

Tears, Lord, thou know'ſt, have been my bread,
By day, by night, profuſely ſhed,
While thus they urge me to deſpair;
"Where's now thy God, thou Outcaſt, where?"

4.

While troubles, Lord, beſet my ſoul,
My buſied thoughts tumultuous roll,
To Thee my heart aſcends in pray'r,
And in thy boſom pours its care;---

5.

And oft in luxury of woe
Back to thoſe happier hours I go,
When up fair Sion's high aſcent
The Tribes in long proceſſion went;---

There

6.

There, while thy praiſe in grateful ſongs
Reſounded from a thouſand tongues,
I, rank'd amid the feſtive train,
Exulting trod thy hallow'd fane.

7.

Why thus, my Soul, with care oppreſs'd?
And whence the woes that fill my breaſt?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt hope repoſe.

8.

To Him my thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure defence, my conſtant aid;
His name my zeal ſhall ever raiſe,
And dictate to my lips his praiſe.

9.

When various griefs beſet my ſoul,
My thoughts with vain impatience roll,
Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes
Shall yet in ſweet remembrance riſe;

Though

10.

Though now with mournful ſtep and ſlow
O'er Jordan's lonely banks I go,
And, exil'd from thy much-lov'd dome,
On diſtant Hermon penſive roam.

11.

Deeps to confed'rate deeps aloud
Have call'd, and from the burſting cloud
Their licens'd rage the ſtorms have ſhed
And heap'd the billows o'er my head.

12.

Yet 'midſt the ſtorm, and 'midſt the wave,
Thy love the beams of comfort gave ;
Thy name by day employs my tongue,
By night inſpires my pray'r, and ſong.

13.

God of my ſtrength, attend my cry,
Say why, my great preſerver, why,
Excluded from thy ſight I go,
And bend beneath a weight of woe ?

Why

14.

Why ſharper than the biting ſteel
Th' inſulting Foe's reproach I feel,
While thus they urge me to deſpair:
"Where's now thy God, thou Outcaſt, where?"

15.

Why thus, my Soul, with care oppreſs'd?
And whence the woes that fill my breaſt?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt hope repoſe;

16.

To Him my thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure defence, my conſtant aid;
His name my zeal ſhall ever raiſe,
And dictate to my lips his praiſe.

PSALM XLIII.

1.

O Weigh me, Lord, in equal ſcale,
And let my injur'd cauſe prevail
O ſave me from an impious Throng,
The Sons of violence and wrong.

2.

God of my ſtrength, to Thee I cry;
Say why, by Thee rejected, why,
I bend beneath a weight of woe,
And bear the inſults of the Foe.

3.

O let thy light attend my way,
Thy truth afford its ſteady ray,
To Sion's hill direct my feet,
And bring me to thy hallow'd ſeat.

4.

Admitted to thy altars there,
My hands to Thee the gift ſhall bear,

Whoſe mercies, to my heart reveal'd,
A theme of endleſs tranſport yield.

5.

Thy praiſe, O God, my God, the lyre
Shall wake, thy love its ſong inſpire,
And thankful teach the rapt'rous lay
Thy bounteous goodneſs to diſplay.

6.

Why thus, my ſoul, with care oppreſs'd?
And whence the woes that fill my breaſt?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy ſtedfaſt hope repoſe.

7.

To Him my thanks ſhall ſtill be paid,
My ſure defence, my conſtant aid;
His name my zeal ſhall ever raiſe,
And dictate to my lips his praiſe.

PSALM XLIV.

1.

TAUGHT by our Sires, great God, our ear
Thy wond'rous acts has wak'd to hear,
The mercies to their Tribes reveal'd,
When ages long o'erpaſt beheld
By thee diſlodg'd an impious Race
Yield to their choſen Seed a place; ---

2.

When Iſrael's Sons, thy Foes o'erthrown,
Obtain'd poſſeſſions not their own;
Where, planted by the hand divine,
With large increaſe their proſp'ring Line
Are bleſs'd, and, nouriſh'd by thy care,
The fulneſs of thy bounty ſhare.

3.

For not the arm of human might,
Nor ſword of ſteel, upheld their right;
Thy pow'r exerted in their aid,
Thy preſence o'er their heads diſplay'd,

Proclaim'd them favour'd from on high,
And bade each force before them fly.

4.

Thee, Lord, my King, and Thee alone,
Attentive to thy laws I own;
Indulgent ſtill, almighty Friend,
Thy arm in Iſrael's cauſe extend,
And let us, on thy aid reclin'd,
Thee ſtill our great ſalvation find.

5.

Through Thee our Hoſts unmov'd ſhall ſtand,
Strike with the horn each adverſe Band,
Thy name invok'd, their fury meet,
And tread them breathleſs at their feet;
Not from our ſword or from our bow
Our ſouls ſuch confidence ſhall know.

6.

Thou, Lord, each adverſe pow'r ſhalt quell,
Thy ſtrength their gath'ring troops diſpel;

That

That ſtrength our boaſt, thy hallow'd name,
Our hymns of loudeſt praiſe ſhall claim,
While time ſhall roll its rapid tide,
And day and night thy works divide.

7.

O Lord, thy wonted aid withheld,
Repuls'd, aſham'd, we quit the field;
No more we ſee, to battle led,
Th' almighty Conqu'ror at our head,
But quick retreat in wild diſmay,
Abandon'd to our Foes a prey.

8.

Beneath thy anger now we groan,
The Flock, whom thou hadſt ſeal'd thine own,
As beaſts for food decreed we die,
Or, ſpar'd, as worthleſs in thine eye,
See! ſold for nought our Lords we change,
And loſt through diſtant climates range.

Each

9.

Each neighb'ring realm with ſcornful gaze
Thy People's ruin'd ſtate ſurveys;
Our name, amid the Nations round,
A proverb in each mouth is found;
Aſſembled Crouds inſulting ſtand,
And fierce deriſion claps the hand.

10.

How feels my heart the dire diſgrace!
How glows with ceaſeleſs ſhame my face,
While thus, diveſted of thy fear,
With keen reproach they wound my ear,
And with revengeful hand fulfil
The dictates of their lawleſs will!

11.

Though torn with grief, with dread oppreſs'd,
Thou, Lord, canſt witneſs that our breaſt
Its truſt from Thee has ne'er remov'd,
Nor faithleſs to thy compact prov'd;

For

For lo! the dictates of thy law
Our thoughts to full obedience awe:

12.

No Lord, but Thee, thy Servants greet,
Nor wander from thy paths our feet,
Though, fir'd with ceaſeleſs rage, a Croud
Advance, and round us roar aloud,
Though 'midſt the dragon's haunts we tread,
And death's dark ſhades are o'er us ſpread.

13.

If, ever, of the name divine
Forgetful, we our faith reſign;
Or if, averſe to thy command,
To ſtranger Gods we lift the hand,
Say, ſhall our crime thy ſearch elude,
Whoſe eyes our inmoſt thoughts have view'd?

14.

Thy cauſe we ſtill avow; thy cauſe
The hoſtile ſword againſt us draws,

And

And numbers to the death our train,
As ſheep, whoſe blood the hallow'd fane,
Before the altar's kindled flames,
By regular allotment claims.

15.

Ariſe, eternal God, ariſe;
Why ſits this ſlumber on thine eyes?
Awake, nor from thy care expel
Thy once regarded Iſrael;
Say why from our afflicted Race,
Why veils th' impervious cloud thy face?

16.

O tell us why thine ear denies
To hear thy captive People's cries,
As ſunk with ſorrow's weight we bend,
And proſtrate in the duſt deſcend;
Ariſe, thy ſaving pow'r diſcloſe,
And heal with pitying hand our woes.

PSALM XLV.

1.

MY heart its nobleſt theme has found:
O Thou, with regal ſplendor crown'd,
Thy pow'r, thy greatneſs taught to know,
How ſhall my lips with praiſe o'erflow!

2.

To Thee the grateful ſtrains belong;
Thy worth ſhall bid my willing tongue,
Quick as the pen of readieſt art,
The dictates of my ſoul impart.

3.

Hail, fairer than the Sons of Men!
Grace on thy lips and beauty reign,
That ſpeak Thee honour'd from above,
And bleſt with God's eternal love.

4.

Hail, Thou, whom Nations own their Lord!
Gird on thy thigh the glitt'ring ſword,

By mercy, truth, and juſtice led,
Ride glorious on, thy conqueſts ſpread.

5.

Thy ſtubborn Foes, a guilty Race,
Thy hand with faithful ſearch ſhall trace,
Mark, as their crimes for vengeance call,
And teach thy terrors where to fall:---

6.

While, edg'd with wrath, thy ev'ry dart
Shall pierce ſome proud Oppoſer's heart,
Aſſert the cauſe of Judah's King,
And dip in impious blood its wing.

7.

O God, through ages laſts thy throne,
Thy ſceptre juſtice calls her own,
Thy heart th' all perfect law purſues,
And guilt with fix'd abhorrence views.

8.

For this thy God, who rules the ſkies,
Has o'er thine equals bid Thee riſe,

And,

And, pleas'd, the oil of gladneſs ſhed
In large profuſion on thy head.

9.

Myrrh, aloes, caſſia, to the ſenſe
Their all-reviving ſweets diſpenſe,
While, recent from the iv'ry cell,
Their mingled odours round Thee dwell.

10.

Their Daughters mightieſt Kings behold
Amid thy virgin Train inroll'd;
And, ſeated on thy right, the Queen
Array'd in robes of gold is ſeen.

11.

Hear, Daughter, and attentive weigh
The precepts of the heav'n-taught lay;
Within thy thought retain no more
Thy Father's houſe and native ſhore:

12.

So ſhall the King delighted ſee
Thy ſpotleſs form; and O, be He,

That Lord, whom heav'n's high Hoſts revere,
Thy only love, thy only fear.

13.

Imperial Tyre, that, thron'd on high,
O'er ſubject ſeas extends her eye,
Her gifts, O Prince, ſhall bring to Thee,
And ſuppliant nobles ſtoop the knee.

14.

The Virgin, offspring of a King,
Whom now thy happy choice we ſing,
Herſelf, with each perfection bleſt,
Ere Thee ſhe greets, aſſumes the veſt;---

15.

That veſt, where 'mid th' inwoven gold,
A thouſand colours we behold,
That, kindled by the beams of day,
The needle's utmoſt art diſplay.

16.

By eminence of beauty known
Amidſt her fair aſſociates, on

She moves, and joys with them to tread
The paths that to thy preſence lead.

17.

No more the Partriachs of thy line
In time's long records chief ſhall ſhine;
Thy greater Sons, to empire born,
Its future annals ſhall adorn; ---

18.

Thy pow'r to them deriv'd diſplay,
And ſtretch thro' earth their boundleſs ſway;
O'er ſubject realms their wide command
Through diſtant times comfirm'd ſhall ſtand; ---

19.

Thoſe realms, while thus to Thee I raiſe
A laſting monument of praiſe,
With thankful voice ſhall join the ſtrain,
And own the bleſſings of thy reign.

PSALM XLVI.

1.

ON Thee, great Ruler of the ſkies,
On Thee our ſtedfaſt hope relies;
When hoſtile pow'rs againſt us join,
What aid ſo preſent, Lord, as thine?

2.

By Thee ſecur'd, no fears we own,
Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,
Though tempeſts o'er her ſurface ſweep,
And whirl her hills into the deep;---

3.

Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes
That deep in all its horrors riſe,
While, as the tumult ſpreads around,
The mountains tremble at the ſound.

4.

Behold fair Sion's bleſt retreat,
Where God has fix'd his awful ſeat;

Whoſe

Whoſe walls to heav'n's Almighty Lord
His choſen reſidence afford.

5.

No tempeſts there licentious ſtray,
But ſoft along their level way
The ſacred ſtreams their courſe maintain,
And crown with health her happy plain.

6.

God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Bids ſtorms around her harmleſs fly;
His early care each Foe withſtands,
And backward turns the yielding Bands.

7.

See, rous'd by diſcord's fierce alarms,
The headlong Nations ruſh to arms;
But God aloud aſſerts his ſway,
And earth's whole fabrick melts away.

8.

On heav'n's high Lord our truſt we build;
The God of Jacob is our ſhield;

His

His arm, exerted in our right,
Shall turn each adverſe pow'r to flight.

9.

O come, behold a ſcene of dread,
Behold a world with ſlaughter ſpread;
And know, 'tis God who bids each land
Thus feel the terrors of his hand.

10.

'Tis His, again the earth to chear,
To break the bow, to ſnap the ſpear,
To wrap in flames the glitt'ring car,
And huſh the tumult of the war.

11.

Be ſtill, ye Sons of pride, and own
That I am God, and I alone;
Exalted o'er each heathen land,
Exalted o'er the earth I ſtand.

12.

On heav'n's high Lord our truſt we build;
The God of Jacob is our ſhield,

His

His arm, exerted in our right,
Shall turn each adverſe Pow'r to flight.

PSALM XLVII.

1.

ARISE, ye People, clap the hand;
Exulting ſtrike the chord:
Let ev'ry iſle, and ev'ry land,
Confeſs th' Almighty Lord.

2.

How awful his myſterious name!
How high advanc'd his ſeat!
Who bids the Nations own our claim,
And caſts them at our feet.

3.

He to our lot a land aſſign'd,
His favour'd Jacob's boaſt,
And bleſt with gifts of various kind
Her health-incircled coaſt.

4.

Hear, while the ſhouts wide-echoing round
Th' aſcending God proclaim,
The anſw'ring trump through heav'n reſound,
And ſhake its vaulted frame.

5.

Sing to our God; in loudeſt ſtrain
Perpetual praiſes ſing;
O'er earth's wide bounds extends his reign;
O praiſe our God and King.

6.

Prepare, prepare, with tuneful art,
In one aſſembled Throng,
Your ſhares of harmony to part,
And raiſe the heav'n-taught ſong.

7.

His ſway the Sons of human kind
With humbleſt homage own;
And ſanctity, with pow'r combin'd,
Supports his laſting throne.

Kings

8.

Kings from afar conven'd behold,
Whoſe breaſts with zeal have glow'd,
Among the Tribes to ſtand inroll'd,
That bow to Abraham's God.

9.

For He, whoſe hands amid the ſkies
Th' eternal ſceptre wield,
To earth's whole Race his care applies,
And o'er them ſpreads the ſhield.

PSALM XLVIII.

1.

GREAT is our God: with warmeſt zeal
O let his name be bleſt,
Within the precincts of his hill,
And city of his reſt.

2.

Fair is that hill; how wondrous fair!
Imperial Sion's ſeat:

There centres, Earth, thy joy, and there
Its meaſure owns complete.

3.

Her walls, while there his lov'd receſs
The northern heav'n ſurveys,
With ſafety God vouchſafes to bleſs,
And pleas'd her ſceptre ſways.

4.

Earth's haughty Monarchs thither came;
They came, they ſaw, they fled,
Amazement ſhook their inmoſt frame,
And undiſſembled dread.

5.

Such fears they ſhare as Matrons find
That feel th' increaſing throe,
Struck by that God, whoſe ſhatt'ring wind
Thy ſhips, O Tharſis, know.

6.

Lord! what our ears long ſince have known,
Our eyes delighted trace,

Thy

Thy love in long ſucceſſion ſhown
To Salem's choſen Race.

7.

Thrice bleſt abode! whoſe ev'ry tow'r
By Thee ſupported ſtands,
That God, whoſe wide extended pow'r
Th' ethereal Hoſt commands.

8.

When, proſtrate at thy hallow'd ſhrine,
Thy mercies each ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, we join
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

9.

Thy name, through earth's wide confines ſpread,
Eternal honours crown;
Each ſentence by thy hand decreed
Fair juſtice ſtamps her own.

10.

Let Sion's heav'n-devoted mount
With ſhouts of triumph ring,

And

And Judah's Daughters pleas'd recount
The judgments of her King.

11.

Go, walk her ſacred ſtreets along,
And let her tow'rs be told;
With curious eye her bulwarks ſtrong
And beauteous domes behold.

12.

So ſhall the fair deſcription laſt,
Preſerv'd in full record,
And tell what glories once have grac'd
The ſeat of Jacob's Lord.

13.

To him our thankful hearts ſhall bow,
Nor own a God beſide;
To life's laſt period him avow
The ever faithful Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1.

YE Nations, hear; ye Sons of earth,
Of higheſt or obſcureſt birth,
Ye who from wealth's full board are fed,
And ye who eat with toil your bread.

2.

My words with juſt attention weigh,
And liſten to the hallow'd lay;
While, touch'd with holy fire, my tongue
Forms to the harp the myſtic ſong.

3.

My lips ſhall wiſdom's leſſons yield,
My heart, with nobleſt ſcience fill'd,
Shall prompt me with obedient ear
The heaven-deſcending truths to hear.

4.

Why ſhould my ſoul with anxious dread
Behold the Foes around me ſpread,

Who

Who build on wealth their truſt, and ſtore
In boaſted heaps the glitt'ring ore!

5.

Ceaſe, Mortals, ceaſe your pride; nor dream
That riches ſhall from death redeem,
Or from the all-diſpoſing hand
A Brother's forfeit life demand.

6.

In vain would friendſhip's zeal eſſay
The full equivalent to pay,
In vain the flitting breath to ſave,
And plead exemption from the grave;---

7.

In vain, though Ophir's wealthieſt mine
Its treaſures to the purchaſe join;
Then, taught the ſoul's beſt price to know,
At once the frantic thought forego.

8.

Thou ſeeſt the Man in wiſdom's ſchool
Long tutor'd, like the untaught Fool

To

To death ſubmit, and leave his Heir
His heaps of gather'd wealth to ſhare.

9.

What though they build the dome ſublime,
Proof to the rage of eating time,
While lands, ſubjected to their claim,
Take from their haughty Lord a name: ---

10.

Yet Man, with erring pride elate,
And high in pow'r, in honour great,
Shares with the brute an equal doom,
And ſleeps forgotten in the tomb.

11.

Their hope, thus fond, thus faithleſs found,
Their Sons aſſume; in endleſs round
Another and another Race
Their Fathers' wayward ſteps ſhall trace.

12.

Together now behold them laid,
As ſheep, when night extends her ſhade,

While death within the vaulted rock,
Stern Shepherd, guards the ſlumb'ring Flock.

13.

Corruption there its work ſhall ply,
And, wrapt in darkneſs as they lie,
Each feature fair, each boaſted grace,
With unrelenting hand efface.

14.

Ye Juſt, exulting lift your eyes;
Behold the promis'd morn ariſe,
That bids you, o'er each haughty Foe
Exalted, endleſs triumphs know.

15.

My ſoul, amidſt your happy train,
The wiſh'd redemption ſhall obtain,
By God adopted, death ſhall brave,
And mock the diſappointed grave.

16.

Let not the ſight thy heart diſmay,
If Man's proud Offspring thou ſurvey

With

With growing wealth incircled round,
Or mark his houſe with honours crown'd.

17.

Think not his treaſures, at his end,
Shall with him to the grave deſcend,
Or the vain pomp, that ſtrikes thy view,
Through death's dark ſhade its Lord purſue.

18.

His life with each delight was fraught,
How bleſs'd his pamper'd ſoul its lot!
Thee too, while pleaſure crowns thy days,
Admiring Crouds perchance may praiſe; ---

19.

Yet thou, like him, the way ſhalt tread,
Which, one by one, thy Sires have led,
And 'midſt th' impenetrable gloom
Shalt find with them thy laſting home.

20.

For Man, with erring pride elate
And high in pow'r, in honour great,

Shares with the brute an equal doom,
And ſleeps forgotten in the tomb.

PSALM L.

1.

THE Lord, th' almighty Monarch, ſpake,
And bade the earth the ſummons take,
Far as his eyes the realms ſurvey
Of riſing and declining day.

2.

Reveal'd from Sion's ſacred bound,
The ſeat with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
Our God his courſe ſhall downward bend,
Nor ſilent to his work deſcend.

3.

At his approach the fire ſhall blaze,
And kindled pour its ſtreaming rays;
Devouring flames ſhall march before,
And mightieſt tempeſts round him roar.

Heav'n

4.

Heav'n from above ſhall hear his call,
And thou, the vaſt terreſtrial ball!
While man's whole Race their Judge ſhall meet,
In countleſs Throngs before his ſeat.

5.

" My Saints collect from diſtant poles,
" Collect the juſt and faithful Souls,
" With whom my compact firm has ſtood,
" Seal'd with the ſpotleſs victim's blood."

6.

Th' applauding heav'ns the changeleſs doom,
While God the balance ſhall aſſume,
In full memorial ſhall record,
And own the juſtice of their Lord.

7.

With humbleſt awe, my People, hear;
For God, thy God, his voice ſhall rear:
Myſelf, O Iſrael, will atteſt
The guilt that ſtains thy erring breaſt.

Though

8.

Though at the altar's kindled fire
No bleeding victim ſhould expire,
Not ritual ſacrifice withheld
My theme of juſt complaint ſhall yield.

9.

Still let thy ſtall the ſteer detain,
Still let thy goat untouch'd remain
Amidſt his herd-mates; from thy hands
Nor goat, nor ſteer thy Lord demands.

10.

Mine are the beaſts that range the wood,
Mine all the tame or ſavage brood,
Whoſe train the earth's wide paſture fills,
And wanders o'er her thouſand hills.

11.

Each fowl, that from its airy flight
Deſcends upon the mountain's height,
Each brute, that o'er the champaign ſtrays,
My all-obſerving eye ſurveys.

Admit,

12.

Admit, I hunger; ſhall thy God
Deſcend from thee to aſk his food,
Lord of the world, and all its ſtore,
Thy aid, thou Child of earth, implore?

13.

Shall bulls to eaſe my want be ſlain,
Or blood of goats my thirſt reſtrain?
Go, ſuppliant at my altar bow,
And pay thy thanks, and pay thy vow.

14.

Be this thy off'ring: in thy woes
On me with ſtedfaſt hope repoſe;
So ſhall my ear receive thy pray'r,
And, grateful, thou my mercy ſhare.

15.

Thou wretch, by diſcipline unaw'd,
(Thus to the impious ſpeaks my God,)
Thy ſecret crimes to me are known;
I ſee my laws behind thee thrown.

And

16.

And thou, doſt thou with lips profane
The precepts of my will explain,
And, rank'd thyſelf amid my Foes,
My terms of offer'd grace propoſe?

17.

Say, has the Thief to thee applied,
And thou thy wanted aid denied?
Or fail'd th' Adult'rer e'er to ſee
A Partner of his guilt in thee?

18.

Train'd in each well-diſſembled art
To veil the purpoſe of thine heart,
Thy tongue to fraud has loos'd the reins,
And lie with lie connected feigns.

19.

Haſt thou not ſat, with cruel aim
Reflecting on a Brother's fame,
And with invented ſcandal ſtain'd
Whom erſt one womb with thee contain'd?

While

20.

While yet my anger I ſuppreſs'd
Within the ſecrets of my breaſt,
And ſilent deign'd thy crimes to ſee,
Thy folly pictur'd Me like Thee.

21.

But ſoon my op'ning lips ſhall yield
The juſt rebuke ſo long withheld,
And bid, before thy conſcious eyes,
Thy guilt in all its horror riſe.

22.

Ye Souls forgetful of my fear,
With full regard my dictates hear;
Leſt, at my word, your life the grave
Demand, and none be nigh to ſave.

23.

Who yields the ſacrifice of praiſe,
His beſt-accepted homage pays:
Who forms his ſteps aright, ſhall know
What joys from my ſalvation flow.

PSALM LI.

1.

O LORD, whoſe mercies vaſt amount,
Nor words, nor numbers can recount,
Let now thy clemency divine
Conſpicuous in my pardon ſhine.

2.

O let the fulneſs of thy grace
Each error of my life efface,
Its influence to my ſoul convey,
And waſh my ev'ry ſtain away.

3.

My conſcious heart its guilt ſhall own;
My deed to Thee, and Thee alone
Obnoxious, nor the day, nor night
Conceals from my abhorring ſight.

4.

Right is thy ſentence, holieſt Lord,
God of my hope! thy ev'ry word

In

In truth's unvarying balance weigh'd,
Thy ev'ry act by juſtice ſway'd.

5.

Thou from the birth my ſoul couldſt view,
As ſhap'd in ſin my breath I drew,
And ſeeſt me guilt's tranſmiſſive ſtain
Through life's revolving courſe retain.

6.

But thy decrees, Almighty Sire,
Integrity of heart require;
Thy hand, corrective of my will,
Shall wiſdom in my breaſt inſtill.

7.

With hallow'd hyſſop ſprinkled o'er,
My ſoul its ſpots ſhall mourn no more,
But, cleans'd by thee, the whiteneſs know
That clothes the new-deſcended ſnow.

8.

How ſhall my ear thy pard'ning voice
Tranſported welcome! How rejoice

My bones, with vital moiſture fill'd,
That, cruſh'd by Thee, by Thee are heal'd!

9.

O turn, great Ruler of the ſkies,
Turn from my ſin thy ſearching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within thy book recorded ſtand.

10.

Give me a will to thine ſubdu'd,
A conſcience pure, a ſoul renew'd,
Nor let me, wrapt in endleſs gloom,
An Outcaſt from thy preſence roam.

11.

O let thy Spirit to my heart,
Once more his quick'ning aid impart,
My mind from ev'ry fear releaſe,
And ſoothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

12.

So ſhall the Souls, whom error's ſway
Has urg'd from Thee, bleſt Lord, to ſtray,

From

From Me thy heav'nly precepts learn,
And humbled to their God return.

13.

O would thy healing grace beſtow'd
Abſolve me from my debt of blood,
How ſhould my breaſt with tranſport glow,
What gratitude my heart o'erflow!

14.

How ſhould my tongue thy juſtice ſing,
Inviſible, immortal King,
And, long as breath extends my days,
The God of my ſalvation praiſe!

15.

Not victims, Lord, in ſolemn rite
Preſented, thy deſire excite,
Elſe ſhould my hand with zealous care
Th' exacted holocauſt prepare.

16.

Prompt is thy pow'r, when ills invade,
The meek and contrite Soul to aid:

A ſpirit

A Spirit griev'd is ſacrifice
Delightful to th' all-ſeeing eyes.

17.

The heart, that taught its guilt to know,
Repentant heaves with inward woe,
Shall find its pray'r, its groans, its ſighs,
To Thee in full acceptance riſe.

18.

Thy grace to Sion, Lord, extend,
And bid fair Salem's walls aſcend;
So ſhall the Sons of Jacob's line
With pureſt off'rings load thy ſhrine;---

19.

And, while in many a lengthen'd wreath
Their incenſe ſhall its odours breathe,
Before thy altar doom'd to bleed
The ſlaughter'd ſteer the flames ſhall feed.

PSALM LII.

1.

WHY, Tyrant, boaſts thy heart the pow'r
To work a Brother's woe;
While God his mercy bids each hour
In ſtreams unmeaſur'd flow?

2.

With joy thy tongue, to falſehood prone,
Its venom deals around;
Nor razor ſharpen'd on the ſtone
Inflicts ſo deep a wound.

3.

Thy lips far readier ill than good,
And lies than truth have fought;
Nor e'er has word that aim'd at blood;
Unwelcom'd met thy thought.

4.

But God, whoſe wrath thy crimes inflame,
Shall pluck thee from thy home,

Root

Root from the land of life thy name,
And ſeal thy changeleſs doom.

5.

The Juſt, with thankful awe poſſeſs'd,
Shall view the Tyrant's pride,
And, from their fierceſt foe releas'd,
His blaſted boaſts deride.

6.

" Lo there the Wretch in treſpaſs bold,
" Who God's ſupport diſdain'd,
" And on his heaps of treaſur'd gold
" His frantic hope ſuſtain'd."

7.

Freſh as the verdant olive, I
Within thy courts ſhall ſtand,
And, fix'd, indulgent Lord, rely
On thy protecting hand.

8.

Thy acts my praiſe ſhall ever claim,
Thy name, amidſt my woes,

(How

(How grateful to thy Saints that name!)
My ev'ry fear compoſe.

PSALM LIII.

1.

BEHOLD the Fool, whoſe heart denies
The God, who form'd the earth and ſkies;
While, fearleſs, ſin's worſt paths he treads,
Mark how the dire example ſpreads.

2.

Of Man's whole Race not one we find
To virtue's heav'n-taught rules inclin'd,
Who 'midſt infectious times has ſtood
Unſtain'd, and obſtinately good.

3.

Th' eternal Monarch from on high
Caſt on the Sons of earth his eye,
If haply ſome he yet might ſee
True to their God, from error free.

4.

He look'd:---But ah! not one could find
To virtue's heav'n-taught rules inclin'd:
Each, led from wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſues the tenour of his way.

5.

O ſay, what ignorance could blind
The Souls, who with remorſeleſs mind
Preſume my People to devour,
As bread, nor own their Maker's pow'r.

6.

Yet ſee their thoughts tumultuous roll,
See cauſeleſs terrors ſhake their ſoul;
By juſt alarms of conſcience driv'n
To tremble at the wrath of heav'n.

7.

Wide o'er the field the bones are ſpread
Of Chiefs, who by thy ſword have bled,
And ſpeak the doom, that all muſt ſhare,
Whom God abandons from his care.

Who,

Who, mightieſt Lord, to Iſrael's eyes
Shall bid the wiſh'd ſalvation riſe,
From Sion's hill its healing ray
Extend, and round us pour the day?

9.

When Thou thy Captives ſhalt reſtore,
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound through Judah's ſhore,
And ceaſeleſs ſhouts, through heav'n's wide frame
Loud echoing, Jacob's joy proclaim.

PSALM LIV.

1.

THY name my ſtedfaſt heart avows;
Do Thou my injur'd cauſe eſpouſe,
And be thy ſtrength my aid;
My plaints, eternal Monarch, hear,
And let them by thy pitying ear,
With full regard be weigh'd.

2.

For Nations from thy fear eſtrang'd,
With Tyrants fierce againſt me rang'd,
My guiltleſs ſoul purſue;

But 'midſt my Helpers heav'n's high Lord
Shall ſtand, and faithful to his word,
Each adverſe Pow'r ſubdue.

3.

O let my heart, their rage repell'd,
Itſelf a willing off'ring yield;
To Thee its praiſe ſhall flow,
While to my thought thy mercies riſe,
That gave me with exulting eyes
To ſee my proſtrate Foe.

PSALM LV.

1.

O HEAR my voice, all-potent Sire,
Nor diſtant from the pray'r retire,
Whoſe accents to thine ear impart
The anguiſh of my heaving heart.

2.

A Croud, whoſe thoughts from Thee have ſtray'd,
With falſehood arm'd, my peace invade,
And, leagu'd in ſin, reproaching Foes
With ſettled hate my ſteps incloſe.

Oppreſſion's

3.

Oppreſſion's ſhouts around me roar,
Death's blackeſt horrors whelm me o'er,
And griefs, and fears, that ſhun controul,
Shake to its inmoſt depth my ſoul.

4.

O who ſhall give me (thus my breaſt
Its vain inquietude expreſs'd,)
The dove's light wing, that through the air
My ſoul to peaceful reſt may bear?

5.

How would I mount the waſting wind,
How leave the wrathful ſtorms behind,
And in the deſert's lone retreat
Contented fix my laſting ſeat!

6.

Smite, Lord, my Foes; divide their tongue
For tumult, violence, and wrong,
Where'er I turn, before my eyes
In giant forms amid them riſe.

Within

7.

Within their wall's unhallow'd bound
By day, by night they take their round;
Nor ceaſe their guilty ſtreets to hear
The voice of falſehood, grief, and fear.

8.

If Foes profeſt had aim'd the wound,
My ſoul ſome ſafe receſs had found,
Or, diſciplin'd by previous care,
Had learn'd th' expected ill to bear;---

9.

But Thou, 'twas Thou, the Friend diſguis'd,
The Man, whom chief of Friends I priz'd,
To whom, its Counſellor and Guide,
My ſoul in ev'ry doubt applied:---

10.

In bands of ſweeteſt union join'd,
Each wiſh, each ſecret of the mind,
We ſhar'd, and 'midſt th' aſſembled Train
Familiar trod the hallow'd fane.

Let

11.

Let earth its op'ning jaws extend,
While living to the grave deſcend
The lawleſs Throng; whoſe land profane
Hell's worſt-invented miſchiefs ſtain.

12.

God, as with fervent lips I pray,
At dawn, at noon, at cloſe of day,
Shall ſtoop to my complaint his ear,
And inſtant in my cauſe appear.

13.

He, when the battle round me bled,
From hoſtile Myriads ſcreen'd my head,
Gave to my pray'r the wiſh'd-for peace,
And bade the dreadful tumult ceaſe.

14.

That Pow'r, who reign'd thro' ages paſt,
Whoſe counſels ſhall for ever laſt,
That Pow'r my conteſt ſhall decide,
And humble to the duſt their pride.

15.

See, unprovok'd, the reſtleſs Foe
Aim at thy Saints the deathful blow,
(Thy fear, great God, behind him thrown,)
And compacts oft confirm'd diſown.

16.

While war's fierce flames within him burn,
As milk new foaming from the churn
Smooth are his lips; as oil his words;
Yet wound they deep as keeneſt ſwords.

17.

O caſt thee fearleſs on thy God;
He, prompt to ſave, the grateful load
Within his foſt'ring arms ſhall bear,
And feed thee with a Parent's care.

18.

Author of good! beneath thy hand
Secure from lapſe the Juſt ſhall ſtand,
While (ſuch thy mandate!) on his Foes
Deſtruction's pit its mouth ſhall cloſe.

Who

19.

Who thirſt for blood, who falſehoods raiſe,
To death ſhall yield, ere half their days
Be number'd, while, exulting, I
On Thee with ſtedfaſt hope rely.

PSALM LVI.

1.

O REACH me, Lord, thy aiding pow'r,
While hoſtile Troops my ſtrength devour;
My ſtrength devour, and day by day
With fierceſt threats my heart diſmay;
Yet truſt in Thee my ſpirit chears,
And checks my ſighs, and wipes my tears.

2.

Thy promiſe, Lord, to notes of praiſe
In each diſtreſs my ſong ſhall raiſe;
Thy word my breaſt with joy ſhall ſwell,
And all my anxious cares diſpel:
God in my cauſe his arm will rear;
And Man, ſhall Man excite my fear?

3.

My words they torture; and, their thought
Each hour with deepeſt malice fraught,
In impious council nightly meet,
To watch, with murth'rous aim, my feet,
And guileful, onward as I tread,
Beſide my path their nets outſpread.

4.

On wrong, and ſuperſtition vain,
Their hope the frantic Tribe ſuſtain;
But teach them, Lord, thy wrath to know,
And quell the inſults of my Foe;
O let thine arm their crimes repay,
Who ſeek my footſteps to betray.

5.

My grief to thine obſerving eye,
As chas'd from realm to realm I fly,
In full diſplay, great God, appears;
O treaſure in thy vaſe my tears:
But ſee! already by thy hand
Recorded in thy book they ſtand.

Whene'er

6.

Whene'er to thee, my God, I cry,
Secure of help the fight I try,
For Thou thine aid, when aſk'd, wilt give,
And teach my fainting hope to live;
While Hoſts beneath my falchion bleed,
And back with headlong flight recede.

7.

Thy promiſe, Lord, to notes of praiſe
In each diſtreſs my ſong ſhall raiſe;
Thy word my breaſt with joy ſhall ſwell,
Thy promiſe, Lord, my woes diſpel:
God in my cauſe his arm will rear;
And Man, ſhall Man excite my fear?

8.

Their thanks, their vows, (thy juſt demand,)
My lips ſhall yield: thy fav'ring hand
My feet from error, from the grave,
My fainting ſoul, has deign'd to ſave,
And bids me ſtill, to Thee allied,
Within the land of life reſide.

PSALM LVII.

1.

THY mercy, Lord, amidſt my woes,
To my deſiring eyes diſcloſe;
Propitious to thy Servant's heart
Thy wonted clemency impart.

2.

Let me, my hope on Thee reclin'd,
Beneath thy wings a refuge find,
Till thy prevailing beams diſpel
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell.

3.

To Thee, the God who reigns on high,
To Thee with ſuppliant voice I cry,
Aſſur'd that Thou, indulgent ſtill,
My plaint ſhalt hear, my pray'r fulfil.

4.

Thy timelieſt aid from heav'n extend,
My fame from obloquy defend,

And

And bid thy truth and mercy ſhed
Their kindeſt influence on my head.

5.

The lions round me roar aloud;
And, fir'd with cauſeleſs rage, a Croud
Advance, (thy Foes, eternal Lord,)
Whoſe teeth are ſpears, whoſe tongue a ſword.

6.

Inthron'd thyſelf above the ſkies,
O bid thy fulleſt glory riſe,
And to the earth with cloudleſs ray
The wonders of thy pow'r diſplay.

7.

Oft, as amid the ſnares I tread,
Each hour by hoſtile fraud outſpread,
What clouds of griefs around me roll,
What dreadful ſtorms invade my ſoul!

8.

What fears, what woes my boſom prove!
Yet, ſav'd by thy preventing love,

Th' Artificers

Th' Artificers of death I ſee
Fall'n in the pit prepar'd for me.

9.

My heart is fix'd, Almighty Sire,
My heart is fix'd: to Thee aſpire
My thoughts, and dictate to my lays
An argument of endleſs praiſe.

10.

Awake, thou glory of my frame,
Awake, my tongue, to loud acclaim;
Pſalt'ry awake, and joyful pay
To God the tribute of the day.

11.

Awake my lute, and new-ſtrung lyre;
Inſtinct, myſelf, with holy fire
I wake; and lo, the dawning ſun
Already hears the ſtrain begun.

12.

From me aſſembling Crouds ſhall burn
The triumphs of thy love to learn,

And,

And, rapt with zeal, the Nations round
Catch from my lips the ſacred ſound.

13.

Lo! to the clouds thy truth extends
And heav'n's ſtupendous height tranſcends;
Far as to earth's extremeſt bound
In all thy works is mercy found.

14.

Inthron'd thyſelf above the ſkies,
O bid thy fulleſt glory riſe,
And to the earth with cloudleſs ray
The wonders of thy pow'r diſplay.

PSALM LVIII.

1.

YE, whoſe lips the cauſe decide;
Say, does truth your ſentence guide?
Are your thoughts by juſtice ſway'd,
And in reaſon's balance weigh'd?
Let your conſcious tongues atteſt
What ye harbour in your breaſt.

Hearts

2.

Hearts ye bear, that deep within
Cheriſh each ſuggeſted ſin,
While, on fierce contention bent,
Arts of miſchief ye invent,
And the dictates of your will
With remorſeleſs hands fulfil.

3.

From the womb, in error's way
See the infant Sinner ſtray;
Nurtur'd in deceit and wrong
See him with advent'rous tongue,
Prompt his earlieſt ſkill to try,
Liſp the meditated lie.

4.

See their veins with venom ſwell;
Arm'd with ſuch, the adder fell
Stops her ear, in many a fold
'Mid the ſhelt'ring brake uproll'd,
While each note the charmer tries,
And his utmoſt art defies.

Smite,

5.

Smite, great God, the lions' cheek,
And their fangs indignant break:
While they arm them for the war,
And their quiver'd ſtores prepare,
Let th' Oppreſſors feel thy pow'r,
Let thy ſword their ſtrength devour.

6.

Let them waſte in ſwift decay,
As the torrents paſs away,
As the earth-bred ſnails conſume,
As th' abortions of the womb,
Life's ſhort cir cuit ſcarce begun,
Periſh ere they ſee the ſun.

7.

Ere the caldron learn to glow
From the kindling thorns below,
Let thy hotter wrath be ſhed
Quick on each rebellious head;
Let thy whirlwinds, through the ſky,
Miniſters of vengeance, fly.

8.

Let them, Lord, at thy beheſt,
Sweep from earth the living peſt;
While the Souls, who truſt in thee,
Pleas'd their cauſe aveng'd ſhall ſee,
And, the dreadful conflict o'er,
Waſh their ſteps in hoſtile gore.

9.

" Doubtleſs," each convinc'd ſhall cry,
" Doubtleſs, there's a God on high,
" Who in awful pomp array'd,
" Comes to judge the world he made,
" All, who his commands regard,
" Reap at length their full reward."

PSALM LIX.

1.

TH' impending ſtorm, my God, aſſuage;
High o'er the Foes, that round me rage,
Exalt me, (Foes, whoſe ſtubborn mind,
To wrong and violence reſign'd,

Thy

Thy ſacred laws has long withſtood,)
And ſave me from the Man of blood.

2.

Aſſembling Crouds the deadly ſnare,
Without my crime, great God, prepare;
Without my crime, in ſin allied,
To diff'rent paths their courſe divide:
O, obvious to my pray'r, ariſe,
Nor let their guilt eſcape thine eyes.

3.

Leader of Hoſts, and Iſrael's God!
Stretch o'er the heathen Tribes thy rod,
Nor let them vauntingly each hour
With mad preſumption brave thy pow'r,
But inſtant from thy ſeat ariſe
The proud Tranſgreſſors to chaſtiſe.

4.

When eve's dark ſhades o'er heav'n are hung,
See! as the dog with fury ſtung,
While hideous yells their wrath betray,
From ſtreet to ſtreet they urge their way;

Swords in their lips, without a fear
Their threats they vent; for who ſhall hear?

5.

By Thee, by Thee thoſe threats are heard;
Superior Thou each frantic word,
Eternal Monarch, ſhalt deride,
And check with juſt reproach their pride,
Whoſe tongues with rane'rous boaſt impart
The daring purpoſe of their heart.

6.

Rock of my ſtrength! to Thee on high
My ſoul ſhall lift the ſtedfaſt eye,
For Thou, preventive of my want
The bleſſings of thy love wilt grant;
Thy aid, ere yet invok'd, each Foe
Beneath my conqu'ring feet ſhall throw.

7.

Let not thy wrath, O God our ſhield,
Their name to full exciſion yield,
Leſt, vaniſh'd from th' obſerving eye,
Th' example of thy vengeance die;

But,

But, arm'd with pow'r, through foreign lands
Diſtribute wide their vanquiſh'd Bands.

8.

Such vengeance from thine arm, great Sire,
Their tongue's repeated crimes require,
Their thoughts, inflam'd with impious pride,
Their oaths to guile's worſt ends applied,
And urge thee with impartial doom
Each bold Tranſgreſſor to conſume.

9.

Strike, Lord, O ſtrike the needful blow,
And teach an erring World to know,
How vain its efforts to withſtand
The force of thy reſiſtleſs hand;
While Jacob's Sons thy pow'r obey,
And earth's wide confines own thy ſway.

10.

When eve's dark ſhades o'er heav'n are hung,
Still, as the dog with fury ſtung,
Still let my Foes, who howl for prey
From ſtreet to ſtreet purſue their way,

Inſatiate;

Inſatiate; while their deſtin'd ſpoil
Eluſive mocks their fruitleſs toil.

II.

I, Lord, ſecure in Thee, thy might
Will praiſe, and with the riſing light
Thy love, that in the dreadful day
Redeem'd me, on my harp diſplay,
Thee own my refuge, (heav'nly King!)
And mercy's unexhauſted ſpring.

PSALM LX.

1.

REPULS'D, diſpers'd, chaſtis'd by Thee,
O grant us, Lord, thy face to ſee,
And let the People, once thy care,
Again thy fav'ring preſence ſhare.

2.

How trembles this divided land
Beneath the terrors of thy hand!
O Thou, the God whom we adore,
Its breaches heal; its peace reſtore.

Thy

3.

Thy juſt decrees to Iſrael's eyes
Have bid a ſcene of ſorrow riſe,
And to his pallid lips the wine
Of dire aſtoniſhment conſign.

4.

Yet ſee, thy hands a ſtandard rear;
Beneath it each, who owns thy fear,
Engag'd in truth's neglected cauſe,
His ſword, ſecure of conqueſt, draws.

5.

Such, Objects of thy tend'reſt love,
Defend propitious from above;
Let me with them thy mercy ſhare,
And hear, O hear, my ceaſeleſs pray'r.

6.

God's truth ſhall ne'er forget to guard
The promiſe by his lips declar'd;
And what th' Almighty Monarch wills,
My ready hand with joy fulfils.

Behold

7.

Behold me Sichem's plain divide;
My line, to Succoth's vale applied,
Its bound deſcribes; thee mine I ſee,
O Gilead, and, Manaſſes, thee.

8.

Thou, Ephraim, art my ſtrong defence,
Thou, Judah, ſhalt my law diſpenſe;
A diffrent lot ſhall Moab find,
A vaſe to vileſt uſe aſſign'd.

9.

A doom like his ſhall Edom meet,
And wipe the duſt from off my feet;
Philiſtia ſhall her tribute bring,
And own in me her future King.

10.

Who, as our Troops in cloſe array
To Edom's forts direct their way,
Arm'd with reſiſtleſs ſtrength, ſhall bid
Her gates unfold, her bolts recede?

Behold

11.

Behold us, Lord, oppreſs'd with woe,
As exil'd from thy care we go;
Shall Iſrael's Hoſts, thy aid withheld,
Still unſucceſsful take the field?

12.

Our hope, on Man repos'd in vain,
O let thy ſtrength, great God, ſuſtain,
And let us, on thy aid reclin'd,
In Thee our firm Protector find.

13.

Thus arm'd, each adverſe Pow'r we dare,
And dauntleſs meet the ruſhing war,
While from thy ſword our Foes retire,
Or trampled in the duſt expire.

PSALM LXI.

1.

OPPRESS'D with grief, in exile loſt,
To Thee from Judah's utmoſt coaſt
My voice, eternal God, I ſend;
O hear my plaint; my pray'r attend.

2.

High on the rock my footſteps rear;
There let me ſtand unmov'd, and hear
The ſtorms that now around me beat,
At diſtance roll beneath my feet.

3.

Thee, Lord, I ſeek, whene'er my Foes
With dire intent my path incloſe,
And own Thee in the dang'rous hour
My firmeſt Hope, my ſtrongeſt Tow'r.

4.

Thou, Lord, within thy hallow'd ſhrine
My conſtant refuge ſhalt aſſign;

There

There will I dwell, remote from fear,
And, ſav'd by Thee, thy name revere.

5.

Thy wings ſhall wrap me in their ſhade;
Thou, Thou haſt heard me when I pray'd,
And yielded to my wiſh the joys
Of thoſe, whoſe care thy will employs.

6.

Long life ſhall Iſrael's King behold,
And ages count on ages roll'd;
With laſting joy thy Servant's eyes
Shall ſee his Children's Children riſe.

7.

Safe in thy preſence let him ſtand,
And ſhare the bleſſings of thy hand;
His dwelling let thy truth defend,
Thy mercy on his ſteps attend.

8.

So ſhall thy love awake my ſong,
Thy name the willing note prolong,

While, warm'd with zeal, my vows I pay,
And bleſs Thee to my lateſt day.

PSALM LXII.

1.

MY Soul in God its reſt has found;
When various griefs beſet me round,
His love ſhall ſure deliv'rance yield;
By Him through life I walk upheld,
And ſafe from lapſe my courſe maintain,
Or, falling, inſtant, riſe again.

2.

How long, Artificers of ill,
Shall ſchemes of death employ your ſkill?
Behold the miſchiefs ye intend
Retorted on your heads deſcend;
Your ſemblance ſee yon looſen'd wall,
Yon bulwark, nodding to its fall.

Vain

3.

Vain are the wiles for him prepar'd,
Whom heav'n's high Lord vouchſafes to guard;
See vers'd in fraud, the impious Throng
With bleſſings charge their guileful tongue,
While deep within the heart's diſguiſe
The ſecret curſe invelop'd lies.

4.

But thou, my Soul, on God reclin'd,
In him thy wiſh'd-for reſt ſhalt find;
His love ſhall ſure deliv'rance yield;
By him through life I walk upheld,
Secure from lapſe my courſe maintain,
And dauntleſs brave the hoſtile Train.

5.

Thee, Lord, my glory, Thee alone
My rock, my health, my ſtrength I own:
Ye Tribes, in God your help behold,
To him, with me, your hearts unfold,
Each want confeſs, each grief reveal,
For who, O who like him can heal?

O vanity,

6.

O vanity, thy name is Man :
Intent the human mind to ſcan,
Come, try, if aught of weight there ſeem ;
Suſpend the balance, fix the beam :
In vain.---With equal eaſe were weigh'd
The flitting air, or empty ſhade.

7.

Truſt not in wrong and fraud ; no more
On hope's light wing preſumptuous ſoar ;
Let gather'd wealth before thee lie
Beheld with unretorted eye,
Nor let the glitt'ring heap impart
One wiſh to thy deluded heart.

8.

Once from his throne th' Almighty ſpake,
And forth again the accents brake ;
" See pow'r in Me with mercy dwells,
" And where my fear the mind impels,
" Each act I mark with kind regard,
" And pleas'd confer the juſt reward."

PSALM LXIII.

1.

THOU art my God; to Thee my eyes
I lift, e'er yet the dawn ariſe;
With ſacred thirſt, O Lord, I burn,
My heart, my fleſh, thy abſence mourn,
As o'er th' unhoſpitable way
Amidſt a barren waſte I ſtray;---

2.

Yet here, by heav'nly wiſdom led,
Expectant wait, till o'er my head
Thy beams in mild effulgence play,
And turn my darkneſs into day;
Thoſe beams, which oft my eyes beheld
From Salem's hallow'd ſhrine reveal'd.

3.

Thy love my lips ſhall ever tell,
(Can life itſelf that love excel?)
Nor ceaſe, while breath prolongs my days,
In thankful notes the hymn to raiſe:

To Thee thy Servant, Lord, as now,
His hands ſhall rear, his knees ſhall bow.

4.

For nought like this my Soul can chear;
Nor marrow from the fatted ſteer
Could e'er to the luxurious ſenſe
Such full delight, my God, diſpenſe,
As what my ſatiate Soul enjoys,
Whene'er thy praiſe my tongue employs.

5.

Thou, Moon, be witneſs if my bed
Forgetful of my God I ſpread;
And thou, revolving Sun, if e'er
I wake unconſcious of his care,
Each night and each returning day
To him my grateful vows I pay.

6.

Safe in the ſhadow of thy wings,
In thee I joy, O King of Kings;
When dangers threaten to devour,
Superior to each adverſe pow'r

Thy

Thy arm extends the help divine,
And long experience calls it mine.

7.

Behold my Foes in dread retire,
Or proſtrate at my feet expire;
While to my conqu'ring ſword they yield,
The beaſts, that nightly range the field,
Amid the ſlaughter'd heaps ſhall ſtray,
And rav'nous ſeize their licens'd prey.

8.

By Thee exalted to the throne
Shall Judah's King thy mercies own;
And bleſt be each, my God, whoſe tongue
With him ſhall raiſe the grateful ſong,
Who ſuppliant at thy ſhrine ſhall kneel,
While ſhame the Liar's lips ſhall ſeal.

PSALM LXIV.

1.

THINE ear, thou Majeſty divine,
Propitious to my pray'r incline,
O hear my voice, in pity hear,
And ſave my life from hoſtile fear.

2.

Behold the Men of impious mind,
Their pow'rs in ſecret league combin'd,
With factious rage my ſoul purſue,
And hide, O hide me from their view.

3.

Behold the ſlaughter-breathing Throng
Whet as a ſword their baleful tongue,
And words, as arrows keen, prepare,
That edg'd with death ſhall walk the air.

4.

Conceal'd they ev'ry fear diſclaim,
And level at the Juſt their aim,

Nor

Nor reſt, till in the blameleſs heart
Their hand has lodg'd the ſudden dart.

5.

Their dire deſigns, in guilt allied,
They form; ſecure, their ſnares provide;
" And Who our aim ſhall thwart? What eye
" (They aſk,) the hidden death deſcry?"

6.

With future miſchiefs teem their breaſts,
As each to each new wiles ſuggeſts,
And ſeek in art's obſcureſt veil
Their guilty purpoſe to conceal.

7.

Ah! whither ſhall the Murth'rers fly?
Behold the arrow from on high
Deſcend, that bears upon its wing
The wrath of heav'n's offended King.

8.

Their tongue, that ſeeks another's hurt,
Itſelf their footſteps ſhall ſubvert,

And Paſſers by with inward dread
Behold them on the earth outſpread.

9.

Each heart ſhall own, with rev'rent thought,
That Thou the work, great God, haſt wrought,
And, pleas'd, thy chaſtiſement ſhall trace,
Inflicted on their guilty Race;

10.

While, reſcu'd from their rage, the Pure
In peaceful reſt ſhall live ſecure,
And with triumphant joy the Juſt
Exulting fix on Thee their truſt.

PSALM LXV.

1.

THEE Sion's praiſe, O Lord, attends,
To Thee the frequent vow aſcends
From each whom Salem's walls behold
Among her faithful Sons inroll'd:
To Thee, whoſe ready ear the pray'r
Prevents, ſhall Man's whole Race repair:

Behold,

2.

Behold, their Maker taught to own,
Behold them bow before thy throne,
Amidſt them at thy footſtool I,
Preſs'd with a weight of guilt, apply,
Aſſur'd from thy free grace to win
The wiſh'd atonement of my ſin.

3.

Bleſt, who by ſweet experience knows,
What joys thy preſence, Lord, beſtows,
The Man, who, privileg'd by Thee,
Thy face in near approach ſhall ſee,
Behold thy beams effulgent play,
And in thy dwelling fix his ſtay.

4.

Let Iſrael's Tribes, their Foes o'erthrown,
The terrors of thy juſtice own,
O Thou, the hope of human Race,
Of all whom earth's wide arms embrace,
Of all, who toſt by tempeſts, ſweep
The ſurface of the pathleſs deep.

In

5.

In Thee they truſt, who girt with pow'r
Haſt bid the mountains heav'nward tow'r,
And fix'd their baſe; ---who know'ſt to rein
The inſults of the foaming main,
Check the brute waves that roar aloud,
And ſtill the madneſs of the Croud.

6.

Remoteſt Realms with dire diſmay
Thy wonders, mightieſt Lord, ſurvey;
Struck with ſurprize thy pow'r they own,
And humbled bow before thy throne;
While, as they walk th' ethereal round,
The Morn and Eve thy praiſe reſound.

7.

Thou teacheſt, Lord, the grateful ſoil
To recompenſe the Tiller's toil:
By unexhauſted ſprings ſupplied
Thy river pours its copious tide,
And bids the ſtrength-infuſing grain
Earth's countleſs Family ſuſtain.

8.

The clouds, in frequent ſhow'rs diſtill'd,
Drop fatneſs on the pregnant field,
Break the tough glebe, the furrows chear,
And crown with good the gliding year;
Th' exulting hills, th' extended waſte,
Thy gifts in rich profuſion taſte.

9.

Nurs'd by thy care the fleecy Train
Inveſts with white the rural plain,
While, as beneath the fav'ring ſkies
In crouded ranks the harveſts riſe,
The laughing vale aſſumes a tongue,
And burſts triumphant into ſong.

PSALM LXVI.

1.

YE Sons of Men, in God rejoice;
Lift in one choir your thankful voice,
And ſpread through earth's extended frame
The honour of your Maker's name.

Ye

2.

Ye Nations round aſſembled meet;
Thus let your ſong his praiſe repeat;
Eternal Ruler of the ſkies,
How awful are thy works, how wiſe!

3.

Thy late obdurate Foes behold,
By thy ſuperior ſtrength controul'd,
With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
And earth's whole empire own thy ſway.

4.

Each Tribe of human Race to Thee
Shall ſuppliant bend the humble knee,
Each tongue in hymns of praiſe ſhall join,
And joyful bleſs the name divine.

5.

O come, and view with rev'rent thought
The acts by heav'n's high Monarch wrought,
His wonders ſhown ſince time began,
And friendlike intercourſe with Man.

His

6.

His word the deep's vaſt channel dried,
And backward roll'd th' obedient tide ;
Aw'd by his voice the briny flood
In liquid heaps ſuſpended ſtood.

7.

Now ſafe athwart its ſandy bed
By Him our reſcu'd Troops are led,
Now loſt in grateful tranſport ſtand,
And ſhouts of triumph ſhake the ſtrand.

8.

Time's lateſt period long o'erpaſt,
His pow'r ſhall ſelf-ſupported laſt ;
His eyes the earth ſurvey ;---in vain
Its rebel Sons oppoſe his reign.

9.

Ye Nations all of various tongue,
To Jacob's God exalt the ſong ;
Sing, ſing aloud, that Nature's ear
His praiſe through all her bounds may hear,---

10.

Whoſe wakeful care within our breaſt,
Though countleſs Foes our peace infeſt,
Still gives the vital pulſe to beat,
And guards from dread of lapſe our feet.

11.

Oft has thy hand, all-potent Lord,
By various proof our faith explor'd,
And bid the flame each heart refine,
As ſilver recent from the mine.

12.

Now round us waves the net, and now
Beneath oppreſſion's weight we bow,
While o'er our heads the Sons of pride
With hoſtile ſcorn exulting ride.

13.

Through fires, through torrents, led by Thee,
At length th' expected land we ſee,
Where ſtreams irriguous cleave the ſoil,
And crown with wealth the Tiller's toil.

Lo,

14.

Lo, to thy dome, my God and King,
The ſacred holocauſt I bring,
That late, oppreſs'd by ſorrow's cloud,
To Thee with fervent lip I vow'd.

15.

Before thy altar's kindled fire
The promis'd victims ſhall expire,
Here bleed the full-fed goat, and here
The fleecy ram, and ſtubborn ſteer.

16.

O come, ye Souls, that fear your God,
And learn his grace on me beſtow'd,
As, ſupplicating loud, my tongue
Wak'd to his praiſe the hallow'd ſong.

17.

Had conſcious guilt my boſom ſtain'd,
How had his ear my pray'r diſdain'd,
That upward now through tracts of day
In ſure acceptance wings its way!

18.

Bleſt be my God, who, thron'd on high,
Rejects not from his care my cry,
Nor, while afflictions round me riſe,
His mercy to my ſoul denies.

PSALM LXVII.

1.

MAY God his fav'ring ear incline,
And bid his face on Iſrael ſhine,
That all thy counſels, Lord, may know,
Where earth extends, or oceans flow,
And, thankful, to their wondring eyes
Behold thy wiſh'd ſalvation riſe.
To Thee, of life th' eternal Spring,
Inviſible, All-potent King,
One chorus let the Nations raiſe,
One ſhout of univerſal praiſe.

2.

Ye diſtant Realms, your voice employ
In ſongs of gratitude and joy;

Exult,

Exult, each Tribe, exult, each Land;
Heav'n's mighty Lord with equal hand
The balance holds, and Earth's domain
Shall own to lateſt age his reign.
To Thee, of life th' eternal Spring,
Inviſible, All-potent King,
One chorus let the Nations raiſe,
One ſhout of univerſal praiſe.

3.

So, warm'd by genial ſuns, the field
With full increaſe its fruits ſhall yield,
And God, thy God, O Iſrael, ſhed
His choiceſt bleſſings on thy head.
God ſhall on us his bleſſings ſhow'r,
And Man's whole Race revere his pow'r.
To Thee, of life th' eternal Spring,
Inviſible, All-potent King,
One chorus let the Nations raiſe,
One ſhout of univerſal praiſe.

PSALM LXVIII.

1.

LET God ariſe, and let his Foes,
His arm unable to oppoſe,
Back from the field, with wild affright
O'erwhelm'd, precipitate their flight.

2.

Behold, great God, the impious Hoſt
Like ſmoke in quick diſperſion loſt;
Behold them, at thy look expire,
Diſſolv'd, as wax before the fire.

3.

While All, who own thy juſt command,
Exulting in thy preſence ſtand,
And bid the ſhout of triumph riſe
Loud echoing to the diſtant ſkies.

4.

Your ſongs for Iſrael's God prepare,
Who, ſeated on his regal car,

Triumphant

Triumphant o'er the defert wide
In ſolemn ſtate is ſeen to ride :---

5.

His name Jehovah ; theme of praiſe
Exhauſtleſs ! ---in his preſence raiſe
The grateful ſtrain, and joyous ſing
The mercies of your heav'nly King.

6.

Their Parent Him the Orphans hail ;
He bids the Widow's cauſe prevail,
And, ſhrin'd above th' empyreal ſky,
Extends to all his equal eye ;---

7.

A manſion to the Outcaſt gives,
The Captive from his chain relieves ;
But bids the Sinner wear away
In barren wilds his ſhorten'd day.

8.

O Lord, when o'er th' extended waſte
Thy preſence before Iſrael paſt,

And,

And, beaming o'er thy People's head,
Their Bands to certain conqueſt led,---

9.

Earth, groaning to its centre, reel'd,
The Heav'ns, in clouds diſſolv'd, beheld
The footſteps of th' approaching God,
Ev'n Sinai bow'd with lowly nod.

10.

While yet the burning ſands they tread,
Thy kindlieſt rains, around them ſhed,
Beſpeak them fav'rites of thy care,
And Nature's wearied pow'rs repair.

11.

Thus joy the Tribes whom thou haſt lov'd,
Thus boaſt their lot by thee improv'd,
Whoſe aid the Humble and the Poor
Shall ne'er with fruitleſs vows implore.

12.

Heav'n's mighty Monarch gave the word;
His mandate Sion's Daughters heard,

And

And thus in one aſſembled Throng
With ſweet accordance form the Song:

13.

" Kings with their Hoſts have fled; and We,
" Who ſate from toils of battle free,
" Content the houſhold's care to guide,
" The Victor's richeſt ſpoils divide."

14.

Again, their form obſcur'd awhile
By taſks of ſervitude and toil,
Again the Sons of Abraham's line
Array'd in ſpotleſs luſtre ſhine,---

15.

As doves, while obvious to the Sun
From plume to plume the ſplendors run,
Their wings in ſilver dipt unfold,
And necks that glow with living gold.

16.

While back thy Foes, O Iſrael, turn,
Thy God amid thy gloom a morn

Preſents, unſullied as the ſnow
Diffus'd o'er Salmon's ample brow.

17.

No more, O Baſan, vaunt thy height,
That ſtrikes with awe the diſtant ſight;
No more, ye ſwelling Mountains, riſe
In haughty triumph to the ſkies:

18.

On humbler Sion's favour'd head
His tent th' eternal King has ſpread,
Her ſacred hill his choice confeſt,
And laſting manſion of his reſt.

19.

Ten thouſand cars, and yet again
Ten thouſand cars, in lengthen'd train
Along her hallow'd way proceed,
While God the pomp vouchſafes to lead,---

20.

Thus Iſrael views within her ſhrine
(Bleſt ſeat of Majeſty divine,)

The

The ſcene that erſt his Tribes beheld
On Sinai's myſtic top reveal'd.

21.

Admiring Crouds with upcaſt eye
Have ſeen thee, Lord, aſcend on high:
Behind thee move a captive Train,
Faſt fetter'd with the ſervile chain,

22.

While gifts through Thee on all below
From heav'n's high throne tranſmitted flow,
A Race, who ſhun'd thy laws to own,
Thy preſence and thy aid have known.

23.

To God, our ever-conſtant aid,
Be thanks and ceaſeleſs honour paid:
To whom belongs the pow'r to ſave
His Servants from th' expecting grave.

24.

On Him thy wiſh'd ſalvation reſts;
Him, Iſrael, praiſe; whoſe high beheſts

Death's dreaded march thro' Earth's domain
To paths by Him preſcrib'd reſtrain.

25.

To each, whoſe heart rejects his ſway,
His terrors ſhall their guilt repay;
Deſtruction, with unwearied pace,
Through Sin's dark maze their path ſhall trace;

26.

Intent on plans of future ill,
His ſtroke the hairy ſcalp ſhall feel,
And ſhare the vengeance, thus aloud
Denounc'd on the rebellious Croud.

27.

" Once more from Baſan's fertile plain,
" Once more from the divided Main
" Thee, Jacob, my reſiſtleſs hand
" Shall lead, and guard thy choſen Band.

28.

" When Foes thy ſword preſumptuous brave,
" Thy feet the ſanguine ſtream ſhall lave,

" Thy

" Thy dogs devour the ſlaughter'd Throng,
" And tinge with impious gore their tongue."

29.

My God, my King, with joyful view
Thy ſteps our wond'ring eyes purſue,
As on thou moveſt to thy ſhrine
Attended by thy choſen Line.

30.

Before the Singers walk; behind
The Minſtrels tread, in concert join'd,
While, in the midſt, the Virgin Train
Awake the timbrel's loudeſt ſtrain.

31.

" Your praiſes" (thus begins the lay,)
" To heav'n's eternal Sov'reign pay,
" Ye Tribes that boaſt your hallow'd Race
" From Iſrael's fruitful ſource to trace."

32.

Leaſt of that Race, Thou, Benjamin,
With mightier Judah there art ſeen,

While

While Naphthali's glad Chiefs conſpire
With Zebulon to form the choir.

33.

Strong in thy God, O Iſrael, riſe;
And Thou, great Ruler of the ſkies,
Thy Work perpetuate; and increaſe
Thy People's ſtrength by laſting peace.

34.

O let thy grace and boundleſs love,
Fair Salem's ſhrine incircling, move
Aſſembled Kings her courts to greet,
And caſt their gifts before thy feet.

35.

The Beaſt, that from his reedy bed
On Nile's proud bank uplifts the head,
Rebuke, and check the impious Band
Who lift to idol Gods the hand;

36.

From whom the heifer, and the ſteer
The offer'd vow unconſcious hear,

While

While to the ſilver's tinkling ſound
Their feet in ſolemn dance rebound.

37.

Their thirſt of war, great God, reſtrain,
And backward drive their ſcatter'd Train;
So, ſummon'd from her fartheſt end,
Shall Egypt's Lords to Salem bend.

38.

So ſhall Arabia's fertile land
Extend to Thee the ſuppliant hand;
The various Realms that Earth divide,
Shall ſing to Iſrael's God and Guide.

39.

God o'er the ſkies, in awful ſtate,
From earlieſt age, exalted fate;
His voice, in frequent thunders giv'n,
Tremendous ſhakes the vault of Heav'n.

40.

To Him the pow'r aſcribe, whoſe rays
To Jacob's view conſpicuous blaze,

Who

Who downward from th' ethereal height
O'er ſubject Worlds extends his ſight.

41.

What terrors from thy preſence flow!
O Thou, of Iſrael's Foes the Foe,
Whoſe ſtrength his arm for toil prepares,
And crowns with ſure ſucceſs his wars.

42.

Bleſt be the name of Iſrael's Lord,
The God by Jacob's Sons ador'd,
To Him, till time ſhall reach its end,
Let ſongs of higheſt praiſe aſcend.

PSALM LXIX.

1.

TO Thee I call; O haſte thee near,
My voice, great God, indulgent hear;
Extend thy powerful arm, and ſave
My ſoul from the voracious wave.

In

2.

In depths of mire behold me bound;
In vain my ſinking feet the ground
Explore; while high above my head
The whelming floods their billows ſpread.

3.

Faint are my limbs, my palate dry,
While ceaſeleſs to my God I cry;
With waſting orbs my eyes attend
To ſee his promis'd grace deſcend.

4.

My Foes in number far exceed
The hairs, that ſhade my hapleſs head;
Relentleſs Foes, that, arm'd with pow'r,
My ſoul have labour'd to devour;

5.

Yet pure of each offence I ſtand,
Plight to their terms my willing hand,
Nor ſhun (Extortion's eaſy prey,)
The wrong-imputed debt to pay.

6.

To Thee, my God, to Thee alone
The errors of my heart are known;
Thine eyes my inmoſt guilt have view'd,
Nor can my thought thy ſearch elude.

7.

O let not, heav'nly Lord, thine aid,
Thus long to my requeſt delay'd,
Their hope to hoſtile ſcorn conſign,
Whoſe hearts on Iſrael's God recline.

8.

Thy cauſe, by me avow'd, my fame
To inſult gives, my cheek to ſhame;
The impious Mockers on me gaze,
Each eye, each lip contempt betrays.

9.

Domeſtic wrath and kindred hate,
In thy defence, my ſoul await;
The Brothers of my blood in me
An Alien and an Outcaſt ſee.

The

10.

The zeal, that to thy houſe I bear,
My ſoul conſumes; each taunt ſevere,
That loud-tongu'd rage for thee intends,
On me with fulleſt weight deſcends.

11.

Diſſolv'd in tears, with faſting worn,
What obloquy my ſoul has borne!
My loins, with ſorrow's garb o'erſpread,
With jeſts their cruel fancy fed.

12.

I paſs the crouded gate, purſu'd
By laughter and reproaches rude,
The proverb of the Drunkard's tongue,
And theme familiar of his ſong.

13.

O let me in th' accepted hour
In pray'r to Thee my ſpirit pour;
Thine ear in full accordance bend,
And pleas'd thy promis'd help extend.

14.

Snatch from the miry depths my feet;
Back let my furious Foes retreat,
Safe from their hate thy Servant keep,
Nor leave him ſinking in the deep.

15.

O then the ſwelling ſtorm aſſuage,
Ere yet the flood's remorſeleſs rage
In dreadful whirlpools wrap me round,
And plunge me in the dark profound.

16.

Hear, Lord, and to my ſoul diſplay
Thy mercy's all-enliv'ning ray;
Look down, eternal God, look down,
Behold me, but without a frown.

17.

Ne'er to thy Servant's longing eye
Thy face, amidſt my woes, deny,
Haſte to my aid, O haſte thee near,
Releaſe my ſoul from hoſtile fear.

Thine

18.

Thine ears have heard each inſult keen,
Thine eyes, juſt Lord, my ſhame have ſeen,
And ſtedfaſt mark'd the adverſe Band,
That, leagu'd in guilt, around me ſtand.

19.

My ſoul, by evil tongues aſſail'd,
Unequal to the conflict fail'd;
I wiſh'd, in vain, ſome Friend to find,
Whoſe voice might ſoothe my troubled mind.

20.

Theſe, 'mid the Croud that wait me nigh,
Gall to my loathing lips apply;
While Theſe my thirſt's afflictive rage
With juice of ſharpeſt taſte aſſuage.

21.

While pleas'd the ſocial board they ſhare,
Let death around it plant a ſnare,
And what ſhould bliſs and health beſtow
With aim inverted work their woe.

Let

22.

Let blindneſs check their fell deſigns,
Bow with affliction's weight their loins,
And let thy wrath, with looſen'd rein,
Deſcending cruſh the rebel Train.

23.

Let horror and deſtruction drear
Amid their tents the ſtandard rear,
Nor human Habitant be found
Within their dome's capacious round;---

24.

Since, unprovok'd, with murth'rous view,
Whom thou haſt ſmitten they purſue,
And ſeek, inſtinct with cruel joy,
The Man of ſorrows to deſtroy.

25.

Let All, whoſe hearts no warnings bend
From depth to depth in ſin deſcend,
Ne'er, touch'd by healing mercy, ſee
The path that leads to bliſs and thee.

Let

26.

Let vengeance, kindled to a flame,
Blot from the earth their hateful name,
Nor let them, 'mid thy chofen Band,
In life's fair page recorded ftand.

27.

And O! while prefs'd with ills I lie,
Caft on my ftate a pitying eye,
And let thy mercy to my grief
In full fufficience yield relief.

28.

For this to Thee my voice I rear;
Nor fhall the hoof'd and horned fteer,
New draughted from the fat'ning field,
A facrifice fo grateful yield.

29.

Ye Meek, who feek God's faving aid,
His love, in my releafe difplay'd,
His love your dying hearts fhall chear,
Who ftoops the captive Poor to hear.

O praife

30.

O praiſe him, Heav'n, and Seas, and Earth,
And All whom nature wakes to birth;
Him praiſe, who Sion deigns to ſhield,
Whoſe hand ſhall Judah's cities build.

31.

He bids her Sons the land divide,
Where unmoleſted ſhall reſide,
Through rolling time's extended year,
A Race devoted to his fear.

PSALM LXX.

1.

HASTE to my aid, my Saviour, haſte;
My ſoul, by hoſtile numbers chas'd,
To thee directs its pray'r;
In wild confuſion backward borne
Their wiſh defeated let them mourn,
And loſt in empty air.

Be

2.

Be ſhame their juſt reward aſſign'd,
While round me with relentleſs mind
Deriſion's ſhout they raiſe:
Thy bliſs let All, who ſeek thee, ſhare,
And, taught thy love, that love declare
In ſongs of ceaſeleſs praiſe.

3.

While Theſe in thy ſalvation joy,
Increaſing griefs my thought employ,
And ſpeedieſt aid demand.
My Helper and Redeemer, hear;
O, inſtant in my cauſe appear,
And reach thy ſaving hand.

PSALM LXXI.

1.

ON thee, O God, with ſteady frame,
O blaſt not thou my hope with ſhame,
On thee my Soul its truſt has ſtaid,
And aſks thy juſtice to its aid.

2.

Thy Servant, God of Gods ſupreme,
O hear, and haſten to redeem;
Be thou my rock, and ſafe reſort;---
My rock thou art, my ſtrongeſt fort.

3.

Thy lips my reſcue have decreed,
And bid each threaten'd ill recede;
O let thy promis'd help o'erthrow
Each impious and revengeful Foe.

4.

On thee my hopes ſupported ſtand;
My life from earlieſt youth thy hand
(That life which firſt from thee began,)
Preſerv'd, and led me up to Man.

5.

When lodg'd within the womb I lay,
Thy care produc'd me to the day,
And, while that care my years prolongs,
Thy name ſhall animate my ſongs.

Though

6.

Though Crouds, with ſilent gaze, in me
A ſpectacle of wonder ſee,
Amidſt my grief, amidſt my pain,
Thy love ſhall ſtill my faith ſuſtain.

7.

Thy arm in my relief employ,
That ſoon, my hope abſorb'd in joy,
From op'ning dawn to cloſing eve
Thy praiſes on my tongue may live.

8.

O let me not, almighty Friend,
While with a weight of age I bend,
And wearied nature's ſuccours fail,
The abſence of thine aid bewail.

9.

" Behold" (ſuch words the ranc'rous heart
Suggeſts, while, pleas'd, with ſecret art
My Foes the deathful ſnare provide,)
" A Wretch, whom God has caſt aſide .

10.

" Come," (thus, by lawleſs counſel led,
Aloud they cry) " deſtruction ſpread ;
" Purſue, and mark him for the grave ;
" Purſue ; for none is nigh to ſave."

11.

My God, my God, depart not far,
But haſte, and make my life thy care ;
O obvious to my pray'r ariſe ;
Nor let their guilt eſcape thine eyes.

12.

Let ſhame, let death their deeds repay,
Who wiſh my guiltleſs ſoul their prey,
And black diſgrace their name o'erſpread,
Who aim their miſchiefs at my head.

13.

My heart ſhall ſtill on Thee depend ;
My thankful voice to Thee aſcend,
And, through the day, my God and King,
Thy juſtice, thy ſalvation ſing.

Thy

14.

Thy mercies, Lord, all praiſe ſurmount,
No numbers can their ſum recount,
For ne'er can words in equal ſtrain
The meaſure of thy love explain.

15.

Lo! in thy ſtrength I take my way,
Thou art my God, and thou my ſtay;
Thy righteouſneſs alone, and love
My heart ſhall warm, my ſong improve.

16.

Thy leſſons on my youthful breaſt
Fair wiſdom's ſacred lines impreſs'd,
And taught me, each advancing hour,
To ſpeak the wonders of thy pow'r.

17.

Recede not now, while grey with years,
His hands to thee thy Servant rears,
Nor e'er thy wonted help withhold,
Till, pleas'd, my tongue thy acts has told :---

Such

18.

Such acts as ſhall the ear invite
Of All, who now th' ethereal light
Enjoy, and oft rehears'd engage
The wonder of each future age.

19.

How great thy pow'r, thy works how great!
Say, what in earth, or heav'n's high ſeat,
What ſhall the ſearching eye to Thee
Or Equal, Lord, or Second, ſee?

20.

How haſt thou bid my ſoul to know
A long viciſſitude of woe,
Yet, back return'd, with quick'ning ray
Haſt chas'd each cloud of grief away!

21.

Thy hand, when earth had clos'd me round,
Has ſnatch'd me from the dark profound,
My head with endleſs honours bleſs'd,
And ſooth'd my anxious thoughts to reſt.

O Thou,

22.

O Thou, whom, wrapt in holy fear,
The Sons of Iſrael's line revere;
Thy pow'r, thy mercy ſhall my lay
In ſweet harmonious ſounds diſplay.

23.

Thy truth my pſalt'ry ſhall inſpire,
And tune to loudeſt notes my lyre,
My willing lips with praiſe o'erflow,
My reſcu'd ſoul with tranſport glow.

24.

From morn to night, indulgent Lord,
My tongue thy juſtice ſhall record;
That gave the period to my woes,
And whelm'd in ſhame my vaunting Foes.

PSALM LXXII.

1.

INSTRUCT, great God, the kingly heart,
Nor ceaſe thy guidance to impart,
Till, pleas'd, the Heir of Judah's throne
Thy precept's full extent has known.

2.

So ſhall his hand diſpenſe thy laws,
Prompt to defend the poor Man's cauſe,
In his protecting arm the Meek
With ſure ſucceſs their aid ſhall ſeek.

3.

Peace from the fort-clad mountain's brow
Shall bleſs the happy plains below,
And juſtice from each rocky cell
Shall violence and fraud expel.

4.

In him the Souls to ſcorn conſign'd
The Advocate and Friend ſhall find;

His

His arm their injur'd Race ſhall right,
And cruſh the proud Oppreſſor's might.

5.

Thy fear ſucceeding times ſhall own,
Long as the ſun and waxing moon,
With varied light, in ſwift career,
Alternate guide the circling year.

6.

The Son from heav'n his grace ſhall pour
Delightful as the copious ſhow'r,
Whoſe drops refreſh the new-ſhorn plain,
And ſwell with life the foodful grain.

7.

His care the Juſt aloft ſhall raiſe,
Nor fair proſperity his days
Deſiſt to crown, till round the pole
The meaſur'd months ſhall ceaſe to roll.

8.

From ſea to ſea his wide command
Shall reach, and from Euphrates' ſtrand

Through realms of various tongue extend
Far as to earth's remoteſt end.

9.

To him the deſert's Tribes ſhall kneel;
His Foes, that on their conqu'ring ſteel
Repos'd ere-while their frantic truſt,
Shall proſtrate fall, and lick the duſt.

10.

Before Meſſiah's preſence meet
The Chiefs, at whoſe imperial feet
Arabia's far-divided ſhores
Prolific ſpread their richeſt ſtores.

11.

See Kings from Tharſis and each iſle
Their preſents bring with willing toil;
Each Prince to him ſhall homage pay,
Each Nation own his equal ſway.

12.

He, when the helpleſs Poor ſhall cry,
Shall hear propitious from on high,

Health

Health to their fainting ſouls convey,
And challenge from the grave its prey.

13.

Nor fraud, nor rapine's iron hand
Shall dare to touch the pious Band;
For ſacred is their blood, and high
Its price in his paternal eye.

14.

Long ſhall he live, and Sheba's gold
In tributary heaps behold
Diſplay'd, while Crouds ſhall ſuppliant bow,
And thankful pay their daily vow.

15.

Lift to the mountain's height your eyes;
And ſee the yellow harveſts riſe,
Wide-waving, as the verdure ſpread
On Lebanon's exalted head.

16.

Behold his cities o'er the plain
Pour from their gates a num'rous Train,

And healthful as the vernal birth,
That ſhades with green the joyous earth.

17.

From age to age the orb of day
His brighter glories ſhall ſurvey,
While Man's whole Race his love confeſs,
And, bleſt in him, his name ſhall bleſs.

18.

Exalt, exalt your heav'nly Lord,
In all his wond'rous acts ador'd:
To him in loftieſt praiſes join,
And bleſs the Majeſty divine;—

19.

That Majeſty, whoſe cloudleſs rays
O'er earth's capacious round ſhall blaze:
To Him again in praiſes join;
O bleſs the Majeſty divine.

PSALM

PSALM LXXIII.

1.

YES: mightieſt Lord! My ſoul has known
Thy Love to Iſrael's Offspring ſhown,
And owns the bliſs by Thee ordain'd
To each, who bears a heart unſtain'd.

2.

Yet, griev'd, awhile thy paths, my God,
With heſitating ſtep I trod,
And, but for Thee, the faithful Guide,
My erring feet had ſwerv'd aſide.

3.

As fix'd in happieſt ſtate I ſee
The Foes to virtue, truth, and Thee,
Their bleſſings on my thoughts impreſt,
With envy near had fill'd my breaſt.

4.

Health ſtrings their nerves; and death, (their hour
Approaching), with remitted pow'r

And

And ſlow advance his eaſy doom
Inflicting, bows them to the tomb.

5.

Forbid the gen'ral lot to ſhare
Of pain, affliction, want, and care,
The lawleſs Tribe with cruel ſkill
Augment the woes that others feel.

6.

Pride on their neck its chain has bound,
And violence inveſts them round;
Their ſwelling eyes and pamper'd frame
Their boundleſs appetite proclaim.

7.

Their wiſhes by ſucceſs outrun,
Their headlong wills controulment ſhun;
And words, with fury wing'd, impart
The genuine dictates of their heart.

8.

Lo, train'd to inſolence and wrong
Againſt the heav'ns their impious tongue

Defiance

Defiance and reproach has hurl'd,
And unreſiſted walks the world.

9.

Untaught to ſcan thy wiſe decree,
With wonder, Lord, thy People ſee
Life's choiceſt gifts their want ſupply,
Whoſe breaſts thy ev'ry threat defy:---

10.

Who aſk, "Shall He our acts ſurvey,
"Whoſe hands th' ethereal ſceptre ſway?
"Shall He, inthron'd above the ſtars,
"To earth's low ſcene extend his cares?"

11.

While daring Mortals thus each hour
Thee, Lord, inſult, and brave thy pow'r,
Yet, ſunk in eaſe, and bleſt with health,
Amaſs in heaps their growing wealth;---

12.

In vain, (thy Servant cried,) in vain,
I purge my breaſt from ev'ry ſtain,

My

My acts conform to thy commands,
And wash in innocence my hands.

13.

Each day oppreſt with fierceſt pains,
Thy ſcourge my chaſten'd ſoul ſuſtains,
Each morn, that riſing ſtreaks the ſky,
Awakes me but to miſery.

14.

My heart, awhile by grief aſſail'd,
In ſilence long its thought has veil'd,
Leſt doubts like mine thy Saints betray
From thy decrees, great God, to ſtray.

15.

Thy conduct weigh'd, awhile my mind
Its hidden cauſe eſſay'd to find;
That cauſe, as deeper it inquires,
Still farther from its ſearch retires.

16.

Thy fane at length I ſeek: and there,
(My anxious ſoul effus'd in pray'r,)

Inſtructed

Inſtructed by thy ſpirit, read
The period to their guilt decreed.

17.

I ſee Thee on the ſlipp'ry ſeat
Of high ambition plant their feet,
Then mark them as they downward bend,
And headlong to the earth deſcend.

18.

Thy hand in unexpected hour
Deſtroys the phantom of their pow'r,
How ſwift, how ſudden is their fate!
What horrors, Lord, their death await!

19.

Wrapt in oblivion's ſhade they lie,
Their image vaniſh'd from the eye,
As the light fabric of a dream,
Diſſolv'd by day's intruding beam.

20.

Such woes, in error's fetters chain'd,
Such heart-felt anguiſh, I ſuſtain'd,

Inſenſate, as the brutes that rove
Th' extended wild, or ſhady grove.

21.

Yet ſtill thy care confeſs'd me Thine;
My hand within the hand divine
Was lock'd; Thou, Thou, almighty Friend,
Propitious ſhalt my cauſe defend.

22.

By thy directive counſel led,
Life's maze I yet, ſecure, ſhall tread,
And wait till thy appointed hour
The promis'd glory round me pour.

23.

O ſay, in heav'n's capacious round
What Friend like Thee my Soul has found;
Or who, great God, on earth reſides,
Whoſe love with Thine my breaſt divides.

24.

My heart, my fleſh have fail'd; but Thee
My laſting heritage I ſee;

Thy

Thy ſtrength my fainting ſpirit cheers,
And checks my grief, and calms my fears.

25.

Who, taught to ſpurn his equal ſway,
From Iſrael's God adult'rous ſtray,
His juſtice, with reverſeleſs doom,
In life's full vigour ſhall conſume.

26.

While, warm with holy tranſport, I
To Him with ſure ſucceſs apply,
Him truſt, and, guarded by his care,
To Man's whole Race his acts declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1.

O THOU, whoſe hand has Iſrael led,
His fold enlarg'd, his paſture ſpread,
Why haſt thou doom'd us thus to bear
A long excluſion from thy care?

2.

Why thus beneath thy anger groan
The Flock whom thou haſt ſeal'd thine own?
Call to thy thought the ſacred Band
Once own'd the purchaſe of thy hand:---

3.

The heritage by Thee redeem'd,
Fair Sion's mount, where copious ſtream'd
Th' eternal light, and ſpoke her ſhrine
The ſeat of majeſty divine.

4.

Lift to that ſeat thy ſteps again;
See deſolation ſpread her reign
Around it, and its wide extent
Each mark of hoſtile rage preſent.

5.

With clamours fierce a lawleſs Train
The ſilence of thy courts profane,
And bid their ſtandard to the ſkies
Aloft in haughty triumph riſe.

As

6.

As when the Woodman's ſtroke invades
The lofty grove's thick-woven ſhades,
So through thy temple's awful bounds,
Now here, now there, the axe reſounds.

7.

Down, down in ſhapeleſs ruins fall
The ſculptures fair that grac'd its wall,
Rich with the foreſt's nobleſt ſpoil,
And wrought by heav'n-directed toil.

8.

Along thy violated dome
Intruding flames licentious roam,
Swift, Lord, the fiery deluge ſtrays
And wraps the fabric in its blaze.

9.

Thy ſpacious courts, and tow'rs ſublime,
Whoſe roofs through long-revolving time
With holy wonder ſtruck each eye,
Now heap'd in dire confuſion lie.

" Come,"

10.

" Come," thus th' inſulting Foe has cried,
" Come, deal the vengeance far and wide ;
" And let the flames with equal doom
" Each houſe of Iſrael's God conſume."

11.

They ſpeak : and, inſtant, all around
The blazing ruins ſtrew the ground,
No more thy wonders to our eyes,
Bleſt ſignals of thy preſence, riſe.

12.

No more the Prophet's lips thy will
In myſtic oracles reveal,
Or to the People's view diſcloſe
The deſtin'd period of their woes.

13.

But ſay, O ſay, great God, how long
Thus unchaſtis'd the hoſtile tongue
Shall mock thy pow'r, thy fear diſclaim,
And load with loud reproach thy name.

While

14.

While crimes like theſe redreſs demand,
Why in thy boſom ſleeps thy hand?
O pluck it forth, and let the Foe
Repentant feel th' inflicted blow.

15.

Thee from of old my King I ſee,
Nor knows my heart a Friend but Thee:
Thine arm alone, in Jacob's right,
Has turn'd each adverſe Pow'r to flight.

16.

At thy command, the watry deeps
Suſpended ſtood, in liquid heaps;
And ſafe, as o'er the ſandy waſte,
Th' admiring Troops betwixt them paſt.

17.

The proud Leviathan, his head
Low to thy ſtroke ſubmitted, bled,
And, 'midſt returning waves, his train
Around their mighty King are ſlain.

While

18.

While rapine waits upon the ſtrand,
And calls from far her hungry Band,
That ſcatter'd range the deſert wide,
The promis'd banquet to divide.

19.

Thy ſtroke the rock's dark entrails clave;
Forth from its depth the foaming wave
Sprang inſtant, and with lengthen'd train
Irriguous lav'd the thirſty plain.

20.

Thy mandate Jordan's channel dried,
And backward roll'd his wond'ring tide;
While Iſrael's Sons, by Thee, O God,
Conducted, ſafe the channel trod.

21.

By Thee prepar'd, the night and day
Alternate walk th' ethereal way;
Thy art the ight's thin texture ſpun,
And with it cloth'd the jocund ſun.

Thy

22.

Thy hand the earth's vaſt fabric rounds,
Its balance fixes, marks its bounds,
With ſummer's flow'rs its glebe unbinds,
Or warps it with the wintry winds.

23.

Parent of Nature! God ſupreme!
While folly's Sons thy acts blaſpheme,
O vindicate thy name from wrong,
And ſilence the reproachful tongue.

24.

Let not the fangs of cruel pow'r
Thy trembling Turtle's life devour,
Nor dark oblivion's ſhade our pain
For ever from thy thought detain.

25.

O give the Flock, that bears thy name,
Thy fed'ral mercy yet to claim:
Behold within each cavern'd cell
Fraud, violence, and rapine dwell.

26.

Behold; and let th' afflicted Poor,
From terror and from ſhame ſecure,
With grateful heart, and joyous tongue,
Wake to thy praiſe the hallow'd ſong.

27.

Riſe, mightieſt Lord, thy cauſe defend:
Wide o'er a guilty Race extend
Thy rod, and let the needful blow
Repreſs the licence of the Foe.

28.

O let thy hand correct their ſin,
Whoſe hearts thy mercy fails to win,
Whoſe mad preſumption ev'ry hour
With heighten'd rage inſults thy pow'r.

PSALM LXXV.

1.

THY name, immortal God, thy name
Our love and higheſt praiſe ſhall claim,
Whoſe acts atteſt thee ever near,
And plant within each heart thy fear.

2.

To me, to me the hour is known,
When, ſeated on th' appointed throne,
My juſtice ſhall aſſert its laws,
And arbitrate each dubious cauſe.

3.

Though all the land before mine eye
Diſſolv'd in wide confuſion lie,
Secure from lapſe its pillars ſtand,
And reſt on my ſupporting hand.

4.

Lift not the horn, ye Sons of pride,
(Aloud with fierce rebuke I cried,)

Lift not the horn; nor thus in vain,
With ſtubborn neck oppoſe my reign.

5.

Shall pow'r, to eaſt or weſt inclin'd,
Float caſual on the wafting wind,
Or iſſue from the climes, that blaze
Beneath the ſun's meridian rays?

6.

That God, who erſt the heav'ns outſpread,
The regal crown from head to head
Transfers: wealth, honour, pow'r, his doom
At will ſhall grant, at will reſume.

7.

His hand the full-charg'd cup preſents,
While red with wrath its wine ferments,
Whoſe mixture earth's rebellious Train
Low to its utmoſt dregs ſhall drain.

8.

But I, with ſacred tranſport fill'd,
To Jacob's God my praiſe will yield;

Through

Through life's continu'd round, my tongue
Shall wake to Him the joyous ſong.

9.

Behold me, conqu'ring in his right,
Now cruſh the horn of impious might,
Now bid the Juſt, that proſtrate lies,
With lifted head triumphant riſe.

PSALM LXXVI.

1.

THY confines, Judah, God have known,
His greatneſs Iſrael's Offſpring own,
His glories Salem's temple fill,
And reſt on Sion's ſacred hill.

2.

There broke his hand the ſword and ſhield,
And caſt them uſeleſs on the field;
There ſnap'd the arrows wing'd with fire,
And bade the raging war expire.

O cloth'd

3.

O cloth'd with majeſty divine,
O ſay, what ſtrength ſhall equal Thine?
Not ſuch the mountains boaſt, whoſe ſeat
To Robbers yield a ſafe retreat.

4.

Each hoſtile, each inſulting Pow'r,
Thy Saints impatient to devour,
Who wont with ſpoils the earth to heap,
Now, ſpoil'd themſelves, have ſlept their ſleep.

5.

Amaz'd the Chiefs were ſeen to ſtand;
Nor knew the once reſiſtleſs hand
Its taſk, but, ſummon'd to their aid,
Shrunk trembling back and diſobey'd.

6.

The ſteed, the car that o'er the plain
Ruſh'd headlong on, nor heard the rein,
With horror ſtruck confeſs Thee nigh,
And wrapt in iron ſlumber lie.

Thou,

7.

Thou, Thou alone our fear ſhalt claim:
O who, when, kindled to a flame,
Thy vengeance ſhall its debt demand,
Shall dare within thy ſight to ſtand?

8.

Earth heard, when God the judgment gave,
And roſe his injur'd Saints to ſave,
In ſilent dread beheld his look,
And inſtant to her centre ſhook.

9.

While impious Crouds oppoſe thy reign,
Thou, Lord, their fury ſhalt reſtrain,
Thy ſtroke correct their ſtubborn will,
And teach them at thy ſhrine to kneel.

10.

Low to our God, ye Nations, bow,
Yield to his name the faithful vow,
Him ſerve with fear, and duteous bring
Your preſents to the heav'nly King;---

That

11.

That King, whoſe ſword, in wrath applied,
Lops in mid growth the Tyrant's pride,
And threatful bids each earthly throne
His mightier ſway ſubmiſſive own.

PSALM LXXVII.

1.

TO God my ſuppliant voice I rear,
With holy violence his ear
Solicit, and expectant kneel,
Till He my inward anguiſh heal.

2.

To Him with fervent zeal I cried,
In whom alone my hopes reſide;
With ſtretch'd out hand, and reſtleſs thought,
Beſet with woes, his aid I ſought.

3.

When night's dark ſhades the earth inveſt,
And weary nature ſinks to reſt,

Still,

Still, deaf to comfort, I complain,
And give my ſtruggling griefs the rein.

4.

Now fix'd on God, to him in pray'r
My fainting ſpirit pour'd its care,
And words in artleſs form compos'd,
The tumult of my Soul diſclos'd.

5.

Now, dumb with ſorrow while I weep,
My eyes their ceaſeleſs vigils keep:
Anon my mind its ſearch began;
And back to diſtant years I ran,---

6.

The years, whoſe wonders to my tongue
Yield fruitful themes of joyous ſong,
And deep inquiry to my breaſt
At midnight's thoughtful hour ſuggeſt.

7.

Will God a heart oppreſs'd as mine
For ever to its griefs reſign?

Has mercy from his boſom fled?
My hope his promiſe vainly fed?

8.

Forgets th' Almighty to be kind?
And ſhall his love, in wrath confin'd,
No more its wonted aid beſtow,
Or fix a meaſure to my woe?

9.

Now reaſon's pow'rs collected riſe,
And thus each anxious doubt chaſtiſe;
Though preſt with various ills I ſtand,
And mourn the changes of his hand,---

10.

His works, atchiev'd in ages paſt,
Shall fix'd in my remembrance laſt;
His wonders on my thought ſhall dwell,
My tongue his acts unwearied tell.

11.

For ſanctity thy counſel guides,
And o'er thy paths, bleſt Sire, preſides;

Where

Where finds, O where the ſearching eye
A God, with Iſrael's God to vie?

12.

Maker of All! at thy command
Revers'd the laws of nature ſtand;
Stupendous ſcenes thy acts afford,
And bid the Nations know their Lord.

13.

Let Jacob, and let Joſeph ſay,
How ſtrong thy arm to chaſe away
Each woe that waits thy People near,
Each danger that exites their fear.

14.

The deeps beheld thee, heav'nly King!
The deeps beheld thee; and each ſpring,
That roſe from out their ſandy bed,
Tumultuous own'd its ſudden dread.

15.

Inceſſant from the burſting cloud,
Down ſtream'd the bidden rain; aloud

Peal'd the big thunder ; through the ſky
Thy flaming ſhafts were ſeen to fly ;---

16.

And, as thy voice around the pole
In awful threats was heard to roll,
Earth trembling groan'd, while o'er her head
Its livid ſheet the lightning ſpread.

17.

Wide yawn'd the flood from ſhore to ſhore,
And op'd a path unknown before,
While Iſrael's Guardian, and his God
With trackleſs ſtep its channel trod.

18.

As ſheep to diſtant paſtures led,
Secure thy People march'd, convey'd
By Moſes' and by Aaron's hand
To promis'd Canaan's happy land.

PSALM

PSALM LXXVIII.

1.

YE Nations, to my law give ear,
The dictates of my lips revere,
While heav'n-taught parables they yield,
And truths in myſtic ſong conceal'd;---

2.

Truths, which, from earlieſt ages heard,
To us in ſacred truſt transferr'd,
From Sire to Son ſucceſſive flow,
That lateſt times our God may know;---

3.

That lateſt times in thankful verſe
His boundleſs mercies may rehearſe,
And own the wonders of his hand
Whoſe pow'r preſides o'er Judah's land.

4.

He, bounteous Parent of Mankind,
His law to Jacob's Race conſign'd,

(Fit

(Fit theme!---and worthy to engage
Th' attention of each future Age!)

5.

That Children, yet unborn, might learn
That law, and yield the juſt return;
Truſt in his aid, his works record,
And mark the precepts of his word:

6.

Unlike the Fathers of their line,
Who, Rebels to the will divine,
Turn'd from that word their ſtubborn ear,
Nor ſought his love, nor own'd his fear.

7.

Lo, Ephraim's Sons; a heartleſs Train,
That, arm'd for war, but arm'd in vain,
With bows unbended from the fight
In wild diſorder urg'd their flight.

8.

His ſacred league, and juſt decrees,
By them forgot, th' Almighty ſees,

His

His wonders by their Sires beheld
On Nile's wide banks, and Zoan's field.

9.

What hand but His, from ſide to ſide
Could bid the foaming deep divide,
In liquid heaps ſuſpended ſtand,
And ſafe tranſmit the choſen Band?

10.

That hand the cloud around them threw,
Day's kindled fervor, to ſubdue;
And, lit by him, with friendly ray
The fire nocturnal led their way.

11.

To quench their thirſt the copious wave,
Call'd from the rock, its waters gave,
And onward pour'd with headlong haſte,
Luxuriant lav'd the burning waſte.

12.

Strange to relate! yet, ſtranger ſtill,
Their Bands, rebellious to his will,

In

In raſh and heighten'd ſin conſpire,
And dare to wrath the heav'nly Sire.

13.

As Iſrael's Sons, by luſt impell'd,
Their courſe along the deſert held,
Each, from th' Almighty's lib'ral hands,
Meat for his fancied wants demands.

14.

" Will God, to give his People bread,
" A table in the deſert ſpread?
" Our eyes have own'd the flinty rock
" Obſequious to his mighty ſtroke,---

15.

" Have ſeen the ſtreams, with lengthen'd train,
" Run copious o'er the thirſty plain;
" But can his ſtores exhauſtleſs ſtill,
" With fleſh our hungring Myriads fill?"

16.

He hears, and now in kindling flames
His vengeance dire at Iſrael aims,

Whoſe

Whoſe impious ſpeech a heart betray'd
Diſtruſtful of his promis'd aid.

17.

God opes for Men the doors of heav'n,
Back to their wiſh the clouds are driv'n,
And, downward pour'd, th' ethereal grain
In wide profuſion fills the plain.

18.

Their wants attentive to ſupply,
He gives them manna from on high;
His fulleſt bounties they have known,
And Angels food, and theirs are one.

19.

The winds, that o'er the deſert fly,
New paths, by him directed, try,
And onward, through th' aerial way,
In flocks the vagrant fowls convey;

20.

Till o'er their tents the cloud impends,
And down the living ſhow'r deſcends,

Thick as the duſt, or as the ſand
That lies upon the ſea beat-ſtrand.

21.

Fed to the full, th' inſenſate Throng
At will the joyous feaſt prolong,
No more their frenzy they reſtrain,
But give their wild deſires the rein :---

22.

While o'er their heads the vengeful ſword
Hangs viewleſs, and but waits the word
To ſnatch their Princes to the tomb,
And Iſrael's choiceſt ſtrength conſume.

23.

See ſuff'rings ſtill to ſuff'rings join'd
Correct not Iſrael's faithleſs mind,
Though ſhorten'd in duration flow
Their years, and meaſur'd out by woe.

24.

When ſtruck by his reſiſtleſs hand,
Their Tribes lie ſcattered o'er the land,

Thus

Thus ſcourg'd, his pow'r they humbly own,
And early bow before his throne.

25.

With ſeeming gratitude poſſeſs'd,
His arm each tongue their ſhield confeſs'd;
And "Who ſo ſtrong to ſave," they cry,
"As Thou, great Ruler of the ſky?"

26.

Diſſembling praiſe their lips prepare,
And ſolemn mockery of pray'r,
While, deep within, a mind they nurſe
To truth and to his laws averſe.

27.

Yet He their treſpaſs can forgive,
And bid th' obdurate Sinners live;
Oft arts of mild perſuaſion tries,
Nor lets his whoſe diſpleaſure riſe.

28.

Indulgent He their frame ſurvey'd,
Of fleſh and frailty knew them made;

A wind, that, life's ſhort paſſage o'er,
Flits tranſient, and returns no more.

29.

The conſcious wilderneſs ſhall tell
How oft the thankleſs Race rebel;
How oft, by mercies unſubdu'd,
They grieve their Maker, juſt and good.

30.

Yea, frantic, to their will they bind
The counſels of th' eternal mind;
And boldly challenge to the teſt
His pow'r, ſo late their aid confeſt,---

31.

When Cham's proud Offspring felt his hand
Diffuſing vengeance through their land,
And ſcenes, each hour, to nature new,
In dreadful ſeries met their view.

32.

Their Nile corrupted now they mourn,
And, though with fierceſt thirſt they burn,

Start

Start back, affrighted, from the flood;
For, ah! its channel foams with blood.

33.

Athirſt for human gore, the fly
In countleſs legions fills the ſky,
And frogs, where'er th' Egyptians tread,
With dire intruſion round them ſpread.

34.

The beetle, cluſt'ring on their trees,
Now haſtes the ripen'd fruit to ſeize,
While locuſts fell the Tiller's toil
Conſume, and riot in the ſpoil.

35.

By furious blaſts deſtroy'd, and torn,
Their fallen ſhades the foreſts mourn;
Their froſt-burnt fig-trees fade and die,
Their vines by hailſtones ruin'd lie.

36.

The ſturdy tenants of the ſtall
Beneath the rattling tempeſts fall;

The

The flocks, by fire ethereal ſlain,
In heaps promiſcuous ſtrew the plain.

37.

Wrath, horror, trouble, at his word,
Quick on the guilty Race were pour'd,
And angel-forms with dreadful haſte
From door to door vindictive paſt.

38.

With courſe direct his vengeance flew,
Its path, by Him inſtructed, knew,
And peſtilence with noxious breath
Sow'd through the air the ſeeds of death.

39.

Now to the grave, with anguiſh torn,
Each mother yields her eldeſt-born,
And Egypt, through her waſted ſhores,
The firſt-fruits of her ſtrength deplores.

40.

Now, Iſrael, ſhines the day to thee,
That bids thy captive Sons go free,

Safe

Safe as beneath the Shepherd's care
The flocks from waſte to waſte repair.

41.

Each hoſtile fear by him diſpell'd,
Their deſtin'd courſe his People held,
While deep beneath the whelming wave
Their proud Purſuers found a grave.

42.

Behold them, borne to ſeats of reſt,
Seats by his hallow'd preſence bleſt,
With joyful ſtep the mount aſcend,
By his victorious arm obtain'd,

43.

Lo! there, reſiſtleſs, Jacob's Line
The Tribes whom Canaan's tents confine
By heaven's high doom appointed quell,
And from their forfeit lands expel.

44.

Yet, like their Sires, perverſe they prove,
Reject the offers of his love,

And

And led from wiſdom's path aſtray,
Purſue the tenour of their way ;

45.

As ſtarts aſlant the bow of ſteel,
And faithleſs mocks the Archer's ſkill,
They, Rebels to his juſt command,
Elude the guidance of his hand.

46.

On higheſt hills by Iſrael rais'd,
With impious flame the altars blaz'd,
While figures by the artiſt made
Thy honours, mightieſt Lord, invade.

47.

See, urg'd to wrath, th' eternal Sire
From Silo's hallow'd tent retire,
And quit the ſeat ſo lov'd before,
Reſolv'd with Man to dwell no more.

48.

His ark, inviolated ſhrine
Of ſtrength and majeſty divine,

Now

Now wanders captive o'er the plains,
Where guilt in all its horror reigns.

49.

Prevailing Foes, conven'd from far,
On Iſrael pour the tide of war,
While God his houſhold from on high
Beholds with alienated eye.

50.

No Virgins to the nuptial band
Aſſenting give the plighted hand,
While, ſnatch'd by the devouring fire,
Their Sons in early youth expire.

51.

The ſword deſtruction round them ſpread,
Nor ſpar'd the Prieſt's anointed head;
Nor lives the Widow to bemoan
Her Huſband's fate, but meets her own.

52.

His People's cry th' Eternal hears;
As wak'd from ſleep, his ſtrength he rears,

Shouts like a Giant chear'd with wine,
And wrathful lifts the arm divine.

53.

Th' averted Foe that arm confeſt,
With ſhame and dire diſeaſe oppreſs'd,
Struck with ſurpriſe and wild affright,
Inglorious backward urg'd their flight.

54.

But where, O Iſrael, ſhall thy God
Returning chuſe his bleſt abode?
Not Ephraim's dwellings to his eyes,
Nor thine, Manaſſeh, grateful riſe.

55.

On Judah's Tribe he plac'd his care;
Thy temple, Sion, founded there,
From age to age his love demands,
Fix'd as the ground whereon it ſtands.

56.

That Tribe a David's birth has known,
Rais'd from a ſheep-fold to a throne,

O'er

O'er Jacob's realms to ſtretch the rod,
And feed the Heritage of God.

57.

As o'er the waſte the teeming ewes
His eye with wakeful care purſues,
A voice arreſts the youthful ſwain,
And calls him from the humble plain.

26.

He hears, and, while each kingly art
Thy ſuccours to his breaſt impart,
All-potent Lord! with faithful mind
Abſolves the charge by Thee aſſign'd.

PSALM LXXIX.

1.

O ISRAEL's Father, King, and God!
The heathen Pow'rs thy lov'd abode
Rapacious ſeize; the heathen Pow'rs
Thy ſhrine profane; and Salem's tow'rs,

That ſtruck with ſacred awe the eye,
Now whelm'd in wide confuſion lie.

2.

Beaſts, and each bird, that wings the air,
Thy ſlaughter'd Saints inſatiate tear,
Whoſe blood beneath the victor's ſword
In ſtreams round Salem's walls was pour'd;
None wept their fall, or pitying gave
The cheap indulgence of a grave.

3.

See on our heads each neighbour Foe
Reproach and fierce deriſion throw;
See, Lord, and ſay how long thine ire
Shall blaze with unextingiſh'd fire?
How long thy flock are doom'd to prove
The ſad ſuſpenſion of thy love?

4.

On Nations, who thy laws diſown,
Nor yet, with humbled heart, have known
Thy pow'r to fear, thy name invoke,
On theſe, great God, inflict thy ſtroke;

On

On theſe,---who Jacob's ſtrength devour,
And ruin on his dwelling pour.

5.

O let not our tranſgreſſions paſt
Within thy breaſt remember'd laſt,
But haſte, while helpleſs thus we grieve,
Thy long loſt People to relieve,
And, Iſrael's treſpaſs purg'd away,
Thy boundleſs clemency diſplay.

6.

Bleſt Saviour! Let thy pow'r divine
Conſpicuous in our reſcue ſhine;
Say, why ſhould the reproaching Foe
His triumphs build on Judah's woe,
And aſk, while thus thy ſcourge we bear,
" Where's now your God, ye Outcaſts, where?"

7.

Behold, behold thy Servants ſlain;
Nor let their loud-tongued blood in vain
The vengeance of thine arm demand,
But give us o'er each hoſtile land

To

To ſee thy wrath terrific riſe,
And folly's impious Brood chaſtiſe.

8.

O hear the wretched Captive's groan;
The Souls, whom death has mark'd his own,
Propitious ſave; the ceaſeleſs wrongs,
By hands profane, and daring tongues,
Repeated, in thy balance weigh,
And ſev'nfold to thy Foes repay.

9.

So ſhall the flock acknowledg'd thine
To thee in grateful homage join,
To thee their loudeſt accents raiſe,
With thankful voices ſing thy praiſe;
And, long as Iſrael boaſts a name,
From Sire to Son tranſmit thy fame.

PSALM LXXX.

1.

SHEPHERD of Iſrael, bow thine ear;
O Thou our pray'r indulgent hear,
Who Joſeph's paſture haſt prepar'd,
His guide by day, by night his guard.

2.

Betwixt the Cherubs ſeated high,
Glad with thy beams our longing eye;
Thine aid, great God, intreated give,
And teach our fainting hope to live.

3.

With All, who from Manaſſes claim
Their birth, and All of Ephraim's name,
Each hoſtile Pow'r by thee o'erthrown,
Let Benjamin thy preſence own.

4.

Leader of Hoſts, Almighty Lord!
Extend thy ſuccour oft implor'd;

Turn us again, thy face diſplay,
And grief and fear ſhall fly away.

5.

How long, my God, ſhall Iſrael ſee
Thy wrath, while thus with bended knee
Their ſupplicating hands they ſpread,
Smoke unextinguiſh'd o'er their head?

6.

Her food the bread of tears, her draught
With ſorrow's largeſt mixture fraught,
Sad Sion ſees deriding Foes
Her Sons, their deſtin'd prey, incloſe.

7.

Leader of Hoſts, Almighty Lord!
Extend thy ſuccours oft implor'd;
Turn us again, thy face diſplay,
And grief and fear ſhall fly away.

8.

Each pow'r, O Lord, in league combin'd,
To juſt exciſion firſt conſign'd,

Behold

Behold a vine from Egypt's land,
Tranſplanted by thy foſt'ring hand.

9.

Behold in Canaan's ſhores, her bed
By Thee prepar'd, her root outſpread
Far as the utmoſt coaſt extends;
While o'er the hills her ſhade aſcends.

10.

Her branches tow'ring to the ſkies
With healthful ſtem conſpicuous riſe,
And round the cedar's loftieſt boughs
Her cov'ring veil intwin'd ſhe throws.

11.

Long cheriſh'd by thy care ſhe ſtood;
Here, verging tow'rd th' Aſſyrian flood,
In circuit wide the earth ſhe crown'd,
And there, the ocean mark'd her bound.

12.

But now, in ſad reverſe, (Ah why?)
By Thee o'erthrown the fences lie,

The fruit expos'd beſide the way,
To each rapacious hand a prey.

13.

The ſavage boar with reſtleſs toil
Uproots it from the looſen'd ſoil,
And ev'ry monſter of the wood
Crops from the branch his obvious food.

14.

Leader of Hoſts, and Iſrael's Lord!
Return: Thy ſuccours oft implor'd
Extend: from heav'n's high ſeat incline
Thy eyes, and viſit this thy vine.

15.

See, Lord, the Offspring of thy hand,
The plant, which thou hadſt bid to ſtand,
And ſtrengthen'd by thy pow'r defy
Each ſtorm, that rends the wintry ſky.

16.

The gath'ring flames its trunk ſurround,
Its ruin'd honours ſtrew the ground:

Beneath

Beneath the terrors of thine eye
We tremble, Lord, we faint, we die.

17.

O let the Man, whom, arm'd with might,
Thy hand ordains our cauſe to right,
By Thee, great God, ſupported ſtand,
And ſave, O ſave, a ſinking land.

18.

So ne'er ſhall ſin our Souls enſlave;
O ſnatch us from th' expecting grave,
And ev'ry knee to Thee ſhall bend,
Thy praiſe from ev'ry tongue aſcend.

19.

Leader of Hoſts, Almighty Lord!
Extend thy ſuccours oft implor'd;
Turn us again, thy face diſplay,
And grief and fear ſhall fly away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1.

TO God our ſtrength exalt the ſong,
To Jacob's Lord the note prolong;
Prepare, prepare with tuneful art
Your ſhares of harmony to part.

2.

Come, take the hymn, the timbrel ring,
Praiſe on the harp your heav'nly King;
Strike into life the trembling wire,
With loudeſt blaſts the trump inſpire:

3.

For ſee the moon with recent horn
Lead joyous on the feſtal morn,
Whoſe hallow'd mirth to Iſrael's Tribes
Thy mandate, mightieſt Lord, preſcribes.

4.

Its juſt obſervance Joſeph learn'd,
When, pleas'd, with parting ſtep he ſpurn'd

The

The ruthleſs ſoil, along whoſe ſhore
A voice he heard unknown before.

5.

Thus ſpake th' Almighty,---I, his God,
I from his ſhoulders took the load;
I from the clay his toiling hands
Releas'd, and burſt his ſtubborn bands.

6.

O Thou, the voice of whoſe diſtreſs
From out the thunder's dark receſs,
Propitious to thy pray'r, I heard;
In whoſe defence my arm I rear'd;---

7.

Whoſe faith my light inflictions tried
Near Meribah's contentious tide,
O Iſrael!---with attentive ear
Thy Maker's juſt injunction hear.

8.

Let None thy homage claim but Me,
Nor bow to foreign Gods the knee;

Jehovah

Jehovah only be thy dread;
Thy footſteps He from Eygpt led.

9.

He gracious bids thee wide extend
Thy lap, while down his gifts deſcend,
And ſtreaming copious from on high
Yield to thy wiſh the full ſupply.

10.

Lo, I th' Almighty ſpake in vain;
For Iſrael's Race, with fierce diſdain,
Reſolv'd their error to purſue,
Back from my yoke their neck withdrew.

11.

No more their frenzy I reſtrain,
But give their wild deſires the rein,
And leave them guideleſs, to fulfil
The dictates of a headlong will.

12.

O had my People in their breaſt,
By heav'nly diſcipline impreſs'd,

The

The leſſons of my love retain'd,
And trod the path by Me ordain'd!---

13.

When forth to war thy Troops were led,
Myſelf, O Iſrael, at their head
Had met the battle on its way,
Thy guide to time's remoteſt day;---

14.

Each humbled Foe had own'd thy pow'r,
To eaſe thy want, its pureſt flour
Th' augmented harveſt had beſtow'd,
And honey from the rock had flow'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

1.

WHILE cloth'd with pow'r divine, their bar
Earth's Lords have fix'd, a mightier far
Amidſt the conſiſtory ſtands,
And juſtice from their lips demands.

How

2.

How long ſhall your unequal ſcale
Thus bid the impious cauſe prevail?
Why are your thoughts by falſehood ſway'd,
And not in reaſon's balance weigh'd?

3.

Let law the Orphan's claim ſecure;
Lend to the Helpleſs and the Poor
Your willing ear; aſſert their right,
And ſave them from oppreſſive might.

4.

In vain I call: Their ſtubborn mind
To blackeſt darkneſs is reſign'd,
While earth the dire confuſion feels,
And, groaning, to her centre reels.

5.

Gods ye were nam'd; earth's Tribes in you
The Sons of Heavn's high Monarch view;
But death your frailty ſhall betray,
And mix with vulgar mould your clay.

Riſe,

6.

Riſe, mightieſt King, to judgment riſe,
Th' Oppreſs'd redeem, the Proud chaſtiſe,
Till Man's whole Offspring Thee alone
Their Lord and juſt Poſſeſſor own.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1.

MY God, no longer ſilent ſtand;
No longer let thy pow'rful hand
Withhold its oft-requeſted aid,
While thus thy Foes our peace invade;---

2.

While, fluſh'd with hope, the impious Band
In mingled tumult round us ſtand,
Exulting in our ſorrows riſe,
And brave with lifted head the ſkies.

3.

Behold them, Lord, their arts employ,
The heav'n-rais'd People to deſtroy,

The Souls, whom with thy favour crown'd
Thy ſecret preſence wraps around.

4.

" Come," thus, by lawleſs fury led,
" Aloud they cry, " deſtruction ſpread
" Along their deſolated ſhore,
" Till Iſrael's name be heard no more."

5.

Their league, their plans, with frantic aim,
Againſt Omnipotence they frame;
And, fir'd to rage, with fierce alarms
The headlong Nations ruſh to arms.

6.

The tents of Edom o'er the plain
Here vomit forth their impious Train,
While, Lord, the Sons of Iſhmael's line
The harneſs'd Agaræans join.

7.

Here Gebal, Moab, Ammon ſtand,
With vengeance arm'd th' unconquer'd Band

Of

Of Amalek in close array
The triumphs of their heart betray.

8.

See, fearless, with imperial Tyre
Philistia's Habitants conspire;
See Assur draw the hostile blade,
And lend to Lot's vile Race his aid.

9.

But give them, Lord, thine arm to feel,
That arm that made fierce Midian reel,
And to th' expecting Mother's pride
Her Sisera's return denied;---

10.

That Jabin's warlike Troops subdu'd
Near ancient Kison's purpled flood,
While Endor Israel's Foes beheld
Enrich with slaughter'd heaps her field.

11.

As Oreb, and as Zeeb o'erthrown,
Let Israel's Foes their crimes bemoan,

And feel what wrath th' Almighty's ſword
On Zebah and Zalmunna pour'd.

12.

Such let their Princes, Lord, endure,
Who vaunting to their arms inſure
The land, by holy Patriarchs trod,
The heritage of Jacob's God.

13.

Such let their Princes, ever find,
As thiſtle-down before the wind,
As chaff, as ſtubble, let them fly,
That driv'n in air obſcure the ſky.

14.

Swift as the fiery deluge ſtrays,
And wraps the foreſt in its blaze,
Or, furious, onward as it pours,
The mountains ſhaggy waſte devours,---

25.

Purſue them, mightieſt Lord, purſue,
And let thy vengeance, to their view

Preſented,

Preſented, whelm their ſouls in dread,
And burſt in tempeſts o'er their head.

16.

With wild confuſion clothe their cheek,
And teach them, Lord, thy name to ſeek,
While ruin, death, and ſhame, they ſee
To each ordain'd, that errs from Thee.

17.

" Jehovah," ſhall the Rebels cry,
" Jehovah, only reigns on high,
" And o'er the earth from day to day
" Aſſerts his everlaſting ſway."

PSALM LXXXIV.

1.

HOW ſweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair!
What peace, what bliſs, inhabit there!
With ardent hope, with ſtrong deſire,
My heart, my fleſh, to Thee aſpire;

I burn

I burn to tread thy courts, and Thee,
My God, the living God, to ſee.

2.

Eternal King, within thy dome
The ſparrow finds her peaceful home;
With her the dove, a licens'd gueſt,
Aſſiduous tends her infant neſt,
And to thy altar's ſure defence
Commits th' unfeather'd innocence.

3.

Bleſt, who, like theſe, from day to day
To praiſe Thee in thy temple ſtay;
Bleſt, who, their ſtrength on Thee reclin'd,
Thy ſeat explore with conſtant mind,
And, Salem's diſtant tow'rs in view,
With active zeal their way purſue.

4.

Secure the thirſty vale they tread,
While, call'd from out their ſandy bed,
As grateful ſhow'rs from heav'n diſtill'd,
Which freſheſt, kindlieſt moiſture yield,

The

The copious ſprings their ſteps beguile,
And bid the chearleſs deſert ſmile.

5.

From ſtage to ſtage advancing ſtill,
Behold them reach fair Sion's hill,
And proſtrate at her hallow'd ſhrine,
Adore the Majeſty divine,
Where thy refulgent glory ſpreads
Its pureſt ſplendors o'er their heads.

6.

O Thou, whom heaven's high Hoſts revere,
God of our Fathers, bow thine ear;
Look down, our only hope! look down;
Behold us, but without a frown;
And let thy beams, in mercy ſhed,
Stream copious on th' anointed head.

7.

One day, if in thy courts I dwell,
That day a thouſand ſhall excel;
Far happier lot on Thee to wait,
And guard th' approaches of thy gate,

Than

Than with the impious Sons of pride
In rich pavilions to abide.

8.

Thou, Lord, art Iſrael's ſun and ſhield;
Thy love ſhall grace and glory yield,
Nor e'er permit the pious Train
Thy gifts to aſk, and aſk in vain:
Bleſt, who in confidence of pray'r
To thee, great God, reſign their care.

PSALM LXXXV.

1.

OUR eyes, great God, have ſeen thy grace
Its beams effuſe on Jacob's Race,
Looſe from their chains the captive Band,
And call them to their native land.

2.

Thy mercy, Lord, their woes has heal'd,
Their treſpaſs hid, their pardon ſeal'd,

Check'd

Check'd in mid courſe thy dreadful ire,
And bid its kindled flames expire.

3.

O grant us ſtill thy love to ſhare;
God of our health! accept the pray'r,
That ſeeks thy clemency to win,
And cleanſe, O cleanſe us from our ſin.

4.

How long ſhall Jacob's Offspring prove
The ſad ſuſpenſion of thy love?
Say, ſhall thy wrath perpetual burn,
And wilt thou ne'er, appeas'd, return?

5.

Wilt thou thy quick'ning force impart,
And wake to mirth each grateful heart,
While Iſrael's reſcued Tribes in Thee
Their bliſs and full ſalvation ſee?

6.

No longer, heav'nly Sire, delay
Thy wonted mercy to diſplay,

But let thy all-diſpoſing will
Thy People's ſtedfaſt hope fulfil.

7.

Rev'rent I wait God's high decree;
What ſhall he ſpeak, but peace, to thee,
O Iſrael; and to each, who learns
His law, nor back to ſin returns?

8.

Behold, ye Souls, that own his fear,
Behold your wiſh'd redemption near;
See glory make our land her ſeat,
There verity and mercy meet.

9.

With mutual ſtep advancing, there
Shall peace and juſtice, heav'nly pair,
To laſting compact onward move,
Seal'd by the kiſs of ſacred love.

10.

Truth from thy furrows, Earth, ſhall ſpring,
And righteouſneſs on healing wing

From

From heav'n deſcend, while God our toil
Shall crown, and bleſs our happy ſoil.

II.

She, as on earth thy feet ſhall tread,
Shall march direct, with lifted head
Preceding, and with duteous care
Thy path, eternal King, prepare.

PSALM LXXXVI.

I.

LORD, to my wants thy ear incline,
Behold me, as with grief I pine,
My hope confirm, and guard from ill
A Soul ſubjected to thy will.

2.

From riſing to declining day
To Thee with fervent lip I pray;
Propitious, to thy Servant's heart
Thy chearing influence impart.

3.

To Thee, to Thee I vent my care ;
I know thee, Lord, nor ſlow to ſpare,
Nor weak to vindicate from harm
The Souls with pure devotion warm.

4.

My days with ſorrow clouded o'er,
Thy wonted ſuccours I implore ;
Regard me, gracious ; nor forbear
The voice of my requeſt to hear.

5.

What pow'r, great God, ſhall boaſt a name
Like thine ; like thee our homage claim ?
Or who, among the feats divine,
Diſplay ſuch wond'rous works as thine ?

6.

Behold, their Maker taught to own,
Earth's future Sons before thy throne
In Sion ſuppliant kneel, and raiſe
To Iſrael's God their joyful lays.

Eternal

7.

Eternal Excellence! thy hand
At will ſhall Nature's pow'rs command;
Thy wonders, through her confines wide,
She ſpeaks, nor owns a God beſide.

8.

O give me, Lord, thy paths to tread,
And, while thy truth my ſteps ſhall lead,
That faithful guide by thee aſſign'd,
Train to thy fear my willing mind.

9.

My heart, by ſacred zeal impell'd,
To thee the grateful ſong ſhall yield;
My tongue, the witneſs of thy fame,
Thy boundleſs glory ſhall proclaim.

10.

Long as I breathe the vital air
Thy love my loudeſt praiſe ſhall ſhare,
Whoſe aid my Soul with health has crown'd,
And ſnatch'd me from the pit profound.

Thou

11.

Thou ſeeſt, my God, the Sons of pride,
In leagues of violence allied,
(Thy fear behind them thrown) my way
Surround, and mark me for their prey.

12.

But well my great Preſerver knows
To weigh, and to relieve my woes;
Suſtain'd by his almighty aid,
What danger can my ſoul invade?

13.

Long is thy patience, ſlow thine ire,;
Eternal mercy, mightieſt Sire,
Thy word (on that my truſt I build;)
And unrepenting truth have ſeal'd.

14.

My griefs with tend'reſt pity view,
With ſtrength thy Servant's heart renew,
And inſtant from th' expecting grave
The Offspring of thy Handmaid ſave.

O grant

15.

O grant me, Lord, ſome fav'ring ſign,
Some pledge, that may beſpeak me thine,
That, ſtung with ſhame, my Foes may ſee
What aid, what bliſs, I boaſt in thee

PSALM LXXXVII.

1.

FIX'D is thy baſe: throughout its coaſts
No city Jacob's region boaſts,
Whoſe gates, O Sion, ſhare like thine,
The favour of the hand divine.

2.

Thee, God the manſion of his reſt,
And ſeat of empire has confeſs'd,
While thus aloud to lateſt days
His heav'nly edict ſpeaks thy praiſe.

3.

Amidſt the Souls that own my ſway,
And learn my precepts to obey,

Thy

Thy Sons, O Nile, ſhall find a place,
And Babylon's accepted Race.

4.

Nor thine, O Tyre, nor, Midian, thine,
Nor whom Philiſtia's bounds confine,
Excluded from my thought ſhall ſtand,
But mix with Sion's ſacred Band.

5.

Each Tenant of the peopled earth
Shall claim from her his happy birth;
Aliens no more, within her ſeat
Behold th' united Myriads meet.

6.

Joyous they tread her bleſt abode,
The Iſrael, and the Heirs of God;
That God, whoſe pow'r upholds her ſtate,
And ſeals to endleſs time her date.

7.

When on the page, whoſe wide extent
Shall Adam's num'rous Line preſent,

Each

Each Kindred, Family, and Tribe,
Th' eternal Cenſor ſhall inſcribe,---

8.

His hand th' adopted names ſhall there
Thy Natives, Solyma, declare,
And bid them with thy Sons reſide,
In concord's ſtricteſt bands allied.

9.

Hark, how the trump, and tuneful tongue,
The ſacred jubilee prolong,
To notes of loudeſt triumph riſe,
And echo to the diſtant ſkies!

10.

While I, thy Maker, God, and King,
I, Salem, bid the living ſpring
Amid Thee yield its copious ſtore,
And crown with health thy happy ſhore.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1.

GOD of my health! to Thee by day,
To Thee by night, aloud I pray:
O bend thine ear, and let my cries
Accepted to thy throne ariſe.

2.

Satiate of griefs, with downward feet
I ſeek the hollow grave's retreat,
And, ſtrengthleſs, mingle with the train
That fill its melancholy reign.

3.

A gueſt familar of the dead,
Lo, in the duſt I make my bed,
As One, on whom thy ſtroke its aim
Directs, and blots from earth his nam

4.

As, loſt to ev'ry human eye,
Deep in the loweſt pit I lie,

Thy

Thy wrath incumbent whelms me o'er,
And all thy billows round me roar.

5.

No friendly feet approach me nigh,
But backward all abhorrent fly;
With horror ſtruck, the ſight forego,
And ſhun th' infection of my woe.

6.

Within my priſon faſt immur'd,
My eye with ſorrow's miſt obſcur'd,
With ceaſeleſs moan my ſuppliant hand
To Thee, great Monarch, I expand.

7.

Shall, whom the bands of death infold,
The wonders of thy pow'r behold,
And ſtarting from the tomb, thy name
In hymns of joyful praiſe proclaim?

8.

Shall echo on thy mercies dwell
Amid the dark ſepulchral cell?

Or through deſtruction's vaults profound
Thy truth, eternal God, reſound?

9.

Shall regions, that exclude the day,
Thy miracles to view diſplay,
And pale oblivion's confines drear
The records of thy juſtice hear?

10.

To Thee I call; to Thee in pray'r
At earlieſt dawn diſcloſe my care;
Lord! why haſt Thou my ſoul repell'd?
Why thus thy quick'ning beams withheld?

11.

Ere yet to manly years I grew,
My fainting heart thy terrors knew,
And through ſucceeding life ſuſtains
A long viciſſitude of pains.

12.

Beneath thy heavy hand I groan;
Woes heap'd on woes come rolling on,

And

And o'er me hang, ordain'd by Thee,
Tremendous as a ſwelling ſea.

13.

Each Friend, that wont my board to ſhare,
Each kind Conſoler of my care,
As round I look, my ſight evades,
And ſeeks concealment's thickeſt ſhades.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1.

MY grateful tongue, immortal King,
Thy mercy ſhall for ever ſing;
My verſe to time's remoteſt day
Thy truth in ſacred notes diſplay.

2.

That mercy (thus thy voice mine ear
Beſpeaks,) on firmeſt baſe I rear;
That truth in Heav'n my lips command
From age to age confirm'd to ſtand.

My

3.

My love to Jeſſe's Son reveal'd
Th' irrevocable oath has ſeal'd;
Th' irrevocable oath is ſworn,
Nought ſhall my ſteady purpoſe turn.

4.

Bleſt Object of my choice! thy Line,
Protected by the hand divine,
In long deſcent thy throne ſhall hear,
Nor rolling years their pow'r impair.

5.

Thy acts, great God, heav'n's lofty ſeat
With awful wonder ſhall repeat;
Aſſembled Saints their voice ſhall raiſe,
And ev'ry tongue proclaim thy praiſe.

6.

O ſay, what ſtrength ſhall vie with thine?
What name among the ſeats divine,
Of equal excellence poſſeſs'd,
Thy ſov'reignty, great God, conteſt?

Ye

7.

Ye Tribes, that form his choſen choir,
Let Iſrael's God your fear inſpire,
Ye Natives of each neighb'ring ſhore,
With proſtrate hearts his pow'r adore.

8.

Thee, Lord, Heav'n's Hoſts their Leader own;
Thee, Might unbounded, Thee alone,
With endleſs Majeſty has crown'd,
And faith unſullied veſts Thee round.

9.

'Tis thine the ocean's rage to guide,
And calm at will its ſwelling tide:
From Thee the deep-inflicted wound,
Her guilt's juſt portion, Egypt found.

10.

When, rang'd in fight, the lawleſs Band
Thy pow'r, preſumptuous, durſt withſtand,
Each Foe thine arm beheld with dread,
And back in wild confuſion fled.

The

11.

The heav'n above, and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great Poſſeſſor know;
By Thee this orb to being roſe,
And all that nature's bounds incloſe.

12.

While Tabor's brow, with ev'ning red,
And eaſtern Hermon's unſhorn head,
Wide through their echoing groves thy name
In ſongs of grateful joy proclaim;---

13.

From Thee amid th' ethereal ſpace
The north and ſouth aſſume their place;
Strong is thine arm; thy ſtedfaſt will
Thy hands with ſure effect fulfil.

14.

Lo! juſtice, 'midſt th' ethereal plain,
And equity thy throne ſuſtain,
And white-rob'd truth, and mercy fair
Thy ſteps precede, thy path prepare.

O, Bleſt

15.

O, bleſt the Tribes, whoſe willing ear
Awakes the feſtal ſhout to hear;
Who thankful ſee, where'er they tread,
Thy fav'ring beams around them ſpread.

16.

How ſhall they joy from day to day
Thy boundleſs mercy to diſplay,
Thy righteouſneſs, indulgent Lord,
With holy confidence record!

17.

By full experience taught to know
What bleſſings from thy bounty flow!
Thy ſtrength their ſureſt help they deem,
Thy grace their dignity ſupreme!

18.

Behold, ye Saints, behold a ſhield
In Iſrael's aid by God upheld;
Behold exalted to the throne
A King, whom He has ſeal'd his own.

19.

Thy viſions, Lord, from heav'n reveal'd,
The raptur'd Prophet has beheld,
And thus thy voice in awful ſtrains
The purpoſe of thy love explains.

20.

To One ſelected from thy Line
Thy ſafety, Jacob, I conſign,
And, cloth'd with ſtrength, before thy eyes
High o'er his Equals bid him riſe.

21.

See David, prompt my will t' obey;
On him th' important charge I lay,
And copious on his favour'd head
The conſecrating unction ſhed.

22.

My hand ſhall hold him faſt; my care
From each aſſault, from ev'ry ſnare,
Shall guard him; nigh me ſhall he ſtand
Safe from each proud Oppreſſor's hand.

When

23.

When hoſtile Crouds his wrath provoke,
With certain and reſiſtleſs ſtroke
My arm ſhall cruſh the impious Train,
And load with ſlaughter'd heaps the plain.

24.

On mercy and on truth divine
Behold him, nor in vain, recline
His truſt, and, by my ſtrength upborne,
Aloft, exulting, lift the horn ;---

25.

While (ſuch my will) o'er ſubject lands
In wide extent are ſtretch'd his hands ;
Beneath his left the ocean rolls,
His right th' Aſſyrian flood controuls.

26.

Thou art my Father, (thus my name,
David, inſtinct with grateful flame,
Aloud ſhall hail ;) My God in Thee,
And rock of ſure defence, I ſee.

27.

Him, pleas'd, my Firſt-born I avow,
Bid mightieſt Kings before him bow,
And bleſſings to his reach expand,
Inſur'd by compact's ſacred band.

28.

Transfer'd by me from Sire to Son,
To heav'ns extremeſt date his throne
Shall laſt; if to my laws his Line,
With grateful zeal, their ſteps incline.

29.

But ſhould their hearts reject my ſway,
Fond in forbidden paths to ſtray,
My rod their treſpaſs ſhall purſue,
My ſcourge their ſtubborn will ſubdue.

30.

Yet never, never ſhall my love
From him its ſteady beams remove;
Ne'er ſhall my truth forget to guard
The promiſe by my lips declar'd.

To

31.

To David, once, (nor need I more,)
Once by my ſanctity I ſwore,
That, cheriſh'd by my care, his Race
Thy throne, O Judah, long ſhall grace;---

32.

Long as the Sun, with welcome ray,
Shall warmth and life to earth convey,
Or thou, O Moon, in circuit wide
The witneſs of my compact glide.

33.

Yet ah! repuls'd, contemn'd, by Thee,
Th' Anointed of thy hand we ſee
No more thy plighted mercy ſhare,
But, doom'd thy wrath, juſt God, to bear.

34.

With countleſs woes he ſtrives; his crown
Low in the duſt by Thee is thrown;
No more his forts aſcend on high,
But, fall'n, in heapy ruins lie.

No

35.

No more his walls the war exclude ;
But Paſſers-by with inſult rude
His rights invade, and Nations round
His ear with keen reproaches wound.

36.

Behold, while rang'd in cloſe array
Inſulting Hoſts around him ſtay,
Their hand by thine uprais'd, each Foe
Aims at his head the dreadful blow.

37.

With fierceſt joy their boſom burns,
While back with edge rebated turns
His ſword, and, thy ſupport withheld,
His vanquiſh'd Legions quit the field.

38.

His pow'r extinct, his luſtre gone,
On earth, ſubverted, lies his throne ;
Age on his youth has ſtol'n ; and ſhame
With thickeſt cloud obſcures his fame.

How

39.

How long ſhall I, with anguiſh torn,
Thy face, my God, averted mourn?
How long behold, in dire amaze,
Thy wrath with flames inceſſant blaze?

40.

O weigh within thy thought my ſtate!
How frail my life! how ſhort its date!
Why is thine art employ'd in vain,
Or Man created but to pain?

41.

O leave not, Lord, my doubtful mind
To ſad inquietude reſign'd,
While thus through varied ſcenes of woe
With haſt'ning ſtep to death we go.

42.

For who ſhall boaſt, of human frame,
Exemption from his doom to claim,
Or, arm'd with native might, withſtand
The ſepulchre's rapacious hand?

Say,

43.

Say, Lord, where's now the love, O where,
Which erſt thy lips to David ſware?
That love by truth eternal ſeal'd,
Again to view, great Father, yield.

44.

O think what wrongs thy Servants bear,
Wrongs pour'd on me in largeſt ſhare,
As deep within my ſilent breaſt
Each offer'd inſult I digeſt.

45.

Elate with pow'r, the Nations round
My ear with keen reproaches wound,
And impious Crouds his ſteps revile,
Whom Thou haſt touch'd with ſacred oil.

46.

O wiſe in all thy works! thy name
Let Man's whole Race aloud proclaim,
And, grateful, through the length of days,
In ceaſeleſs ſongs repeat thy praiſe.

PSALM XC.

1.

THEE, Lord, their dwelling, Thee alone
From earlieſt age thy People own;
Thee, Lord, with fulleſt confidence
They boaſt their refuge and defence.

2.

Ere yet the mountains roſe to birth,
Ere yet their form the heav'ns and earth
Aſſum'd, Thou cloth'd in light divine
Haſt ſhone; and ſhalt for ever ſhine.

3.

Thou to the Sons of human kind
In ſhort extenſion haſt aſſign'd
Their term, and bid them, at its end,
Low to their native duſt deſcend.

4.

To thee as yeſterday appears
The proſpect of a thouſand years;

And ages, roll'd ſucceſſive on,
Quick as the circling watch are gone.

5.

As plants, that drink the nightly ſhow'r,
Refreſh'd by ſleep's irriguous pow'r,
At morn they flouriſh: ev'ning nigh,
Cropt like the plant, they fade and die.

6.

Thy hand with unremitted force
In mid progreſſion ſtops our courſe,
While ſtorms of vengeance round us roll,
And whelm in dread our conſcious ſoul.

7.

Thine eyes our inmoſt guilt can read;
Thy preſence, Lord, on each miſdeed,
That ſtudious ſhuns the ſight of day,
Reſiſtleſs darts its ſearching ray.

8.

See, faſt as words diſſolv'd in air,
While crimes on crimes thy juſtice dare,

Our

Our days in rapid flight conſume,
And bear us onward to the tomb.

9.

Its date to ſev'nty years confin'd,
If aught of life remain behind,
If Nature yet a ten years' day
Indulge us, ere her debt we pay,---

10.

Our ſtrength but weakneſs then we know,
And added age but lengthen'd woe;
Stripp'd of our pride, we cloſe our ſpan,
And vaniſh from the eye of man.

11.

O, who thy terrors juſtly weighs?
Who to thy pow'r ſubmiſſive pays
The homage due? Thy vengeance drear
They feel proportion'd to their fear.

12.

Teach us, kind Lord, O teach us Thou
To count life's moments as they flow,

And, while its end our thoughts ſurvey,
By wiſdom's line to guide our way.

13.

Return, All-potent Lord, return:
How long ſhall we thy abſence mourn?
Return, and let thy wonted love
With ſpeedieſt aid our griefs remove.

14.

Thy mercy, to our ſouls reveal'd,
Satiety of bliſs ſhall yield,
And, while thy breath our life prolongs,
With grateful mirth inſpire our tongues.

15.

That mercy, Mightieſt Lord, diſplay;
And bid at length ſome happier day
Compenſate with its joys the years
Conſign'd to ſorrow, groans, and tears.

16.

Author of good, thy work mature;
Let Iſrael's Tribes, in Thee ſecure,

From

From age to age the bleſſings trace
Entail'd on their diſtinguiſh'd Race.

17.

O let thy Majeſty divine
On us in perfect beauty ſhine,
And ſtreaming copious o'er our head,
Its mildeſt beams around us ſpread.

18.

And while, new ſcenes of hope to view
Diſclos'd, our labour we purſue,
O may thy hand with full ſucceſs
That hope confirm, that labour bleſs!

PSALM XCI.

1.

WHO makes Omnipotence his aid,
Who reſts beneath Jehovah's ſhade,
And joyful cries, "My God, in Thee
"My fortreſs and my hope I ſee."---

How

2.

How bleſt that Man!---Thy Maker's care
Shall ſnatch thee from the hunter's ſnare;
When ſick'ning Nature's pow'rs ſhall fail
No fatal ſtroke ſhall thee aſſail.

3.

His wings around thee ſhall be ſpread,
His pinions guard thy favour'd head;
His truth, thy all-protecting ſhield,
From hoſtile rage a ſhelter yield.

4.

Hail, favour'd Man! nor terror pale
By night ſhall o'er thy ſoul prevail,
Nor ſhaft, that aims its flight by day,
Thy guiltleſs boſom ſhall diſmay;---

5.

Nor plague, that with gigantic ſtride
In darkneſs walks its circuit wide,
Nor ſultry blaſt, whoſe dreaded breath
Taints the meridian air with death.

Though

6.

Though Thouſands by thy ſide are ſlain,
And Myriads round thee preſs the plain,
No dart ſhall thy deſtruction dare,
Or wound whom God has bid to ſpare.

7.

See God on each Tranſgreſſor's head
The fulneſs of his vengeance ſhed;
Thy Foes, juſt Man, by him o'erthrown,
Still ſhalt thou paſs in triumph on:---

8.

And, ſince thy heart, to God reſign'd,
In him its refuge boaſts to find,
No dangers ſhall thy path await,
Or touch thine interdicted gate.

9.

While, round thee plac'd, th' angelic Train
Thy ſteps with tend'reſt care ſuſtain,
Safe ſhalt thou walk through ways unknown,
Nor ſtrike thy foot againſt the ſtone.

Go,

10.

Go, fearleſs on the dragon tread,
And preſs the proſtrate lion's head;
Behold the tyrant of the wood
In vain with youthful ſtrength indu'd.

11.

Behold the ſerpent, in his veins
Though half the poiſon of the plains
Be lodg'd, before thee vanquiſh'd lie,
And cloſe in death his languid eye.

12.

Thy duteous zeal, thy filial love,
I mark, and all thy acts approve;
For this, thy head aloft I rear,
And bow to thy requeſts my ear.

13.

Thy fears, thy ſorrows I attend,
Thy God, thy Guardian, and thy Friend;
Thy years prolong, and to thy heart
My health-diſpenſing grace impart.

PSALM XCII.

1.

HOW bleſt the taſk, with fervent heart
To ſummon from the tuneful art
Its ſuccours, and thy Name record,
O Thou, whom Nature owns her Lord!

2.

Thy boundleſs mercies, heav'nly King,
At Morning's earlieſt hour to ſing,
And, rapt in praiſe, thy truth to tell,
When Night's dark ſhades around us dwell.

3.

While with the ten-ſtring'd inſtrument
The pſaltry's meaſur'd ſtrains conſent,
And o'er the harp each liquid note
With ſolemn ſound is taught to float.

4.

How have thy acts my wakeful breaſt
With rapt'rous gratitude impreſs'd!

How joys my tongue, with holy flame
Inſpir'd, thy wonders to proclaim!

5.

With what delight, great God, I trace
Each act of thy ſtupendous grace!
Great are the works thy hand has wrought,
And deep beyond all ſearch thy thought.

6.

Thy acts the minds of brutiſh mould
With unregarding eye behold,
And, ſtrangers to thy wiſe deſign,
In erring cenſure madly join;---

7.

Nor know, that, when the impious Band,
Freſh as the flow'r, conſpicuous ſtand,
Mature for death their heads they rear,
And ſwiſt deſtruction waits them near.

8.

But Thou, above the ſtarry plain,
In endleſs majeſty ſhalt reign,

And

And downward from th' ethereal height,
O'er ſubject worlds extend thy might.

9.

Thy Foes, eternal God, thy Foes,
In death's long ſleep their eyes ſhall cloſe,
And All, whoſe hearts thy pow'r defy,
In wide diſperſion backward fly.

10.

While I, by heav'nly might upborne,
Strong as the oryx lift the horn;
And o'er my head, in copious ſhow'rs,
Thy oil its richeſt fragrance pours.

11.

When factious Crouds againſt me riſe,
With ſcenes of triumph Thou my eyes
Shalt ſatiate, and their full defeat
My ears with happieſt news ſhall greet.

12.

Fair as amidſt their native bed
The ſtately palms their branches ſpread,

Or cedars, tow'ring to the ſkies,
On Lebanon's broad ſummit riſe;---

13.

Within thy courts the Juſt ſhall ſtand,
And, nouriſh'd by thy foſt'ring hand,
Bleſt Objects of thy conſtant care,
The bounties of thy love ſhall ſhare.

14.

Their fruits, each blaſt by Thee repell'd,
To lateſt age they ſtill ſhall yield
In large increaſe, through Life's whole round,
With health and youthful verdure crown'd.

15.

Thy goodneſs ſhall their lips record,
(God of my ſtrength!) thy ev'ry word
In Truth's unvarying balance weigh'd,
Thy ev'ry act by Juſtice ſway'd.

PSALM

PSALM XCIII.

1.

THE Lord th' eternal ſceptre rears,
And Nature's pow'r obſervant hears
Whate'er his will enjoins:
His head with pureſt ſplendors crown'd,
With majeſty He veſts him round,
And girds with ſtrength his loins.

2.

Encircled by th' ethereal ſpace,
And fix'd by Him on firmeſt baſe,
The Earth's vaſt orb appears;
From earlieſt age, great God, thy throne
Aloft in Heav'n prepar'd has ſhone;
Nor numbers Time thy years.

3.

A ſcene of horror ſtrikes my eyes;
The floods, my God, the floods ariſe,
And lift their voice on high;

What

What Pow'r ſhall curb the headlong tide?
What bid the ſwelling waves ſubſide,
And clear the ſtormy ſky?

4.

Thee o'er all height exalted, Thee
The deeps revere; at thy decree
The waves their rage reſign:
Fix'd are the laws by Thee ordain'd;
And Truth and Sanctity unſtain'd
Adorn thy awful ſhrine.

PSALM XCIV.

1.

THOU God, with vengeance arm'd, appear;
Thou God, with vengeance arm'd, whoſe fear
The Earth (for Thee her Judge ſhe knows,)
Submiſſive owns, thy pow'r diſcloſe.

O inſtant

2.

O inſtant from thy ſeat ariſe,
Each bold Tranſgreſſor to chaſtiſe;
Let Juſtice to the Sons of Pride
Thy ſtroke with aim unerring guide.

3.

How long ſhall impious Crouds, how long,
With haughtieſt inſult arm their tongue?
How long in bitt'reſt gall each word
Infuſe, and boaſt their conqu'ring ſword?

4.

Thy flock, great God, their fury own;
Beneath their ſtroke thy People groan,
And long thy Heritage have borne
Their keen reproach and hoſtile ſcorn.

5.

Their hands remorſeleſs, to the tomb
The Widow and the Stranger doom;
Nor innocence nor tend'reſt age
Can ſhield the Orphan from their rage.

" Ne'er

6.

" Ne'er ſhall our deeds in Heav'n be known,"
The Sinners cry, " or reach the Throne
" Of Iſrael's Lord."---Ye Fools and Blind!
Return, and ſeek a better mind.

7.

Say, when ſhall Wiſdom's light ſerene
Your ſouls from Error's childhood wean?
Who knew to plant the ear, ſhall He
Not hear? who form'd the eye, not ſee?

8.

Shall aught of guilt his ſearch evade,
Who bids the Nations he has made,
Inform'd by his paternal care,
The gifts of various ſcience ſhare,---

9.

Who reaſon in the boſom pours,
Its growth improves, its fruit matures,
Each counſel of the human brain
Weighs in his ſcale, and ſtamps it vain?

O, bleſt

10.

O, bleſt the Man, for ever bleſt,
Whoſe faithful heart, by Thee impreſs'd,
Eternal Teacher, from thy laws
The leſſons of his conduct draws;---

11.

Who, ſhelter'd from the evil day,
Its diſtant dangers ſhall ſurvey,
And wait till thou the pit prepare
For Each, whoſe crimes thy vengeance dare!

12.

Ne'er from the Children of his love
Shall Heav'n's high Lord his care remove,
Or to the Foes of Iſrael's Line
His purchas'd heritage reſign.

13.

For Judgment ſhall its ſeat aſſume,
Triumphant; while its equal doom
Each Heart to Virtue's cauſe a Friend
With conſcious tranſport ſhall attend.

14.

Say, who with me will plight the hand,
With me the Sons of guilt withſtand?
Had God his aiding pow'r withheld,
How had my ſoul in ſilence dwell'd!

15.

But when my foot with fault'ring tread
Suggeſted to my thought a dread,
Thy love, its ſpeedieſt care applied,
Forbade my dubious ſteps to ſlide.

16.

While deepeſt woe my boſom tries,
And thoughts with thoughts conflicting riſe,
Thy comforts, Lord, my ſoul ſuſtain,
And calm my fears, and ſoothe my pain.

17.

Shall proud oppreſſion's lawleſs chair
In thy alliance find a ſhare,
Whoſe mandates to the impious Tribe
Their taſks of cruelty preſcribe?

18.

See willing Myriads, at its word
Aſſembled, graſp the hoſtile ſword,
In guiltleſs blood their thirſt allay,
And mark the Righteous for their prey.

19.

But God, my refuge and my ſhield,
Firm on Himſelf my truſt ſhall build;
To Him, my Soul, for help repair,
Who makes the faithful Heart his care.

20.

That Lord, whom Iſrael's Sons adore,
Their ſin ſhall in their lap reſtore,
Their ſteps with certain vengeance trace,
And root from earth th' offending Race.

PSALM XCV.

1.

O COME, and to th' eternal King
New ſongs of triumph let us ſing;
With holy tranſport Him alone
The ſtrength of our ſalvation own;---

2.

Admitted to his preſence pay
The tribute of the grateful lay,
And, while his acts our mirth inſpire,
Wake to his praiſe the vocal lyre.

3.

Extended wide beyond all bound,
Beyond all height his pow'r is found,
Nor Lords, with Him, nor Gods beſide
The honours of his Throne divide.

4.

Earth's ſtores, throughout its inmoſt frame,
He, great Proprietor, ſhall claim;

Your

Your range, ye cloud-tranſcending hills,
His pow'r commands, his preſence fills.

5.

Inrich'd by his prolific hand,
In Him the all-productive land,
In Him the ſea, that rounds its ſhore,
Their Maker and their Lord adore.

6.

O come, and let your knees with mine
To Him in lowlieſt homage join;
To Him, for He your pray'rs will hear,
To Him your ſuppliant voices rear.

7.

In Him your God, your Father ſee,
The People of his paſture Ye,
The Flock, that, guided by his care,
The bleſſings of his bounty ſhare.

8.

O Judah, if in this thy day
My will thou purpoſe to obey,

Steel not thy breaſt to truths divine,
As erſt the Fathers of thy Line;---

9.

Whoſe Bands th' incloſing deſert ſaw,
Rebellious to the heav'n-taught law,
With mad preſumption from my hand
The ſignals of my pow'r demand.

10.

Their eyes, the wiſh'd for ſight obtain;
Indulg'd, require it yet again;
Such their demand a heart betray'd
Diſtruſtful of my promis'd aid.

11.

Through forty years the circling ſun
Beheld their date of mercy run,
As, griev'd, I ſtrove, but ſtrove in vain,
Their growing frenzy to reſtrain.

12.

Behold a Race, at length I cried,
Whoſe heart from Me has ſwerv'd aſide,

By

By error's pow'r ſubdu'd, nor known
That wiſdom's paths and Mine are one.

13.

My oath, for by Myſelf I ſwear,
My kindled anger ſhall declare,
And bar them from my reſt, decreed
To faithful Abraham's choſen Seed.

PSALM XCVI.

1.

SING to the Lord ſome new-taught ſong;
Earth, to his praiſe the note prolong;
With rapt'rous zeal, with holy flame
Inſpir'd, his benefits proclaim.

2.

Bleſs, bleſs his name; from day to day
Let his ſalvation prompt the lay,
Till Realms remote his acts have known,
And Man's whole Race his wonders own.

Great

3.

Great is the Lord, and great his praiſe;
What God like Him our fear can raiſe?
Not ſuch as Heathen lands afford,
Created firſt, and then ador'd.

4.

Creation Him its Lord avow'd,
When erſt the arch of heav'n he bow'd;
And light and majeſty divine
With fadeleſs ſplendor grace his ſhrine.

5.

Let ev'ry People, ev'ry Tribe,
Pow'r, glory, ſtrength, to Him aſcribe;
Let fartheſt Realms converted join
In homage to the name divine.

6.

Yield to that name the honours due;
Oft to his courts your way purſue
With ſolemn ſtep, and joyful bring
The off'ring to your heav'nly King.

Before

7.

Before the beauty of his ſhrine,
Ye Saints, in low proſtration join:
Ye Natives of each diſtant ſhore,
His pow'r revere; his name adore.

8.

O tell to All, whom earth ſuſtains,
O tell them, that Jehovah reigns,
That, fix'd by his Almighty hand,
Its pond'rous orb unmov'd ſhall ſtand.

9.

O tell to All, whom earth ſuſtains,
O tell them, that Jehovah reigns,
And All, who iſſue from its womb,
Receive from Him th' unerring doom.

10.

Exult, ye Heav'ns; exult, O Earth;
And, Partner in the ſacred mirth,
Let Ocean in its fulneſs riſe,
And thunder to the diſtant ſkies.

11.

Rich in his gifts, ye fields, rejoice;
While in his praiſe the woods their voice
Exalt, and hail with lowly nod
The preſence of th' approaching God.

12.

He comes, in awful pomp array'd,
He comes, to judge the world he made:
Truth ſhall with Him the cauſe decide,
And equity his ſentence guide.

PSALM XCVII.

1.

TO God belongs th' eternal ſway;
Let earth with joy his will obey;
Exult, ye Iſles, that crown the main,
Bleſt in his mild auſpicious reign.

2.

The ſtation'd clouds around Him meet,
And darkneſs rolls beneath his feet;

While

While equity and truth combine
To rear aloft his awful ſhrine.

3.

Before Him walks the waſting fire;
Wrapt in the blaſt his foes expire;
While earth, convuls'd, in dire diſmay,
Beholds the forky lightnings play,---

4.

And down, like wax before the flame,
Down flows the mountain's ſolid frame,
That late, ambitious, met the ſky;
For God, the world's great Lord, is nigh.

5.

His righteous acts the heav'ns diſplay,
His fame from pole to pole convey,
And bid the Majeſty divine
To ev'ry eye conſpicuous ſhine.

6.

Shame to the Wretch, that wood and ſtones
The Objects of his homage owns,

And frantic to the Creature pays
The Maker's interverted praiſe!

7.

Ye Gods, his ſov'reign might avow,
And rev'rent at his footſtool bow;
Submiſſive at the hallow'd ſhrine
Adore the Majeſty divine.

8.

Well-pleas'd thy counſels, Lord, to hear,
Imperial Salem bows the ear;
And Judah's happy daughters ſing
The mercies of th' eternal King.

9.

Thou, Lord, in majeſty ſerene
Exalted o'er the earth art ſeen;
What pow'r, great God, ſhall boaſt a name
Like thine? Like Thee our homage claim?

10.

Ye Souls, with love divine impreſs'd,
Juſt to its precepts, ſin deteſt;

Averſe

Averſe from each injurious art,
Let evil from your thoughts depart.

11.

Each fear deliver'd to the wind,
In God your certain refuge find,
Whoſe pow'r protects the pious Band,
Tho' Myriads, leagu'd, againſt them ſtand.

12.

To you, ye Good, to you alone
The ſeeds of heav'nly light are ſown,
That wake within the human breaſt,
Joys ne'er by human tongue expreſs'd.

13.

O, crown'd with mercies from above,
To God your grateful zeal approve;
His ſanctity revere; his name
In hymns of loudeſt praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XCVIII.

1.

SING to the God, whom we adore;
O ſing, in lays unheard before,
The mercies ſhown us from above,
The wonders of redeeming love:
His powerful hand ſalvation ſends,
And conqueſt on his arm attends.

2.

His juſtice through the world has ſhin'd;
His truth, with endleſs mercy join'd,
Now ſeals the promiſe of his grace
To faithful Abraham's choſen Race;
And Earth, to juſt obedience aw'd,
Has own'd her Saviour and her God.

3.

Ye diſtant Realms, your voice employ
In ſhouts of gratitude and joy;

Let

Let hymns of rapture ſwell each throat;
Call from the harp th' according note;
On the ſhrill trump your mirth prolong,
And ſound the cornet to the ſong.

4.

To Him, who claims th' eternal ſway,
To Him the vocal tribute pay;
Him let the hoarſe reſounding tide,
With all that in its depths reſide,
Praiſe, thank, and bleſs, in loudeſt ſtrains;
Him Earth, and All, whom earth ſuſtains.

5.

Ye floods, triumphant clap the hand;
Ye cloud-topt hills, exulting ſtand!
See, thron'd aloft in awful ſtate,
While Man's whole Race the ſentence wait,
The Judge ſupreme his ſcale aſſume,
And equity directs the doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1.

JEHOVAH reigns: ye Nations own,
With proſtrate hearts, his ſway;
Betwixt the Cherubs ſtands his throne;
Earth! tremble and obey.

2.

His rule, in Sion long confeſt,
O'er all extends; his name
Shall hallow with its fear each breaſt,
Each tongue with zeal inflame.

3.

Thy pow'r with equity allied
Through time's long courſe has ſtood,
Thy judgments Jacob, Lord, has tried,
And knows them juſt and good.

4.

Let Each, with humble joy elate,
Before thy footſtool bow;

Thee,

Thee, ceaſeleſs, praiſe ; for who ſo great,
So holy, Lord, as Thou ?

5.

By God with ſacred honours crown'd,
See Moſes, Aaron ſee,
And Samuel, ever faithful found,
To Him incline the knee.

6.

To Him the favour'd Three aloud
The frequent vow prefer'd,
And inſtant from the pillar'd cloud
His awful anſwer heard.

7.

With wakeful zeal their boſoms burn'd ;
Obſervant of his will,
With joy the heav'nly precept learn'd,
And haſten'd to fulfil.

8.

To Thee, great God, their ev'ry pray'r
In full acceptance roſe ;

Thy hand their weakneſs knew to ſpare,
And, pitying, heal'd their woes.

9.

Yet could thy wrath, when ſin had dar'd
Their erring breaſt to ſtain,
Deal to their guilt its juſt reward,
And vindicate thy reign.

10.

Let each, with humble joy elate,
On Sion's mountain bow;
Thee, ceaſeleſs praiſe: for who ſo great,
So holy, Lord, as Thou?

PSALM C.

1.

YE Tribes of earth, in God rejoice,
His preſence hail with thankful voice;
To him your willing homage pay,
And wake the tributary lay.

Submiſſive

2.

Submiſſive to his will, in Him
Behold the God of Gods ſupreme;
Nor Lords with him, nor Gods beſide
The honours of his throne divide.

3.

With conſcious wonder oft ſurvey'd,
He, not ourſelves, our frame has made;
The ſubjects of his pow'r we ſtand,
The ſheep that own his guiding hand.

4.

O, enter then his gates with praiſe,
To Him your loudeſt accents raiſe,
With grateful hearts his love proclaim,
And bleſs, O bleſs his awful name.

5.

For truth in Him and mercy live:
That truth ſhall time itſelf ſurvive;
That mercy through the length of days
Unclouded pour its healings rays.

PSALM CI.

1.

MERCY, judgment, now my tongue
Makes the ſubject of its ſong;
Lord! to whom then ſhall I ſing,
But to Thee, th' eternal King?

2.

Wiſdom ſhall my footſteps guide,
Nor permit my feet to ſlide,
Or, from thy all-perfect way,
Loſt in paths of ſin, to ſtray.

3.

Come, O come, celeſtial Gueſt,
Let my roof with Thee be bleſt;
Let thy beams effulgent play,
And within my manſion ſtay.

4.

Lo! my heart with ſtudious care
For thy preſence I prepare,

And

And my dwelling's full extent
Spotleſs to thy view preſent.

5.

Ne'er ſhall my preſumptuous hand
Dare to break thy juſt command;
Ne'er within me ſhalt thou find
Aught that ſpeaks a faithleſs mind.

6.

Serv'd by none, who ſerve not Thee,
Let me not the Impious ſee;
Let the Wretch of froward heart
From my gate repuls'd depart.

7.

Let the Man of lofty eye,
Scornful mien, and ſtomach high,
And the tongue to ſlander bred,
Learn my heavieſt wrath to dread.

8.

Come, ye Faithful, Juſt and Good,
Eager for the bright abode,

Come,

Come, ye Pure in heart, O come,
Sure with Me to find a home.

9.

Pleas'd I ſee the pious Band
Round my throne attendant ſtand,
And in ſacred homage join
To their own great Lord and mine.

10.

Hence, ye Children of deceit,
From my threſhold turn your feet;
Let the Soul that dares a lye
Inſtant from my preſence fly.

11.

Soon, O Judah, ſhall my hand
Root th' Offenders from thy land;
Soon my guilt avenging rod
Purge the city of my God.

PSALM CII.

1.

HEAR, Lord, my pray'r, and let my cries
Accepted to thy throne ariſe ;
O turn not Thou thy face away,
Nor longer my relief delay.

2.

Lord, mark my ſorrows from on high,
And pitying to my call reply ;
Faſt as the mounting ſmoke decays,
On time's light pinion flit my days.

3.

My bones the hearth's fierce heat ſuſtain ;
My heart the herbage of the plain
Reſembles, o'er whoſe leaves have paſt
The fervors of the ſouthern blaſt.

4.

For ah ! forgetful of my food,
Inceſſant o'er my griefs I brood,

While

While ſtruggling groans their weight proclaim,
And waſte with toil my languid frame.

5.

Not the wide deſert's confines drear
Laments of louder accent hear,
When 'midſt the ſolitary gloom
The birds of night their plaint reſume;---

6.

When, 'midſt its fens, with diſmal note
The pelican diſtends her throat,
Or to the winds in lengthen'd ſtrains
The ſelf-ſequeſt'ring owl complains;---

7.

Nor vents its ſiſter-bird a moan
So deep, when on the roof alone
She ſits; whoſe woes, like mine, affright
The ſilence of the tedious night.

8.

From morn, till eve extends its veil,
Reproaches keen my ears aſſail;

And,

And, leagu'd by mutual oaths, my Foes
With fierce intent my ſteps incloſe.

9.

See aſhes, ſcatter'd o'er my head,
Mix, undiſtinguiſh'd, with my bread;
By languor, care, and grief oppreſs'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breaſt.

10.

See mingled tears my cup ſupply;
Since firſt thy wrathful arm on high
Caught me amaz'd, and ſwiftly round
Reverting hurl'd me on the ground.

11.

As fades the ſhadow of the ſun,
With quick decline my moments run,
My life, juſt verging to its cloſe,
With rapid courſe unheeded flows.

12.

My form is waſted, and my face,
Its vernal bloom and youthful grace

Extinguiſh'd, withers on the eye,
As plants beneath a hoſtile ſky.

13.

But Thou, bleſt Guard of Iſrael's Fold,
Shalt ages ſee on ages roll'd,
And, thron'd above, to endleſs days
Extend thy honour, name, and praiſe.

14.

O riſe, (th' appointed hour is come;)
Riſe, mightieſt Lord, thy charge aſſume;
And let ſad Sion's ſeat no more
The abſence of thine aid deplore.

15.

How lovely to thy Servant's eyes,
How lovely ev'n in ruin lies
Her hallow'd wall, her ſacred ſhrine,
The ſeat of majeſty divine!

16.

Thy Servants, Lord, a penſive Throng,
Walk her defenceleſs ſtreets along,

And,

And, as her ſcatter'd waſtes appear,
Drop on her duſt the pitying tear.

17.

How, Lord, ſhall each from day to day,
The terrors of thy wrath diſplay!
How ſhall thy name, great Sire, its dread
Through earth's awaken'd regions ſpread!

18.

How ſhall her Kings with deep diſmay
Thy boundleſs majeſty ſurvey,
When Salem's ſtructures from their fall
Thy hand, propitious, ſhall recal;---

19.

While down th' eternal glory pours,
Incircles with its blaze her tow'rs,
And ſpeaks thy favour, oft implor'd,
To Iſrael's exil'd Tribes reſtor'd!

20.

Thy acts the faithful pen ſhall trace,
And Myriads of the human Race,

Yet Strangers to the birth, thy fame
In ſongs of loudeſt note proclaim.

21.

Lo! God, beneath whoſe ſacred ſeat,
The ſtarry orbs their courſe repeat,
Th' eternal Ruler of the ſky,
Has caſt on earth his equal eye.

22.

He deigns the injur'd cauſe to own,
To hear the helpleſs Captive's groan,
The Souls to death conſign'd to ſave,
And ſnatch them from the greedy grave.

23.

For this, through Sion's ample bound
Jehovah's name ſhall oft reſound,
Thy ſhouts, diſtinguiſh'd Salem, raiſe,
And wake thy tongue to hymns of praiſe.

24.

See to thy courts the Nations flow,
His juſt dominion taught to know,

And,

And, each with Thee in compact join'd,
Their hearts to his obedience bind.

25.

'Twas He, whoſe unreſiſted force
In mid progreſſion ſtop'd my courſe,
My heathful vigour reft away,
And haſten'd to its eve my day.

26.

Spare, mightieſt Lord! nor thus, I cried,
My brittle chain of years divide,
O Thou, of life th' exhauſtleſs Spring,
Inviſible, immortal King!

27.

Thy hand, great God, earth's baſe has laid,
Thy hand the heav'n aloft diſplay'd,
Ere yet along the vaſt profound
The reſtleſs months began their round.

28.

That earth, that heav'n's ſtupendous frame,
Corruption with permitted claim

Shall

Shall ſeize; but Thou, from age ſecure,
Shalt ſelf-exiſtent ſtill endure.

29.

Theſe, as the labours of the loom,
Shall time with gradual force conſume;
Till Thou again thy hand apply,
And fold them up, and lay them by.

30.

Thou, Lord, whoſe hand their texture ſpun,
When time its ſtated courſe has run,
Shalt brighter ſcenes diſcloſe to view,
And nature's varied face renew.

31.

But varyings Thou haſt none; thy rays
With undiminiſh'd luſtre blaze;
Thy years ſhall circumſcription ſpurn,
And back upon themſelves return.

32.

Thee, Lord, their ſure Protector, Thee
Thy Saints their ſtrong ſupport ſhall ſee;

And,

And, rang'd in long ſucceſſion, ſhare
The gifts of thy paternal care.

PSALM CIII.

1.

MY Soul, throughout thine inmoſt frame,
Bleſs, bleſs the great Jehovah's name;
Ceaſe not with ſtudious thought to trace
The acts of his ſtupendous grace.

2.

He blots from heav'n's record thy ſin,
And, though thy paſſions war within,
Aſſuaſive calms their furious ſtrife,
And reſcues from the pit thy life.

3.

He bids his bleſſings round thee riſe;
Thy ev'ry wiſh with good ſupplies;
Thy years renews in their decline;
And makes the eagle's vigour thine.

'Tis

4.

'Tis God's, the Friendleſs and the Poor
From proud oppreſſion to ſecure,
Their wants attentive to perceive,
And ever faithful to relieve.

5.

His ways to Moſes ſtood reveal'd;
Thou, Iſrael, haſt his works beheld,
His breaſt with mercy fraught haſt known,
To anger ſlow, to pity prone.

6.

God ne'er with erring Mortals knew
A ceaſeleſs conteſt to purſue,
But, when their crimes his vengeance raiſe,
His wrath in mid effuſion ſtays.

7.

If e'er our treſpaſs He chaſtiſe,
Not to its weight proportion'd riſe
The juſt corrections of his hand,
But bounded by his mercy ſtand:---

That

8.

That mercy to the ſtarry pole
Extends ; and, far as from his goal
The ſun in daily circuit roves,
The humbled Sinner's guilt removes.

9.

What fondneſs for his infant care
A Father's boſom learns to ſhare,
Such from th' eternal Monarch claim
The Souls, that rev'rent own his name.

10.

God's ſearching eye our texture knows ;
Sees that the duſt's light grains compoſe
Our frame ; and marks the days of Man
Contracted to a narrow ſpan.

11.

How ſhort, how tranſient is its date !
As flow'rs, that in their vig'rous ſtate
Exalted, now the field adorn,
And now by paſſing ſtorms are torn.

12.

Behold the rip'ning herb decay;
Each flow'r, its vigour reft away,
At once its vernal pride refigns,
And with'ring on the earth reclines.

13.

Behold it droop, and quickly wafte;
Nor knows the foil, whofe bed it grac'd,
To witnefs to th' Inquirer's view,
Where late the fhort-liv'd wonder grew.

14.

But thy compaffions, Lord, the Juft
From age to age with ftedfaft truft
Shall own, and, fill'd with holy flame,
Thy care and tendernefs proclaim.

15.

Thy righteoufnefs their favour'd Race,
In long defcent, fhall joy to trace,
While pleas'd thy compact they fulfil,
And frame to thy decrees their will.

His

16.

His ſeat above th' empyreal plain
Our God has fix'd; his equal reign
Creation's utmoſt bounds confeſs,
And, bleſt in Him, their Maker bleſs.

17.

O magnify your heav'nly King,
His praiſe, ye Tribes angelic, ſing,
Who, cloth'd with might, his word obey,
And wing, as He directs, your way.

18.

Him praiſe, ye bright ethereal Band,
That rang'd beneath his banner ſtand,
And Ye, who round his throne of ſtate
With duteous zeal miniſtrant wait.

19.

Ye works of God, where'er his ſway
Extends, your Maker's fame diſplay;
Nor Thou, my Soul, forget to ſing
The mercies of th' eternal King.

PSALM CIV.

1.

AWAKE, my Soul, to hymns of praiſe;
To God the ſong of triumph raiſe,
And thankful bleſs th' almighty Lord,
The God in ev'ry act ador'd.

2.

O cloth'd with majeſty divine,
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are Thine!
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head
The heav'ns their ample curtain ſpread.

3.

Thou know'ſt amid the fluid ſpace
The ſtrong-compacted beams to place,
That proof to waſting ages lie,
And prop the chambers of the ſky.

4.

Behold, aloft, the King of kings,
Borne on the wind's expanded wings,

His

His chariot by the clouds ſupplied,
Through heav'n's wide realm triumphant ride.

5.

Around him rang'd in awful ſtate
Th' aſſembled ſtorms miniſtrant wait;
And flames, attentive to fulfil
The dictates of his mighty will.

6.

To God the all-prolific earth,
From chaos call'd, aſcribes her birth,
And fix'd by his almighty hand
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ages ſtand.

7.

He ſpake; and o'er each mountain's head
The deep its watry mantle ſpread;
He ſpake; and from the whelming flood
Again their tops emergent ſtood.

8.

Now faſt adown their bending ſide
With refluent ſtream the currents glide;

Aw'd

Aw'd by his ſtern rebuke they fly,
While peals of thunder rend the ſky.

9.

In mingled tumult backward led,
They haſte to their appointed bed,
And, taught their deſtin'd bounds to know,
No more th' affrighted earth o'erflow.

10.

The ſprings, the rivulets (their courſe
By nature's ever copious ſource
Supplied,) refreſh the hilly plain,
And life in all its forms ſuſtain.

11.

Here, ſtooping o'er the river's brink,
The herds and flocks promiſcuous drink;
There, 'mid the barren deſert nurs'd,
The wild-aſs cools his burning thirſt.

12.

While faſt beſide the murm'ring ſpring
The feather'd minſtrels ſit and ſing,

And,

And, ſhelter'd in the branches, ſhun
The fervors of the mid-day ſun.

13.

God's ſhow'rs with verdure crown the hills;
The earth with various fruits he fills:
Preventive of their wants, his aid
Yields to the brute the ſpringing blade.

14.

For Man, chief object of his care,
His hands the foodful herb prepare,
The glad'ning wine, refreſhing oil,
And bread that ſtrings his nerves for toil.

15.

By Him with genial moiſture fed
The trees their ſhades luxuriant ſpread;
The cedars, nurtur'd by His hand,
On Lebanon's high ſummit ſtand.

16.

They weave their ſocial boughs, deſign'd
A refuge for th' aerial kind;

While on the fir-tree's ſpiry top
The vagrant ſtork is ſeen to ſtop.

17.

See from the hills the goats depend,
Or bounding from the cliff deſcend;
The leſſer tribes, in furry pride
Array'd, the rock's dark caverns hide.

18.

Her way by him preſcrib'd, the moon
Our ſeaſons marks, and knows her own;
And, taught by Him, the orb of day
Slopes in the weſt his parting ray.

19.

Now night from ocean's bed aſcends,
And o'er the earth her wings extends;
While favour'd by the friendly gloom
The ſylvan race licentious roam.

20.

The lions chief, with hideous roar,
From God their needful food implore,

And

And eager for the wonted prey,
Along the echoing defert ftray;---

21.

Till now, as morn approaches nigh,
Back to their cavern'd haunts they fly;
Where, fatiate with the bloody feaft,
The lordly Savage finks to reft.

22.

His care fufficient to the day,
Man to his labour takes his way,
His taſk at earlieft dawn begun,
And ended with the fetting fun.

23.

Eternal Ruler of the fkies,
How various are thy works, how wife!
How great the wonders thou haft wrought,
And deep beyond all fearch of thought!

24.

Nor earth alone beholds her fhores
Inrich'd from thy exhauftleſs ftores;

Alike, throughout their liquid reign,
Th' extended ſeas thy gifts contain.

25.

Beneath, unnumber'd reptiles ſwarm,
Of diff'rent ſize, of diff'rent form;
Above, the ſhips enormous glide,
Incumbent on the burthen'd tide;---

26.

And oft, the rolling waves between,
The huge Leviathan is ſeen,
There privileg'd by Thee to ſtray,
And wanton o'er the wat'ry way.

27.

Thy care, great God, ſuſtains them all;
By hunger urg'd, on Thee they call;
And reap from thy extended hand
Whate'er their various wants demand.

28.

If Thou thy face but turn away,
Their troubled looks their grief betray;

If

If Thou the vital air deny,
Behold them ſicken, faint, and die!

29.

His breath reſign'd, on earth's low bed
Behold the Mortal reſt his head;
Duſt to its kindred duſt returns,
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.

30.

But ſoon thy breath her loſs ſupplies;
She ſees a new-born Race ariſe,
And, o'er her regions ſcatter'd wide,
The bleſſings of thy hand divide.

31.

Thy glory, fearleſs of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, ſhall ever ſhine,
Thy works in changeleſs order lie,
And glad their great Creator's eye.

32.

Earth at thy look ſhall trembling ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand,

And, touch'd by Thee, almighty Sire,
The cloud-topt hills in ſmoke aſpire.

33.

To God in ceaſeleſs ſtrains my tongue
Shall meditate the grateful ſong,
And, long as breath informs my frame
The wonders of his love proclaim.

34.

Aſſur'd that his paternal ear
With full regard my voice will hear;
His acts ſhall be my conſtant theme,
His favour my delight ſupreme.

35.

Behold his wrath on Sinners ſhed;
Behold them number'd with the dead,
And, ſtruck by his reſiſtleſs hand,
In heaps promiſcuous ſtrew the land.

36.

But Thou, my Soul, the hymn of praiſe
In loudeſt notes triumphant raiſe;

And

And let conſenting Nations join
To bleſs with me the name divine.

PSALM CV.

1.

COME, celebrate your God and King,
Awake the ſong, awake the ſtring;
With awful rev'rence own his name;
His pow'r invoke, his praiſe proclaim.

2.

Aloud declare, through ev'ry land,
The wonders of his mighty hand;
And let his name your thought employ;
His name, fit theme of higheſt joy.

3.

Such joy may each for ever ſhare,
Whoſe ſteps to Salem's fane repair;
O frequent ſeek that bleſt abode,
O ſeek the face of Jacob's God.

The

4.

The acts of heav'n's almighty Lord
Let Iſrael's thankful Sons record;
Ye Seed of Abraham, his Friend,
With joy to his commands attend.

5.

To you his preſence ſtands confeſt;
His judgments earth's wide realms atteſt;
His promiſe kind, and wiſe decree,
Though Man forget, yet will not He.

6.

The oath confirm'd through periods paſt,
And doom'd to lateſt times to laſt;
To Terah's Son, to Iſaac, made,
And thus to Jacob's hands convey'd:

7.

" Ariſe, thou favour'd of thy God,
" And claim the gift by him beſtow'd:
" Behold thy Sons their wide command
" Extend o'er Canaan's fertile land."

But

8.

But when? or how? their number view;
(It aſks no toil;) a helpleſs Few,
And Strangers there, doom'd long to roam,
And ſeek through diſtant climes a home.

9.

Yet, privileg'd by Him from wrong,
Secure the Exiles march along:
Kings hear his dread reproof, nor dare
To hurt whom God has bid to ſpare.

10.

" Touch, touch not theſe; for on their heads
" My hand the ſacred unction ſheds;
" Your eyes in them my Prophets ſee;
" And what they ſpeak, they ſpeak from Me."

11.

God calls; and on the cultur'd ground
Life's needful ſtaff no more is found,
While drought, incumbent o'er the plain,
Checks in mid growth the rip'ning grain.

Yet

12.

Yet mercy ſtill his wrath outran ;
Thy ſhores, O Nile, receive the Man,
Ordain'd the choſen Race to ſave,
Thy future Lord, though now thy Slave.

13.

What though, his feet in fetters bound,
His ſoul th' afflicting irons wound,
Though various griefs around him wait
Through kindred envy, wrath, and hate ;---

14.

Yet, Joſeph, patient bear thy lot :
Thy lips, with heav'nly ſcience fraught,
Shall ſoon the myſtic dream explain,
That ends thy woes, and breaks thy chain.

15.

The Monarch bids ; the priſon door
Detains the injur'd Saint no more ;
But through ſucceeding life he gains
A full exemption from his pains.

New

16.

New honours now his wrongs repair;
The regal palace to his care
Its wealth conſigns; and Egypt's land
Bows to her Captive's wife command.

17.

Ev'n Princes own'd with rev'rent awe
The dictates of his will their law,
And Senates on his youthful tongue
In ſilent wonder liſt'ning hung.

19.

Lo! Joſeph ſends, and, bow'd with years,
Jacob on Mizraim's coaſt appears;
Th' illuſtrious Pilgrim's wearied feet
In Egypt fix their laſt retreat.

20.

See hence the woes on Egypt pour'd!
But Thou, O Monarch, ſhould'ſt thy word
Abſolve, nor thus with impious rod
Oppreſs the Servants of thy God.

21.

See Moſes, pleading, ſtretch the hand;
See Aaron lift the ſacred wand,
And lead th' invited vengeance on
In ſcenes to nature's laws unknown.

22.

What terrors, Cham, alas! are thine,
While quick on thy devoted Line,
Far as thy utmoſt coaſts extend,
Thou ſeeſt the various peſt deſcend!

23.

If fear their ſtubborn hearts may melt,
Let darkneſs, darkneſs to be felt,
Incloſe their land, and o'er their head
Its melancholy mantle ſpread.

24.

Thus, thus th' Almighty Monarch ſpake;
As forth the awful accents brake,
Darkneſs the high beheſt obey'd,
And round them wrapt its thickeſt ſhade.

The

25.

The heav'n-ſtruck Nile's extended flood
Now rolls a current black with blood;
While breathleſs on their oozy bed
In heaps the finny tribes are ſpread.

26.

The loathſome frog, a num'rous birth,
Springs inſtant from the teeming earth,
Nor walls that guard a Monarch's reſt
Know to exclude the hideous gueſt.

27.

God bids; and through the darken'd air
In troops th' aſſembling flies repair,
And ſwarms of reptiles ſcatter'd wide,
Rebuke the faithleſs Tyrant's pride.

28.

In league againſt them now conſpire
The ruſhing hail, and bick'ring fire,
And, inſtant by the tempeſt torn,
Their ruin'd ſhades the foreſts mourn.

29.

No more array'd in native green
The fig-tree and the vine are ſeen,
No more with flow'ring honours crown'd,
But uſeleſs load th' incumber'd ground.

30.

He bids; and join'd in cloſe array
Th' embattled locuſts take their way;
Before them, plains with verdure grac'd,
Appear; behind a barren waſte:

31.

While the dun beetle through the ſky
With eager ſpeed is ſeen to fly,
And, partner in the offer'd ſpoil
Conſumes th' aſtoniſh'd Planter's toil.

32.

Now to the grave with anguiſh torn,
Each Mother yields her Eldeſt-born;
And Egypt's land, along its ſhores,
The firſt-fruits of its ſtrength deplores.

Now,

33.

Now, Iſrael, ſhines the day to thee
That bids thy captive Sons go free;
Riſe, quickly riſe; for in their ear
Thy Sons the voice of freedom hear.

34.

The wealth of their relenting Foes
Earth's ſov'reign Lord on them beſtows,
And bids them leave the hoſtile ſoil,
Each ſtrong for travel, ſtrong for toil.

35.

As now their deſtin'd path they tread,
Egypt, yet pale with recent dread,
Exulting ſees the ſacred Band
With parting footſteps preſs her ſtrand.

36.

Expanded wide above their heads
The ſhadowing cloud its curtain ſpreads;
Before them walks th' embodied fire,
And bids the ſhades of night retire.

God's

37.

God's hand indulgent from on high
Yields Jacob's Sons their wiſh'd ſupply;
Quails on their appetite beſtow'd,
And bread ethereal, give them food:

38.

While, at his word, from out the rock
Th' impriſon'd ſtreams luxuriant broke,
And, onward pour'd with lengthen'd train,
Ran murm'ring o'er the thirſty plain.

39.

Such mercies, all-indulgent Lord,
Thy changeleſs promiſes afford,
Such bleſſings thy remembrance kind
Of Abraham's ever faithful mind.

40.

Redeem'd from ſtern oppreſſion's ſeat,
With grateful joy their boſoms beat;
With ſuch as ev'ry heart o'erflows
When reſcu'd from its cruel Foes;---

Joy,

41.

Joy, yet enlarg'd, when Canaan's land
Reſigns her ſceptre to their hand,
And bids them reap from off her ſoil
The harveſt of another's toil.

42.

Behold the love to Iſrael ſhown,
That we, great God, thy pow'r might own,
And each with ſtedfaſt heart fulfil
The dictates of thy mighty will.

43.

Awake the ſong, awake the ſtring,
And thankful praiſe th' immortal King,
And, faithful Heralds to his fame,
To diſtant lands his praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CVI.

1.

LET ſongs of joy to God aſcend,
Whoſe love nor limit knows, nor end:
But O, what tongue in equal lay
His acts can ſpeak, his praiſe diſplay?

2.

Thrice happy who with ſtedfaſt will
The dictates of his law fulfil!
With theſe, thy choſen flock, aſſign'd
May I my lot for ever find?

3.

O grant me, Lord, with theſe to prove
The pow'r of thy redeeming love,
The grace thy Saints are bleſt to know
That grace to me benignant ſhew:---

4.

And while thy mercy on our heads
The fulneſs of its bleſſings ſheds,

With

With them th' accepted hymn to ſing
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

5.

Too faithful Followers of our Sires,
Our life with theirs, great God, conſpires
Thy wrath on Judah's realm to call,
And teach thy terrors where to fall.

6.

O ſay, thou Erythræan main,
Whoſe waves beheld the rebel Train;
How ſoon oblivion could efface
Each act of God's ſtupendous grace,---

7.

How ſoon efface each act his hand
Perform'd in Cham's affrighted land;
Yet, ſtill, that Man his pow'r might own,
Conſpicuous in their aid it ſhone.

8.

Aw'd by his voice the briny flood
In gath'ring heaps ſuſpended ſtood,

While, ſafe as o'er the ſandy waſte,
Th' admiring Troops betwixt them paſt.

9.

Soon as they reach the adverſe ſtrand
Th' impetuous wave the hoſtile Band
O'erwhelms; nor one exempted Man
Back with the dreadful tidings ran.

10.

Convinc'd they now (what could they leſs?)
His words the words of truth confeſs,
Yield to his name th' extorted praiſe,
And ſongs of grateful triumph raiſe:---

11.

But ſoon rebellious as before
(His works remember'd now no more,)
To times by them preſcrib'd confine
The counſels of the will divine.

12.

As Jacob's Sons, by luſt impell'd,
Their courſe along the deſert held,

Fierce

Fierce riſe their Bands, in evil hour,
And challenge God's almighty pow'r.

13.

That pow'r, while ev'ry eager eye
Raſhly demands the quick ſupply,
Diſpleas'd, the wiſh'd-for ill ſhall grant,
And ſatiate their imagin'd want.

14.

That pow'r alone their outrage fell
From thee, O Moſes, could repel,
And unconteſted rev'rence claim
To conſecrated Aaron's name.

15.

Wide, diſcontinuous, yawn'd the ground,
And Dathan in the dark profound,
With proud Abiram's frantic Train,
Receiving inſtant, clos'd again.

16.

Th' Almighty Lord, with wrath inflam'd
His vengeance dire at Iſrael aim'd,

His fires impetuous, roll'd along,
Wrapt in the blaze th' apoſtate Throng.

17.

Horeb! what ſin is wrought on thee?
Bluſh, conſcious Earth, O bluſh to ſee
A figure from the grazing herd
To God, the living God, prefer'd;---

18.

That God, their glory late confeſt;
But ah! within their thankleſs breaſt
No longer now recorded ſtand
The wonders of his ſaving hand.

19.

No more with gratitude impreſs'd
His miracles their hearts atteſt
In vain on Egypt ſhown, in vain
Repeated on the bord'ring main.

20.

See, as in awful threat'nings heard,
Eternal juſtice gives the word,

The

The ſummon'd ſtorms the heav'nly throne
Surround, impatient to be gone.

21.

But Moſes in the breach appears,
And, as his ſuppliant voice he rears,
Averts, yet waiting on the wing,
The vengeance of th' almighty King.

22.

As Iſrael's Tribes approaching, ſtand
Near promis'd Canaan's fertile land,
That promiſe, ſeal'd by truth divine,
They doubt, and at the gift repine.

23.

From tent to tent the murmur runs,
While each the heav'nly counſel ſhuns,
That bids them ſafe in Him confide,
Their God, their Guardian, and their Guide.

24.

Their guilt mature for vengeance found,
Th' uplifted ſword, in act to wound,

Hangs

Hangs imminent; and Myriads ſlain
In heaps promiſcuous load the plain.

25.

The conqu'ring Foe through unknown ways
The ſcatter'd Fugitives conveys;
Secluded from their promis'd home,
In foreign countries long they roam.

26.

With Baal's worſhippers behold
The names of Jacob's Race inroll'd,
Who, pleas'd, the impious table ſpread,
And eat the off'rings of the Dead.

27.

New crimes new chaſtiſements provoke;
And forth the peſt wide-waſting broke,
Unſeen the furious onſet gave,
And ſwept them to the crouded grave.

28.

Till, Phineas, thy prevenient care
Purg'd from its taint the deathful air;

The

The pious deed to lateſt days
Shall conſecrate the Hero's praiſe.

29.

Nor Meribah's yet thirſty ground
Unconſcious of their guilt is found;
Till, ſummon'd from the rock, the wave
Her plain in full effuſion lave.

30.

Nor He, who often mildly ſtrove
To draw them with the cords of love;
Not Moſes, Leader of their Bands,
From touch of blame exempted ſtands.

31.

While murmurs heard on ev'ry ſide,
And loud reproach, his patience tried,
Reſentment quick his boſom ſtung,
And words unweigh'd eſcap'd his tongue.

32.

The nations round, with error blind,
To juſt exciſion long deſign'd,

Rebellious

Rebellious to their God they ſpare,
Nor ſhun the Heathen rite to ſhare.

33.

Proſtrate they fall to ſculptur'd ſtone,
And frenzy's deepeſt influence own,
To Dæmons rear'd their altars ſtand,
And ſcenes of blood pollute the land.

34.

While with untrembling hands the ſires
Their Son, their Daughter, to the ſires
A Victim yield, and, of their cry
Regardleſs, ſee their Offspring die.

35.

To images, to lifeleſs gods
(Such, Canaan, ſhame thy dire abodes;)
Streams on the knife the filial gore,
And, guiltleſs, ſtains th' unhallow'd floor.

36.

What, Iſrael, now ſhall waſh thee clean,
While leſſons of inventive ſin

Have

Have prompted thy adult'rous heart
Thus from thy Maker to depart ?

37.

Fierce o'er thy head his anger burns ;
From his own heritage he turns,
Abhorrent : now let Jacob's Foes
At will th' abandon'd Race incloſe.

38.

Behold them by oppreſſion torn,
And fix'd the mark of hoſtile ſcorn,
With flatt'ring lip their homage pay,
And trembling own tyrannic ſway.

39.

Oft they were ſav'd, and oft again
Rebellious ſpurn'd his equal reign,
Again their ruin'd ſtate deplor'd,
And bow'd beneath a foreign Lord.

40.

Yet He with pity from on high,
True to his compact, heard their cry,

His hand in their defence he rear'd,
And gracious in their cauſe appear'd.

41.

He ſaw them drag the ſervile chain,
And, ſtudious to relieve their pain,
Compaſſion's tend'reſt ſenſe impreſs'd
On the ſtern Victor's iron breaſt.

42.

O ſtill our Father, ſtill our Friend,
To Iſrael's woes, great God, attend;
From diſtant climes, and hoſtile lands,
Collect once more our ſcatter'd Bands;---

43.

That Sion with delighted ear
The hallow'd ſtrains again may hear;
Thy name the ſubject of each ſong,
Thy praiſe the boaſt of ev'ry tongue.

44.

O thankful hail th' Almighty Lord,
The God by Jacob's Sons ador'd;

His

His fame, ere time its courſe began,
O'er heav'n's wide region echoing ran.

45.

To Him through endleſs ages raiſe
One ſong of oft-repeated praiſe;
And let conſenting Nations join
To bleſs with us the pow'r divine.

Hallelujah.

PSALM CVII.

1.

TO God above from all below
Let hymns of praiſe aſcend;
Whoſe bleſſings unexhauſted flow,
Whoſe mercy knows no end.

2.

But chief by thoſe his name be bleſt,
To whom his aid he gave;
Beheld them by the Foe oppreſs'd,
And reach'd his arm to ſave.

3.

To eaſt, to weſt, to ſouth, to north,
Condemn'd awhile to roam,
His hand in pity brought them forth,
And call'd the Wand'rers home.

4.

Behold them o'er the deſert ſtray,
A helpleſs, hopeleſs Train;
Some city, where their ſteps to ſtay,
They ſeek, but ſeek in vain.

5.

Ah! what ſhall chear their fainting mind,
Or what their woes aſſuage,
To thirſt's afflictive pain conſign'd,
And famine's fierceſt rage?

6.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r;
He guides, directs their feet;
And, ſafe in his protecting care,
They reach their deſtin'd ſeat.

O then

7.

O then that all would bleſs his name,
Whoſe mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love!

8.

That love, whoſe gifts with thankful breaſt
The Sons of want divide,
And find their ev'ry grief redreſs'd,
Their ev'ry wiſh ſupplied.

9.

Iſrael, by God's avenging hand,
Death's gloomy ſhades detain;
To theſe he adds the iron band,
And ſorrow's heavier chain.

10.

Such is the doom to thoſe aſſign'd,
Who, frantic, durſt withſtand,
The counſels of th' almighty mind,
And ſpurn his juſt command.

O'erwhelm'd

11.

O'erwhelm'd with deepeſt woe they lie,
And ſinking to the grave;
No pitying ear attends their cry;
No hand is nigh to ſave.

12.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r;
He, inſtant, near them ſtands,
Diſpels the gloom of black deſpair,
And breaks their ſtubborn bands.

13.

O then that all would bleſs his name,
Whoſe mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love!

14.

That love, that oft its ſuccour gives
The Captive's woes to heal,
The gates of braſs in ſunder cleaves,
And burſts the bars of ſteel.

Beneath

15.

Beneath God's terrors bid to groan,
Lo! Judah's ſinful Band,
The fruits of folly reap, and own
The juſtice of his hand.

16.

Eſtrang'd from food, their languid ſoul
The needful meal foregoes;
Life feels its current faintly roll,
And haſtens to its cloſe.

17.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r;
And nature, joyous, ſees
His word her ruin'd ſtrength repair,
Her fierceſt tortures eaſe.

18.

O then that all would bleſs his name,
Whoſe mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love!

That

19.

That realms of various tongue would ſing
His acts in frequent lays,
And yield to heav'n's eternal King
The ſacrifice of praiſe!

20.

Who o'er the waves from ſhore to ſhore
The gifts of commerce bear,
The Wonders of the deep explore,
And own that God is there.

21.

By theſe his works are ſeen; his ways
By theſe are underſtood;
He ſpeaks the word; the ſtorm obeys,
And riſing lifts the flood.

22.

Now high as heav'n the bark aſcends,
Now ſeeks the depth below;
Each heart beneath the terror bends;
And melts with inward woe.

As

23.

As gorg'd with wine, in wild amaze
They reel from ſide to ſide;
Nor hope ſurvives, their ſouls to raiſe,
Nor reaſon wakes to guide.

24.

Diſtreſs'd, to God they make their pray'r;
Obedient to his will,
The ſtorms that rag'd their rage forbear,
The ſeas that roar'd are ſtill.

25.

Each grief, each fear, at once reſign'd,
They ſee their labour o'er;
Then led by Him their haven find,
And touch the wiſh'd-for ſhore.

26.

O then that all would bleſs his name,
Whoſe mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
The wonders of his love!

27.

That Salem in her ſacred ſhrine
His praiſe with thankful tongue
Would utter; while her Elders join
To ſwell the feſtal ſong!

28.

God bids; and lo! a burning waſte,
Where roll'd the floods before;
And, touch'd by the deſcending blaſt,
The ſprings are ſeen no more.

29.

Sad witneſs of ſome dire offence,
Behold the fertile ſoil
No more its wonted gifts diſpenſe,
But mock the Tiller's toil.

30.

He bids; and o'er the deſert wide
The liquid lake is ſpread;
New ſprings the thirſty earth divide,
And murm'ring lift the head.

31.

There Myriads, late with hunger wan,
By Him aſſembled, meet;
There pleas'd the future city plan,
And fix their ſure retreat.

32.

And now they ſow the foodful grain,
The tender vine they rear;
Now waves the harveſt o'er the plain,
And plenty crowns the year.

33.

Bleſt in his care, the Sires with joy
A num'rous Race behold;
Nor dares diſeaſe their herds annoy,
Or waſte the peopled fold.

34.

If Iſrael, ſunk with heavieſt woe,
Endure oppreſſion's pow'r;
If civil rage, or conqu'ring Foe,
Their boaſted ſtrength devour;---

35.

Though, humbled from their ſtate, awhile
Their Princes feel his rod,
And wander o'er a barren ſoil,
By human ſtep untrod,---

36.

His hand affords the wiſh'd releaſe;
Collects their ſcatter'd Train;
And bids them like the flocks increaſe,
That fill the verdant plain.

37.

Such truths his Servants ſhall atteſt,
And, joyful, wake the ſong;
While ſhame the Impious ſhall inveſt,
And chain their ſpeechleſs tongue.

38.

His works attentive while it ſees
The heav'n-inſtructed mind
Shall own, how equal his decrees,
His providence how kind.

PSALM

PSALM CVIII.

1.

MY heart is fix'd, eternal Sire;
My heart is fix'd; to Thee aſpire
My thoughts, and dictate to my lays
An argument of endleſs praiſe.

2.

To Thee, great God, my joyous tongue
Preluding forms the grateful ſong:
That tongue, whoſe higheſt praiſe ſhall be
The pow'r it boaſts of praiſing Thee.

3.

Awake, my lute, and new-ſtrung lyre
Inſtinct, myſelf, with holy fire
I wake; and lo, the dawning ſun
Already hears the ſtrain begun.

4.

From me aſſembling Crouds ſhall burn
The triumphs of thy love to learn,

And,

And, rapt with zeal, the Nations round,
Catch from my lips the ſacred ſound.

5.

Lo! to the clouds thy truth extends,
And heav'n's ſtupendous height tranſcends;
Far as to earth's extremeſt bound
In all thy works is mercy found.

6.

Inthron'd thyſelf above the ſkies,
O, bid thy fulleſt glory riſe,
And to the earth with cloudleſs ray
The wonders of thy pow'r diſplay.

7.

The Juſt, bleſt objects of thy love,
Defend propitious from above;
Let me with them thy mercy ſhare,
And hear, O hear, my ceaſeleſs pray'r.

8.

God's truth ſhall ne'er forget to guard
The promiſe by his lips declar'd;

And

And what th' almighty Monarch wills,
My ready hand with joy fulfils.

9.

Behold me Sichem's plain divide;
My line, to Succoth's vale applied,
Its bound deſcribes; Thee mine I ſee,
O Gilead, and, Manaſſes, Thee.

10.

Thou, Ephraim, art my ſtrong defence;
Thou, Judah, ſhalt my law diſpenſe;
A diff'rent lot ſhall Moab find,
A vaſe to vileſt uſe aſſign'd.

11.

A doom like his ſhall Edom meet,
And wipe the duſt from off my feet;
Philiſtia ſhall her tribute bring,
And own in Me her future King.

12.

Who, as our Troops in cloſe array
To Edom's forts direct their way,

Arm'd

Arm'd with reſiſtleſs ſtrength ſhall bid
Her gates unfold, her bolts recede?

13.

Behold us, Lord, oppreſs'd with woe,
As exil'd from thy care we go;
Shall Iſrael's Hoſts, thy aid withheld,
Still unſucceſsful take the field?

14.

Our hope, on Man repos'd in vain,
O let thy ſtrength, great God, ſuſtain,
And let us on thy help reclin'd
In Thee our firm Protector find.

15.

Thus arm'd, each adverſe pow'r we dare,
And dauntleſs meet the ruſhing war,
While from thy ſword our Foes retire,
Or trampled in the duſt expire.

PSALM

PSALM CIX.

1.

GOD of my praiſe, thy ſilence break;
Thy timelieſt aid my woes beſpeak,
While tongues, to falſehood train'd, prepare
To wrap me in the deathful ſnare.

2.

Now words of deepeſt art they try;
Now hoſtile threats around me fly;
And Crouds, inflam'd with cauſeleſs rage,
Wars, fierceſt wars, againſt me wage.

3.

While thus with enmity profeſt
My fame they wound, my peace moleſt;
While ſtedfaſt hate my love repays,
To Thee my ſoul inceſſant prays.

4.

But O! what anguiſh rends my mind,
What keen regret! condemn'd to find,

As gifts on gifts my hand beſtow,
In each expected Friend a Foe.

5.

On Him whoſe heart, with malice fraught,
Againſt my peace has bent its thought,
O let thy juſtice, Lord, by me
Aloud proclaim its fix'd decree.

6.

Arraign'd at ſtern oppreſſion's bar,
Some dread Accuſer let him ſhare,
That, planted on his right, may ſtand,
And vengeance from his Judge demand.

7.

Nor let his deprecation win
The wiſh'd-for pardon to his ſin,
But witneſs of his guilt become,
And ſeal, beyond reverſe, his doom.

8.

Let death's accelerated day
To worthier hands his charge convey,

His

His roof a weeping Widow ſee,
Her Orphans hanging at her knee.

9.

While as from morn to eve they roam,
Some ruin'd cell their caſual home
Let theſe, by pinching hunger led,
Seek at the rich Man's gate their bread.

10.

The Sinner's wealth let rapine ſpoil;
The gather'd harveſt of his toil
Let fell extortion's hand ſurpriſe,
While each his woes unpitying eyes.

11.

And let his Race, no ſuccour near,
Corrected, leſſon in thy fear
This age; and, one ſucceſſion o'er,
Be ſeen by human eye no more.

12.

Let what of ſin his Sires have done,
What guilt his Mother's heart has known,

In heav'n be noted, and their crime
Recorded ſtand to endleſs time.

13.

Let wrath and horror at thy word
Quick on th' abandon'd Offſpring pour'd,
The meaſure of their ſins fulfill'd,
Their name to juſt extinction yield.

14.

Lord, on the Wretch let vengeance reſt,
Who, when with heavieſt woes oppreſs'd,
The helpleſs Innocent he view'd,
With murth'rous hate his ſoul purſu'd.

15.

In curſes, for in them his heart
Delighted, let him bear his part,
Dread ſpectacle! a Foe profeſt
To bleſſing, and himſelf unbleſt.

16.

Himſelf he veils in curſings dire,
That, ſprung from hell-enkindled fire;

Like

Like water ſhall his bowels rend,
Like oil into his bones deſcend.

17.

Faſt as his veſture to his ſide
Still let them cleave, by Thee applied,
And, o'er his loins for ever bound,
In painful cincture wrap him round.

18.

Such recompenſe my Foe ſhall claim;
Such all who blaſt with lies my fame;
But let thy grace on me beſtow'd
Thy name exalt, immortal God.

19.

Thy love, O Lord, thy love reveal
And ſtretch the hand my heart to heal,
That fainting pours th' inceſſant groan,
And ſorrow's deepeſt wounds has known.

20.

To life's laſt verge, impell'd by woe,
Faſt as the flitting ſhade I go;

Chas'd

Chas'd as the locuſt ſee me roam,
My ſtrength by hunger's force o'ercome.

21.

While thus within my waſted frame
Sinks, half extinct, the vital flame,
Reproaching Foes, around me ſpread,
With haughtieſt triumph ſhake the head.

22.

Thy wonted clemency beſtow;
And give them, mightieſt Lord, to know,
Thy care extended to my aid,
Thy pow'r in their repulſe diſplay'd.

23.

Though curs'd by them, yet bleſs me Thou;
O teach their ſtubborn hearts to bow;
And let their rage, by Thee ſuppreſs'd
With grateful tranſport fill my breaſt.

24.

On Each, who calls himſelf my Foe,
Let ſhame its thickeſt mantle throw;

Let

Let black diſgrace their name o'erſpread,
Who aim their curſes at my head.

25.

While I, amid th' aſſembled Throng,
Raiſe to my God the ceaſeleſs ſong,
Who, conſtant at his ſide, the Poor
From lawleſs judgment ſhall ſecure.

PSALM CX.

1.

TH' Almighty Lord, beneath whoſe ſeat
The ſtarry orbs their courſe repeat,
In awful majeſty array'd,
Thus to my Lord Meſſiah---ſaid---

2.

Come ſeat thee at my own right hand,
Till, at my word, the hoſtile Band,
As low with proſtrate necks they lie,
A footſtool to thy ſteps ſupply.

Thy

3.

Thy God from Sion's lofty tow'r
Shall bid thee ſtretch the rod of pow'r;
Victorious o'er the rebel Train,
Ariſe, and vindicate thy reign.

4.

Behold the long-expected day,
When willing Crouds their homage pay;
To Thee their ſacred off'ring bring,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

5.

Thy future Offspring view, a birth
More num'rous than the dews, on earth,
Beneath the twilight's dubious gloom,
Diffus'd from morn's prolific womb.

6.

Th' irrevocable oath is ſworn;
" My Beſt-belov'd, my Eldeſt-born,
" Charg'd with th' eternal prieſthood ſee,
" And rank'd, Melchizedec, with thee."

Thine

7.

Thine arm th' anointed Prince ſhall ſhield,
Thou, Lord, beſide him tread the field,
While Kings ſhall feel th' inflicted wound,
And hardieſt Warriors preſs the ground.

8.

His name the ſubject world ſhall awe,
His ſword to diſtant lands give law;
By him their ſcepter'd Chiefs are ſlain,
And heaps of carnage load the plain.

9.

The ſtreams, that glide along the way,
Shall to his heart new ſtrength convey,
And bid him, 'mid the ſcene of dread,
Secure of conqueſt, lift the head.

PSALM CXI.

1.

MY Soul with ſacred zeal inſpir'd,
Shall wake to God the thankful ſtrain,
In ſecret with his Saints retir'd,
And 'midſt fair Sion's crouded fane.

2.

Great are his works; with ſtudious aim
Each faithful heart thoſe works has trac'd;
His act ſhall higheſt honour claim,
His equity for ever laſt.

3.

His wonders to the grateful ſenſe
In ſweet memorial ſtand confeſt;
For boundleſs grace his hands diſpenſe,
And tend'reſt pity warms his breaſt.

His

4.

His love the Souls to Him allied
With food of heav'nly growth has fill'd;
Nor ſuffers from his thought to ſlide
The promiſe to his People ſeal'd.

5.

Thy pow'r that People, Lord, have known,
Bleſt Heirs of Canaan's fertile land;
Thy precepts truth and juſtice own,
And bid thy deeds reverſeleſs ſtand.

6.

Salvation from our God deſcends;
His faith ſhall Iſrael's bliſs inſure;
Majeſtic awe his name attends,
And ſanctity from blemiſh pure.

7.

His fear th' obedient heart refines,
And wiſdom's path to view diſplays:
In brighteſt beams array'd it ſhines,
And prompts each tongue with endleſs praiſe.

PSALM CXII.

1.

HOW bleſt the Man, his God who fears!
Thy precept, on his thoughts impreſs'd,
Eternal King, his ſpirit chears,
And peace prepetual fills his breaſt.

2.

His Sons the reins of pow'r ſhall hold,
Tranſmiſſive bleſſings on their line
Be pour'd; his treaſures ſwell with gold,
His righteouſneſs for ever ſhine.

3.

How to thy Saints, juſt, kind, and good,
Has light amidſt the gloom upſprung!
Their hands have ampleſt gifts beſtow'd,
And fair diſcretion guides their tongue.

Secure

4.

Secure from fall the Juſt ſhall ſtand,
Nor e'er from thy remembrance ſlide:
No rumor'd ills his fear demand,
Whoſe hopes in Thee, great God, reſide.

5.

Without a dread, thy ſtrength his truſt,
He meets the battle on its way,
Nor turns, till proſtrate in the duſt
His eyes the vaunting Foe ſurvey.

6.

Inrich'd by what he gives, his hands,
Deal to the Sons of want his bread;
His innocence unſullied ſtands;
And laſting honours crown his head.

7.

His bliſs Tranſgreſſors ſhall behold,
And grind their teeth, and inly groan,
Their impious toil by Thee controul'd,
Their ev'ry wiſh by Thee o'erthrown.

PSALM CXIII.

1.

YE faithful Servants of your God,
On Him be all your praiſe beſtow'd;
Through time's extended courſe his name
Shall praiſe, and thanks, and homage, claim.

2.

Its circuit from the eaſt begun,
To fartheſt weſt his fame ſhall run,
His glory earth's wide realms o'erflow,
Nor higheſt heav'ns its limit know.

3.

Great is the Lord, and great his praiſe;
What God like Him our thoughts can raiſe?
O whom to Him ſhall Mortals dare
To equal, whom to Him compare?

4.

He ſits aloft, o'er gods a God,
Eternity his dread abode,

Yet

Yet ſtoops to view, and, view'd, records
The ſcenes that earth's low ſeat affords.

5.

He from the duſt uplifts the Poor,
And gives the Abject and Obſcure,
The dunghill for a throne exchang'd,
To ſit with mightieſt Monarchs rang'd.

6.

'Tis His the barren houſe to bleſs;
His gift let each the Babes confeſs,
That, long to her requeſt denied,
The joyful Mother's care divide.

PSALM CXIV.

1.

WHEN Jacob's Sons through paths unknown
From Egypt took their way,
In Judah's Tribe his preſence ſhone,
And Iſrael own'd his ſway.

Old

2.

Old ocean ſaw them as they came;
He ſaw, and backward fled;
Recoiling Jordan turn'd his ſtream,
And ſought his fountain-head.

3.

The mountains feel the ſudden ſhock;
As rams, from off the ground
They ſpring; as younglings of the flock,
The hills affrighted bound.

4.

Thou, Ocean, ſay, why, as they came,
Thy billows backward fled;
And what, O Jordan, urg'd thy ſtream,
To ſeek its fountain-head?

5.

Ye mountains, whence the ſudden ſhock?
Why leap ye from the ground
As rams? as younglings of the flock,
Say why, O hills, ye bound?

Earth,

6.

Earth, inſtant, to thy loweſt baſe
Convuls'd, avow thy fear,
While heav'n's high Lord reveals his face,
While Jacob's God is near :

7.

Diſſolv'd beneath whoſe potent ſtroke
The flint a torrent gave ;
Who ſpake ; and from the yielding rock
Guſh'd forth the bidden wave.

PSALM CXV.

1.

O Let not us, thou God of hoſts,
O let not us, with frantic boaſts,
The merit and the glory claim,
Due only to thy hallow'd name.

2.

To thee, great God, to Thee alone,
Thy truth and grace, to Iſrael known,

Shall ceaſeleſs honour yield, and raiſe
Each heart to love, each tongue to praiſe.

3.

Why ſhould the heathen Tribes demand,
" Where's now the God of Iſrael's land ?"
In heav'n our God has fix'd his throne,
That Lord, whoſe will and act are one.

4.

Not ſuch the Gods whom ye adore,
That, once a maſs of ſhapeleſs ore,
Now crown'd with furtive honours ſtand,
The Creatures of the Artiſt's hand.

5.

Mouths have they, not for ſpeech deſign'd;
And ears and eyes, yet deaf and blind;
Their noſtrils, as along the fane
It breathes, the incenſe greets in vain.

6.

Their hands th' imprinted kiſs ne'er feel,
While ſuppliant Crouds before them kneel;

Their

Their feet have never ſtep eſſay'd;
Their throat has never ſound convey'd.

7.

Unviſited by wiſdom's ray
Their breaſt: nor leſs inſenſate they,
Who made their mimic forms, or, made,
With fruitleſs pray'r invoke their aid.

8.

Ye happieſt Sons of Iſrael's line,
Conducted by the light divine,
On God your firm reliance build;
Him own your refuge, Him your ſhield.

9.

Ye, who from veſted Aaron trace
The honours of your choſen Race,
On God your firm reliance build;
Him own your refuge, Him your ſhield.

10.

Ye Souls, with pure devotion warm,
Whoſe lives to his decrees conform,

On God your firm reliance build;
Him own your refuge, Him your ſhield.

11.

Behold God's beams around us ſhine;
He, Jacob, he ſhall bleſs thy line,
You, who from veſted Aaron trace
The honours of your choſen Race.

12.

And You, with pure devotion warm,
Whoſe lives to his decrees conform,
From Him, whoſe hand the ſceptre guides,
To Him who in the cot reſides.

13.

To You, to Yours, till time ſhall end,
His love its bleſſings ſhall extend,
Heirs of the changeleſs promiſe giv'n
By Him who form'd the earth and heav'n:

14.

That heav'n, within whoſe awful bound
Himſelf, with brighteſt glory crown'd,

His

His ſeat has rear'd; while Adam's Sons
The earth (his gift) its Tenants owns.

15.

Not thoſe whom death hath ſnatch'd away
The debt of hallow'd praiſe ſhall pay,
Or wake his wonders to diſcloſe,
But ſilent in the duſt repoſe.

16.

'Tis ours, who ſtill thoſe wonders view,
The grateful labour to purſue;
Nor ever ſhall our lips decline
To crown with hymns the name divine.

PSALM CXVI.

1.

HOW glows with grateful love my breaſt!
For God the voice of my requeſt
Accepts, and, while my hands I rear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear;

For

For this, to life's extremeſt hour,
My lips to Him the pray'r ſhall pour.

2.

While death its ſnares around me threw,
The grave, its horrors to my view
Preſenting, preſs'd with heavieſt grief,
From Thee, great God, I ſought relief:
" O ſave me, heav'nly Sire," I cried,
" And turn th' impending ſtroke aſide."

3.

Great is our God, beyond all bound
His providence and pow'r are found;
Juſt, good, and kind, is Iſrael's Lord,
His breaſt with tend'reſt pity ſtor'd,
And prompt his arm, when ills invade,
The Guileleſs and the Meek to aid.

4.

God's mercies, 'midſt thy deepeſt woe,
By bleſt experience taught to know,

Turn,

Turn, turn thee to thy reſt, my ſoul;
For He, who ſits above the pole,
(Tremendous name) has o'er thy head
The fulneſs of his bounty ſhed.

5.

Thou, mightieſt Father, thou wert nigh,
To ſave my ſoul from death, mine eye
From tears, to guard from lapſe my feet,
And bid me in this earthly ſeat
(Life's wide dominion) ſtill reſide,
To Thee in filial fear allied.

6.

To God my heart reſign'd its care,
To Him my tongue addreſs'd its pray'r;
While, ſtruck with terrors as I ſtood,
A ſea of ſorrows round me flow'd,
" No more, my ſoul, no more," I cried,
" In Man's fallacious aid confide."

7.

O, what requital at my hand
Shall mercies, Lord, like thine, demand?

By

By Thee from each diſtreſs enlarg'd,
The cup with benediction charg'd
I take, and, touch'd with holy flame,
Invoke my great Deliv'rer's name.

8.

Ev'n now, before th' aſſembled Train,
Ev'n now, within thy ſacred fane,
(That fane, whoſe walls, on firmeſt baſe
Uprear'd, fair Salem's confines grace,)
Behold me at thine altar bow,
And, pleas'd, abſolve my offer'd vow.

9.

Who thy decrees, great God, obey,
Secure on Thee their hope ſhall ſtay;
Nor fraud nor rapine's iron hand
Shall dare to touch the pious Band,
For ſacred is their blood, and high
Its price in thy paternal eye.

10.

In me thy Servant, Lord, in me
The Offspring of thy Handmaid ſee,

Releas'd

Releas'd by Thee, from day to day
The ſacrifice of praiſe to pay
I joy, and, touch'd with holy flame,
Invoke my great Deliv'rer's name.

II.

Ev'n now, before th' aſſembled Train,
Ev'n now within thy ſacred fane,
(That fane, whoſe walls, on firmeſt baſe
Uprear'd, fair Salem's confines grace,)
Behold me at thine altar bow,
And, pleas'd, abſolve my offer'd vow.

PSALM CXVII.

I.

LET thy various realms, O Earth,
Praiſes yield to heav'n's high Lord;
Praiſe him all of human birth,
And his wondrous acts record.

2.

See his mercy o'er our land
Spread its ever-healing wing,
And his truth through ages ſtand;
Praiſe, O praiſe, th' eternal King.

PSALM CXVIII.

1.

LIFT your voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heav'nly King;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

2.

Iſrael, thy Creator bleſs,
And with joyous tongue confeſs,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

3.

Aaron, let thy choſen Line
Grateful in th' avowal join,

That

That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

4.

Ye, who make his will your care,
With aſſenting voice declare,
That his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end,

5.

To my plaint propitious, He
Bade my captive Soul go free;
He ſhall in my cauſe appear;
Let not Man excite my fear.

6.

He amid my Helpers ſtands;
Struck by Him, th' oppoſing Bands
Inſtant from before mine eye
Back in wild retreat ſhall fly.

7.

O, how ſafe the Man, whoſe mind
Reſts on Jacob's God reclin'd!

Safer far than they who truſt
On the help of breathing duſt.

8.

O how ſafe the Man, whoſe mind
Reſts on Jacob's God reclin'd!
Safer far than they who deem
Kings on earth their pow'r ſupreme.

9.

Gather'd from each diſtant coaſt
Round me preſs'd th' embattled Hoſt;
But my arm, by God upheld,
Strew'd with ſlaughter'd heaps the field.

10.

Round me, thirſting for my blood,
Round me adverſe Myriads ſtood;
But my arm, by God upheld,
Strew'd with ſlaughter'd heaps the field.

11.

Round me, ſee! as bees they dwell,
Bees, that, iſſuing from their cell,

Mix

Mix in ſwarms, and on the wing
Arm'd with fury onward ſpring.

12.

See their rage at once expire
Like the thorn-enkindled fire;
While my arm, by God upheld,
Strews with ſlaughter'd heaps the field.

13.

Soon thy ſtroke, relentleſs Foe,
Soon thy ſtroke had laid me low,
Had not God's ſupporting hand
Bid my fault'ring feet to ſtand.

14.

He my ſtrength, and He my ſong,
Lo! my days I yet prolong,
And, each hoſtile force o'erthrown,
Him my great ſalvation own.

15.

Shouts of health and hymns of praiſe
Wiſdom's faithful Followers raiſe,

While,

While, amid their peaceful feat
Thus the ear their accents greet:

16.

" O how ſtrong the hand divine!
" O what wonders, Lord, are Thine!"
See that hand, from heav'n reveal'd,
Wonders yet on wonders yield.

17.

Vaunt thy terrors, death, no more;
He whom Iſrael's Sons adore,
He, each danger chas'd away,
Bids me ſtill his acts diſplay.

18.

He indulgent, juſt, and kind,
Trials to my lot aſſign'd,
Yet amidſt the doubtful ſtrife
Reſcu'd from the ſword my life.

19.

Ope the gates of righteouſneſs;
Let my feet have full acceſs;

There

There I'll praiſe my Saviour's name,
And his boundleſs love proclaim.

20.

Here the hallow'd gate behold;
See its valves at once unfold,
Pleas'd t' admit the choſen Train,
Pure from ſin's infectious ſtain.

21.

Thee, the God inthron'd above,
Thee, my lips ſhall ſing, whoſe love
To my voice attention gave,
Prompt to hear, and ſtrong to ſave.

22.

See the ſtone, that, caſt aſide
By the Builders' erring pride,
In the dome aſſumes its place,
Own'd the angle's nobleſt grace.

23.

Thou the work, great God, haſt wrought;
In its ſcenes our wond'ring thought

Joys

Joys thy clemency to trace,
Seal'd to Jacob's favour'd Race.

24.

Lit by thy auſpicious ray
Downward ſtreams the wiſh'd-for day,
Big with acts that ſhall ſuggeſt
Endleſs mirth to Iſrael's breaſt.

25.

Save, O ſave, eternal Lord,
And thy proſp'ring aid afford;
Bleſt the Man, who, ſent by God,
Viſits Salem's lov'd abode.

26.

Come, ye Saints, and in his Train
Tread with licens'd ſtep her fane,
While from out her ſacred tow'r
Bleſſings on your head we pour.

27.

Safe in Iſrael's Lord confide;
He is God, and None beſide;

See his fav'ring beams ariſe
To his People's longing eyes.

28.

Fair, and innocent of ſpot,
Let the victim lamb be brought,
And beſide his altar ſtand,
Fetter'd in the writhen band.

29.

Thee, my God, in lengthen'd lays,
Thee my raptur'd lips ſhall praiſe;
Thee, my God, aloud proclaim,
Zealous to exalt thy fame.

30.

Lift your voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heav'nly King;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1.

HOW bleſt, who thee, great God, obey,
And ſtedfaſt walk th' all-perfect way!
How bleſt, whoſe hearts with will intire
Thy preſence ſeek, Almighty Sire;
Whoſe feet thy guidance own; whoſe mind
Has each nefarious act declin'd.

2.

Thy voice has charg'd us to fulfil
The dictates of thy heav'nly will;
Such, Lord, thy charge; and O may I
Attentive to the taſk apply,
Truſt in thy aid, thy works record,
And mark the precepts of thy word.

My

3.

My ſteps conform'd to thy decrees,
Nor ſhame nor dread my Soul ſhall ſeize;
Thy precepts on my mind impreſs'd
Shall ſwell with joy my faithful breaſt,
Thy juſtice prompt my tongue to raiſe
The ſong of gratitude and praiſe.

4.

Thy law my love ſhall claim: do Thou
Thy ear to my petition bow;
O treat me not with cold diſdain,
Let not my vows return in vain,
Nor leave me, helpleſs and forlorn,
The abſence of thy grace to mourn.

BETH.

1.

HOW, early wiſe, ſhall Youth, O ſay,
In innocence direct its way?
Thy word its ſteps, to Thee reſign'd,
The ever faithful Guide ſhall find.

2.

Hail, beſt Inſtructor! Thee my thought
With full deſire, great God, has ſought;
O let me not, by error's ſway
Impell'd, from thy direction ſtray.

3.

Thy precept, in my breaſt conceal'd,
From ſin's aſſault my heart ſhall ſhield;
Bleſt is thy name, eternal Lord!
O write within my mind thy word:---

4.

That word, whoſe rules from day to day
My lips with grateful zeal diſplay;
Theſe, my beſt wealth, my treaſur'd ſtore
I keep, and view them o'er and o'er.

5.

Thy dictates ſtill, my conſtant joy,
My ſoul's attention ſhall employ;
Nor aught ſhall from my ſight withdraw
Thy path, or from my thought thy law.

GIMEL.

GIMEL.

1.

THY mercy let thy Servant ſee;
Grant me to live conform'd to Thee,
And let my ſoul, each miſt away,
The wonders of thy law ſurvey.

2.

Behold me, abſent from my home,
Through life's wild maze a Pilgrim roam,
Nor Thou to my deſiring eye
Thy word's directing beams deny.

3.

With ardent zeal, with ſtrong deſire,
My thoughts to thy decrees aſpire;
With fervent hope thy paths I tread,
By mercy and by truth outſpread.

4.

O Thou, whoſe threat the Proud ſubdues,
Whoſe wrath the Sinner's ſteps purſues,

My

My ſoul, of each tranſgreſſion pure,
From ſcorn and fierce reproach ſecure.

5.

While Princes with malignant aim
Aſſembled wound my honeſt fame,
My life, thy will its fix'd purſuit,
Shall each opprobrious tongue refute.

6.

Thy laws my ev'ry thought controul,
While, fill'd with ſacred joy, my ſoul
Its ever faithful Friends in theſe
And Inmates of its counſel ſees.

DALETH.

1.

LOW in the duſt my Soul is laid;
O reach me, Lord, thy promis'd aid;
Thou, as my heart its guilt avow'd,
Thy pitying ear, great God, haſt bow'd;

Let

Let thy commands my footſteps lead ;
O give me, Lord, thy paths to tread ;
And let me, leſſon'd in thy way,
The wonders of thy grace ſurvey.

2.

While on my ſoul, that melts with woe,
That grace its ſuccours ſhall beſtow,
(Such hope thy word has bid me form ;)
Let me, with holy tranſport warm,
And privileg'd thy law to learn,
From error's path abhorrent turn ;
Averſe from each injurious art,
Let falſehood from my lips depart.

3.

Truth, Lord, my ſteady thoughts purſue,
Thy judgments fix'd before my view
In full diſplay : exempt from ſhame
O give me Thou by theſe to frame
My courſe ; and mark with what delight,
(As onward theſe my ſteps invite,)

Its

Its bands by Thee diſſolv'd, my ſoul
Anticipates the diſtant goal.

H E.

1.

TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy way;
So to my life's remoteſt day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My willing feet its Paths ſhall tread.

2.

Inform'd by Thee, with ſacred awe
My heart ſhall meditate thy law,
And, with celeſtial wiſdom fill'd,
To Thee its full obedience yield.

3.

Give me to know thy words aright,
(Thy words, my ſoul's ſupreme delight)
That, purg'd from thirſt of gold, my mind
In them its better wealth may find.

O turn

4.

O turn from vanity mine eye,
To me thy quick'ning ſtrength ſupply,
And with thy promis'd mercy chear
A heart devoted to thy fear.

5.

O vindicate my name from wrong,
And ſilence the reproachful tongue;
My dreaded ſhame, great God, remove;
Thy judgments, Lord, my thoughts approve.

6.

Thy wiſe commands my breaſt inflame;
O haſte, and to my inmoſt frame
Permit thy juſtice to diſpenſe
Its all-reviving influence.

V A U.

1.

O Let me, Lord, thy mercy know;
Thy promis'd health, great God, beſtow;
So from my ſoul, on Thee reclin'd,
Shall each reproach an anſwer find.

2.

My truſt thy judgments, mightieſt Lord,
Support; O let not then thy word
(Thy word, by truth eternal ſeal'd)
Be ever from my lips withheld:---

3.

That word to life's extremeſt ſtage
My juſt remembrance ſhall engage,
My ſoul to thy decrees incline,
And make the paths of freedom mine.

4.

The heav'n-taught truths that warm my breaſt
My tongue to Monarchs ſhall ſuggeſt,

And,

And, rapt with zeal, each check diſclaim
Of ſervile dread, and infant ſhame.

5.

Thy dictates, on my thoughts impreſs'd,
With ſweet delight ſhall fill my breaſt;
Thy law, Jehovah, ſtill ſhall ſhare
My ardent love, my conſtant care;---

6.

And while from Thee with lifted hands
Pleas'd I receive its juſt commands,
My life, ſubmitted to its rein,
Shall ſpeak them not receiv'd in vain.

ZAIN.

1.

THY promiſes, almighty Sire,
Accompliſh; theſe my hope inſpire;
Theſe, when oppreſs'd with ills I lie,
With vital ſtrength my ſoul ſupply;

Nor loud reproach, nor hoſtile ſcorn
My heart from thy obedience turn;
Amid my woes, through ages paſt
In long memorial backward trac'd,
Thy judgments have my truſt upheld,
And ſorrow's heavieſt cloud diſpell'd.

2.

How trembles, Lord, my heart to ſee
The Souls that err from thy decree!
Long as within this ſeat of clay,
My houſe of pilgrimage, I ſtay,
Thy ſtatutes are my ſong; thy name
Wakes in my breaſt the holy flame,
That heav'n-ward lifts my thoughtful ſoul,
When night's dark ſhades inveſt the pole:
What hopes, great God, are mine, what joy,
While thy commands my care employ!

CHETH.

CHETH.

1.

MY heart's beſt portion, Lord, art Thou ;
To Thee my thoughts obedience vow ;
To Thee with ardent zeal I pray ;
Thy promis'd mercy, Lord, diſplay.

2.

While back my yet unfiniſh'd race
With ſcrutiny ſevere I trace,
Thy law with full delight I greet,
And turn to Thee my willing feet.

3.

With ſtudious haſte I ran, I flew,
Intent thy dictates to purſue,
Nor theſe forget, though Troops of Foes
Amid their ſnare my ſteps incloſe.

4.

Thy juſt decrees within my breaſt
Revolv'd, I quit my bed of reſt,

And,

And, pleas'd, at midnight's awful hour,
In thanks to Thee my ſpirit pour.

5.

I mark where'er the Souls I find
To thy commands, great God, inclin'd;
I mark them, and with ſuch reſide
In Friendſhip's ſtricteſt bands ally'd.

6.

That mercy, Lord, whoſe beams extend
Far as to earth's remoteſt end;
That mercy to my Soul impart,
And grave thy precepts on my heart.

TETH.

1.

MY grateful heart thy love has known,
O Thou, whoſe words and deeds are one;
O ſtill that love impart, and ſtore
My ſoul with thy celeſtial lore,

Whoſe

Whoſe thought its full aſſent reſigns
To what thy ſacred will injoins.

2.

In devious paths awhile I trod,
Ere yet corrected by thy rod;
But from thy juſt and perfect law
Fair virtue's leſſons now I draw,
And, diſciplin'd, great Sire, by Thee,
Obſequious bow to thy decree.

3.

Thy mercies, Lord, exhauſtleſs flow;
O give my Soul thy will to know;
While Crouds, whoſe hearts my fear diſclaim,
With ſtudied falſehood blaſt thy fame,
Thee, Lord, I ſeek; by thy command,
My acts, my thoughts, directed ſtand.

4.

Amidſt their rage, with joyful view
My heart thy precepts can purſue,
While folly theirs from truth withholds,
And round them wraps its thickeſt folds;

Behold

Behold them, Lord, in error loſt,
Thy law reject with impious boaſt.

5.

Bleſt be thy hand, ſeverely kind,
Whoſe ſtroke recall'd my erring mind,
And urg'd me, as to Thee I turn,
Thy hallow'd inſtitutes to learn,
And, taught their worth, to prize them more
Than heaps of Ophir's richeſt ore.

JOD.

1.

THY plaſtic art, throughout my frame,
Each limb, each nerve, great God, proclaim;
O give me Thou with mind ſincere
To learn th' inſtructions of thy fear.

2.

So ſhall the Souls, that fear who know,
With ſocial joy, my God, o'erflow,

And

And pleas'd my conſtant heart approve,
That waits, with them, thy plighted love.

3.

Thy judgments praiſe eternal claim,
Wiſe, juſt, and good; with friendlieſt aim
Thy faithful hand each woe I feel
Inflicts, and wounds me but to heal.

4.

O let thy promis'd mercy ſhed
Its quick'ning effluence on my head,
And comfort to my ſoul inſtil,
That loves the dictates of thy will.

5.

Let ſhame th' Aggreſſors proud repay,
Who ſeek my footſteps to betray;
Thine aid I aſk, eternal Lord,
And treaſure in my heart thy word.

6.

With me in ſacred friendſhip join
The Souls that to thy fear incline,

And from the well-ſpring of thy law
Exhauſtleſs ſtreams of knowledge draw.

7.

O never from my conſtant heart
Let thy decrees, great God, depart,
So ſhall I thence, by Thee renew'd,
Guilt, and its offspring ſhame, exclude.

CAPH.

1.

BEHOLD, while wearied with delay
My Soul, my ſight, conſume away,
Thy Servant o'er th' ethereal plain
Send the long look, but ſend in vain.

2.

O when, to my expecting eyes,
When ſhall thy wiſh'd ſalvation riſe,
Through ſtruggling clouds its promis'd ray
Tranſmit, and o'er me pour the day.

Faſt

3.

Faſt as the wine-exhauſted hide
Amid the circling ſmoke is dried,
I waſte; yet never from my heart
Shall thy commands, great God, depart.

4.

How long ſhall I my days, O ſay,
In ſad ſucceſſion roll'd ſurvey;
How long to haughtieſt inſult yield,
Thy vengeance from my Foes withheld?

5.

The Proud, thy precepts who deſpiſe,
(Thy precepts, Lord, how juſt, how wiſe!)
With cauſeleſs rage their pits prepare;
O haſte, and make my life thy care.

6.

How nigh had conqueſt crown'd their aim,
And rooted from the earth my name!
While ſtill thy paths, eternal God,
With undiverted ſtep I trod.

7.

O let thy mercy to my heart
Its life-ſuſtaining pow'r impart;
So ſhall my Soul with ſacred awe,
And juſt obſervance, hear thy law.

LAMED.

1.

FIX'D in the heav'ns, eternal Lord,
On firmeſt baſis reſts thy word;
Thy truth, unconſcious of decay,
Sees waſting ages roll away.

2.

Pois'd on its centre by thy hand
Earth long has ſtood, and yet ſhall ſtand;
The whole Creation, ev'ry hour,
Subſervient owns thy ſov'reign pow'r.

How

3.

How had I periſh'd, 'midſt my woes,
But that within my boſom roſe
The joys which thy injunctions yield,
And each invading grief diſpell'd!

4.

O never, never, ſhall my heart,
Forgetful, from thy law depart,
Which, inſtant, kindlieſt ſuccour gave,
And wrought my reſcue from the grave.

5.

Behold me, Lord, behold me Thine;
Thy ear to my requeſt incline,
And ſave a Soul whoſe wakeful thought
With fervent zeal thy truths has fought.

6.

And though with ſecret art their ſnare
The Impious for my life prepare,
Thy precepts ſtill, my conſtant joy,
My fix'd attention ſhall employ.

Mine

7.

Mine eyes perfection's limit ſee
Through Nature's works; but thy decree
No period, mightieſt Monarch, knows,
Nor bounds of ſpace its breadth incloſe.

M E M.

1.

WITH what deſire, great God, I burn
Thy ſacred oracles to learn!
Each day, each hour, with ſtedfaſt mind
Thy truths I meditate, and find
The knowledge, to my Foes denied,
To me in fulleſt weight ſupplied.

2.

My Teachers, while from out thy law
The leſſons of my life I draw,
My guidance aſk; the Aged me
Their Elder in diſcretion ſee,
As, onward led, with ſteady pace
The heav'n-appointed paths I trace.

O with

3.

O with what zeal my boſom burn'd,
With joy the heav'nly precept learn'd!
How have I kept my feet from ill,
Intent thy mandate to fulfil,
My ear to diſcipline reſign'd,
Nor ever from its rules declin'd!

4.

In full ſatiety of joy
Abſorpt, thy words my thought employ,
And ſweeter on my palate dwell
Than honey dropping from its cell:
My Soul, by thy inſtruction, wiſe,
From error's path abhorrent flies.

NUN.

1.

THY law, from Sinai's mount reveal'd,
A lantern to my feet, ſhall yield
A light, whoſe beams ſhall o'er me dwell,
And night's incircling ſhades diſpel.

Thy

2.

Thy precepts (thus my tongue has ſworn,
Nor aught my purpoſe, Lord, ſhall turn:)
Thy precepts, juſt, and wiſe, and true,
My ſteps, unwearied, ſhall purſue.

3.

Beneath a weight of woes I bend;
Thy promis'd aid, my God, extend;
My lips their willing off'rings pay;
Accept them, gracious Lord, I pray.

4.

Thy judgments to my longing eyes
Diſplay; while dangers round me riſe,
My Soul juſt ready to reſign,
To theſe my thoughts I ſtill incline.

5.

No impious force, or hoſtile ſnare,
Shall alienate from theſe my care;
Nor e'er ſhall ſin my ſteps betray
From theſe in devious paths to ſtray.

Theſe,

6.

Theſe, while their worth my Soul inflames,
Its laſting heritage it claims,
And pleas'd the dictates of thy will
To life's laſt period ſhall fulfil.

SAMECH.

1.

FAR hence each ſuperſtition vain,
Wild offspring of the human brain;
The truths that fill thy hallow'd page
My happier choice, great God, engage;
Safe on thy word my truſt I build,
O Thou, my refuge, and my ſhield.

2.

Ye Impious, from my ſight away;
My Soul ſhall God's beheſts obey:
O ever faithful to thy word,
Do Thou thy vital ſtrength afford;
Thy help impart, eternal Sire,
Nor let my hope in ſhame expire.

3.

Suſtain'd by thy almighty aid,
What danger ſhall my Soul invade?
Nor error's cloud, nor arts of ſin,
My Soul from thy obedience win;
In vain ſhall theſe their force apply
To turn from thy decrees mine eye.

4.

Subverted by their own deceit,
And ſpurn'd beneath thy conqu'ring feet
Thy wrath the rebel Tribes deplore;
Spurn'd,---as the droſs, that from the ore,
Amid the glowing furnace caſt,
Is ſever'd by the fiery blaſt.

5.

For this, with ardent love thy law
I ſeek; for this, while rev'rent awe
And holy horror ſhake my frame,
Thy dreaded judgments I proclaim;
And, wrapt in fear, moſt mighty Lord,
Thy pow'r, thy righteouſneſs record.

AIN.

AIN.

1.

WHILE juſtice o'er my life preſides,
Each act, each word, each purpoſe guides,
Friend of the Guiltleſs! nigh me ſtand,
And ſave me from th' Oppreſſor's hand.

2.

O ſtill thy wonted grace diſcloſe;
Still in my quarrel interpoſe
Thine arm, nor let my haughty Foe
Exulting, triumph in my woe.

3.

My waſting eyes with earneſt view
Thy promis'd health, my God, purſue:
Thy mercies to thy Servant ſhow,
Give me each heav'n-taught rule to know.

4.

Behold me, Lord, behold me Thine,
And let thy influence on me ſhine,

Till, each illuſion purg'd away,
My Soul thy myſtic truths ſurvey.

5.

Thy wiſe injunctions caſt aſide,
The Sons of inſolence and pride
With oft-repeated crimes demand
Th' unwilling vengeance from thy hand.

6.

Thy dictates on my thought impreſs'd
With ſweet delight ſhall fill my breaſt;
Not gold like theſe my love ſhall claim,
Gold ſev'n times tortur'd in the flame.

7.

Theſe, Lord, I keep, thy works record,
And mark the precepts of thy word,
Truſt in thine aid, and, fix'd, decree
To ſhun each path that leads from Thee.

P E.

1.

O How the wonders of thy law
My heart to juſt obedience awe!
What ſtreams of pureſt knowledge yield
Thy words in full diſplay reveal'd!
By theſe the Souls untaught before
To heights of heav'nly ſcience ſoar.

2.

With earneſt zeal, and anxious thought
Thy words my panting boſom ſought;
With thirſt, with ſacred thirſt I burn'd;
To theſe my op'ning mouth I turn'd,
And from thy precept wiſe and true
Its life-imparting ſpirit drew.

3.

What grace thy Saints are bleſt to know,
That grace on me, great God, beſtow;
Thy dictates to my Soul convey,
And level to my ſteps thy way;

Redeem

Redeem from error's growth my mind,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

4.

O ſave me from oppreſſion's hand;
So ſhall my Soul thy wiſe command
Obſerve, and, leſſon'd in thy fear,
The precepts of thy laws revere;
Indulgent on thy Servant ſhine,
And make the paths of knowledge mine.

5.

My tears, great God, my zeal diſcloſe,
And down the copious torrent flows,
As oft, with inward anguiſh torn,
Thy violated laws I mourn,
By guilty Souls, whoſe love of ill
To raſh tranſgreſſion prompts their will.

TSADDI.

TSADDI.

1.

HAIL, Arbiter ſupreme! thy will
Truth, equity, and juſtice ſeal;
Truth, juſtice, equity, thy voice
Preſcribes to favour'd Iſrael's choice;
Theſe while my Foe preſumptuous ſpurns,
With zeal conſum'd my boſom burns.

2.

O how thy precepts, in the fire
Long prov'd, thy Servant's love inſpire!
To indigence and ſcorn reſign'd,
Theſe ſtill I ſeek with ſtudious mind;
Nor ceaſe with conſtant thought to trace
The acts of thy ſtupendous grace.

3.

Eternal rectitude is Thine;
Truth to thy laws adjuſts its line;

Thy

Thy laws, my Soul's beſt comfort found,
When pains and ſorrows wrapt me round:
Thy juſt decrees ſhall time ſurvive;
Them teach me, and my Soul ſhall live.

KOPH.

1.

O Maker, Guide, and Judge of All!
With earneſt voice to Thee I call;
To Thee I call; propitious hear;
So ſhall the precepts of thy fear
My Soul inform, and, Thou my aid,
My ev'ry act by theſe be ſway'd.

2.

Ere yet the dawn has ſtreak'd the ſky,
God of my life, to Thee I cry;
My hope (nor ſhall that hope be vain,)
Thy ſacred promiſes ſuſtain:
On thy decrees, great God, intent,
My thoughts the early watch prevent.

O let

3.

O let thy mercy, while I pray,
My night illumine, guide my day,
Thy word within my inmoſt frame
Awake the ever-living flame,
And, inſtant, to my breaſt diſpenſe
Its all-reviving influence.

4.

Behold a Croud, from Thee eſtrang'd,
In dire alliance near me rang'd;
But Thou, my God, art nearer ſtill;
My ſoul the dictates of thy will
Fix'd on eternal baſe has view'd,
And owns them wiſe, and juſt, and good.

RESH.

1.

BEHOLD my griefs; my ſoul preſerve;
For ne'er from thy directions ſwerve
My thoughts: do Thou my cauſe defend;
O let thy word its aid extend.

2.

In vain thy grace the Souls would heal,
Whoſe crimes their juſt rejection ſeal;
Who, bold each impious deed to try,
Thy laws oppoſe, thy pow'r defy.

3.

O let thy mercy, Lord, (how great
That mercy!) on thy Servant wait,
Its beams in full effuſion give,
And teach my fainting heart to live.

4.

While hoſtile Crouds around me ſtand,
My ſteps I guide by thy command
Unvarying,

Unvarying, and indignant ſee
The Souls, whoſe will has err'd from Thee.

5.

Behold what love, what full delight,
Thy precepts in my breaſt excite,
And let thy favour o'er my head
Its vital pow'r inceſſant ſhed.

6.

With truth thy word, great God, was crown'd,
Ere time began its reſtleſs round;
Thy laws through length of days extend,
Firſt, midſt, and laſt, and without end.

SCHIN.

1.

WHILE princely pow'r, without a cauſe,
The threat'ning ſword againſt me draws,
My mind, to thy commands applied,
Them fears, nor owns a fear beſide.

2.

My heart with ſecret tranſport ſwells,
While ſtudious on thy word it dwells;
Nor wealthieſt ſpoils ſuch joy beſtow,
New wreſted from the proſtrate Foe.

3.

To lies averſe, thy laws I love;
Thy juſt decrees my thoughts approve;
And ſev'n times, each revolving day,
To Thee my grateful vows I pay.

4.

Great is the peace prepar'd for All,
Whoſe willing feet obey thy call;
Great is the peace for ſuch prepar'd,
Nor aught their footſteps ſhall retard.

5.

Thy health, my God, I wait, thy will
With unremittted zeal fulfil,
And wrapt in love and filial fear
The heav'n-deſcended truth revere.

Thy

6.

Thy truths my Soul reveres; each day,
Thy wiſe inſtructions I obey,
Aſſur'd that to thy ſearching eyes
My life's whole path conſpicuous lies.

T A U.

1.

O Let my cries thy heav'nly ſeat
Approach; my pray'r indulgent meet,
And give (for on thy word relies
My hope;) O give me to be wiſe.

2.

Behold, for mercy lives in Thee;
Behold me ſuppliant bend the knee,
And let thy promis'd aid diſpel
The clouds of grief that o'er me dwell.

3.

Thy ſacred precepts taught to know,
How ſhall my lips, great God, o'erflow

With

With praiſe, and, touch'd with holy flame,
The juſtice of thy laws proclaim!

4.

While pleas'd I bow to thy command,
Reach, in my reſcue, reach thy hand;
Do Thou, whoſe dictates warm my heart,
Thy long-expected health impart.

5.

O let my ſoul, to life reſtor'd,
Thy love in laſting hymns record,
While o'er my head its beams ſhall ſhine,
And make thy great ſalvation mine.

6.

Thine eyes in me the ſheep behold,
Whoſe feet have wander'd from the fold,
That, guideleſs, helpleſs, ſtrives in vain
To find its ſafe retreat again;---

7.

Now liſtens, if perchance its ear
The Shepherd's well-known voice may hear,

Now,

Now, as the tempeſts round it blow,
In plaintive accent vents its woe.

8.

Great Ruler of this earthly ball,
Do Thou my erring ſteps recall;
O ſeek thou Him, who Thee has ſought,
Nor turns from thy decrees his thought.

PSALM CXX.

1.

TO God I cried, with anguiſh ſtung,
Nor form'd a fruitleſs pray'r;
O ſave me from the lying tongue,
And lips that would inſnare.

2.

Thou Child of guilt, to falſehood bred,
Say, what ſhall be thine end?
See keeneſt arrows o'er thy head,
And quenchleſs coals, impend.

Ah!

3.

Ah! woe is me, to Meſech's ſeat
And Kedar's tents confin'd;
Perpetual inſult doom'd to meet
From Men of reſtleſs mind.

4.

When offers mild of peace I make,
And friendlieſt terms prepare,
My words their ſlumb'ring rage awake,
And arm them for the war.

PSALM CXXI.

1.

LO! from the hills my help deſcends;
To Them I lift mine eyes;
My ſtrength on Him alone depends,
Who form'd the earth and ſkies.

He,

2.

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids my feet to ſlide;
Nor ſleep nor ſlumber ſeals the eye
Of Iſrael's Guard and Guide.

3.

He at thy hand, array'd in might,
His ſhield ſhall o'er Thee ſpread;
Nor ſun by day, nor moon by night,
Shall hurt thy favour'd head.

4.

Safe ſhalt thou go, and ſafe return,
While He thy life defends,
Whoſe eyes thy ev'ry ſtep diſcern,
Whoſe mercy never ends.

PSALM CXXII.

1.

THE feſtal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
Thy preſence to adore ;
My feet the ſummons ſhall attend,
With willing ſtep thy courts aſcend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.

Ev'n now to our tranſported eyes
Fair Sion's tow'rs in proſpect riſe ;
Within her gates we ſtand,
And, loſt in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy Sons unite
In friendſhip's firmeſt band.

Hither

3.

Hither from Judah's utmoſt end
The heav'n-protected Tribes aſcend;
Their off'rings hither bring
Here, eager to atteſt their joy,
In hymns of praiſe their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

4.

By his command impell'd, to her
Contending Crouds their cauſe refer;
While Princes from her throne
With equal doom th' unerring law
Diſpenſe, who boaſt their birth to draw
From Jeſſe's favour'd Son.

5.

Be peace by each implor'd on Thee,
O Salem, while with bended knee
To Jacob's God we pray:
How bleſt, who calls himſelf thy Friend!
Succeſs his labour ſhall attend,
And ſafety guard his way.

6.

O may'ſt thou, free from hoſtile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waſtes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her ſtand,
And in thy courts with laviſh hand
Diſtribute all her ſtore!

7.

Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O Salem, fail
To bleſs thy lov'd abode?
How ceaſe the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to ſeek, whoſe walls incloſe
The manſion of my God?

PSALM

PSALM CXXIII.

1.

TO Thee, above the ſtarry ſpheres
Inthron'd, his look thy Suppliant rears;
As tow'rds their Lord the menial Band,
As Maidens tow'rds their Miſtreſs' hand
Obſervant caſt th' expecting eye,
So lift we ours, great God, on high,
Till thou thy mercy ſhalt diſplay,
And chaſe theſe clouds of grief away.

2.

Enough thy People, Lord, have borne
Of inſult keen, and hoſtile ſcorn;
O let thy clemency divine
Conſpicuous in our reſcue ſhine,
And hear, in pity hear, the ſighs
From our full hearts inceſſant riſe,
While, round us rang'd, the Sons of pride
Our name revile, our woes deride.

PSALM

PSALM CXXIV.

1.

HAD God abandon'd from his care
Our cauſe, when adverſe Hoſts to war
Uproſe ; had God, may Iſrael ſay,
Our cauſe abandon'd, in the day
When o'er the plain their Troops were pour'd,
Our Tribes their fury had devour'd ;---

2.

Down we had ſunk ; and o'er our head
The ſwelling floods their waves had ſpread ;
Down we had ſunk ; but bleſt be God,
Whoſe arm the timely help beſtow'd,
And, each Invader chas'd away,
Snatch'd from their jaws th' expected prey.

3.

See ! as the bird with ſudden ſpring
Exulting mounts upon the wing,

Juſt

Juſt reſcu'd from the Fowler's art,
So triumph We, with thankful heart,
And, ſav'd by his preventing care,
Shake from our feet the broken ſnare.

4.

When woes, when dangers round us riſe,
On Him alone our hope relies,
To Him our liberty we owe,
And own his ſtrength againſt the Foe,
Whoſe hand thy centre fix'd, O earth,
And gave th' enduring heav'ns their birth.

PSALM CXXV.

1.

THEY, who with holy confidence,
Truſt in the Lord for their defence,
Secur'd by his protecting hand,
Shall ſtedfaſt as Mount Sion ſtand,
That, proof to ages, meets the ſkies,
And, fix'd, each adverſe ſhock defies.

Behold

2.

Behold fair Salem's hallow'd ground,
By ſhadowing hills encompaſs'd round;
Thy preſence thus, great God, we trace
Incircling Jacob's choſen Race;
Nor diſtant times ſhall ſee thy love
Its bleſſings from thy Saints remove.

3.

Ne'er on the lot by theſe poſſeſs'd
Shall impious pow'r its ſceptre reſt;
Leſt ſin, eſtabliſh'd into law,
Their hearts from thy obedience draw:
O ſtill our Guardian, ſtill our Friend,
Thy mercies to the juſt extend;

4.

While All, whoſe heart from wiſdom's way
Through paths perverſe has lov'd to ſtray,
In ſuff'rings, as in guilt, allied,
Shall ſee the peace, to them denied,
The fulneſs of its influence ſhed
On happier Iſrael's favour'd head.

PSALM

PSALM CXXVI.

1.

IS this a dream? amaz'd we cried,
When, led by their celeſtial Guide,
Fair Sion's captive Tribes again
Beheld her late deſerted plain;
Then forth to laughter burſt each tongue,
And ſongs of loudeſt triumph ſung.

2.

The Nations round, with ſecret awe,
The mighty work admiring ſaw;
And, "Great (they cried) the gift beſtow'd
"On theſe, the favour'd of their God!"
"O, great the gift!" Our hearts rejoin,
And joyful bleſs the hand divine.

3.

Let thoſe, whoſe exile ſtill we mourn,
Beneath thy conduct, Lord, return,
Faſt as the copious torrents glide,
When, to its vacant bed their tide

Reſtoring, o'er the waſtes they run,
That burn beneath the ſouthern ſun.

4.

Let ſcenes of hope our thought employ;
Who ſow in tears, ſhall reap in joy;
The weeping hind, whoſe dubious hand
Now ſtrews with grain the furrow'd land,
Shall homeward ſoon exulting bear
The bleſſings of the loaded year.

PSALM CXXVII.

1.

A Race by God unbleſt who rear,
A fruitleſs toil ſuſtain:
If God to ſhield the town forbear,
The Watchman wakes in vain.

2.

Why riſe ye early, late take reſt,
And eat the bread of care?
The balm of ſleep, his gift confeſt,
His Children only ſhare.

Know

3.

Know too thy Sons, that round thee ſtand,
A gift by Him prepar'd;
Nor arrows in the Giant's hand
Can yield ſo ſure a guard.

4.

Bleſt, who his quiver ſtores with theſe;
When hoſtile Troops are near,
His gate the ſtorm approaching ſees,
Yet ſees without a fear.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1.

HOW bleſt the Souls, their God who fear,
His pow'r confeſs, his law revere!
Who ſtedfaſt walk th' all-perfect way,
Nor loſt in paths of folly ſtray.

2.

O happy Thou! ordain'd to ſhare
Thy Maker's ever conſtant care;

Thou privileg'd from want ſhalt ſtand,
And eat the labour of thy hand.

3.

The object of thy wedded love
Prolific as the vine ſhall prove,
Whoſe foliage o'er thy walls diſplay'd
Spreads wide its amicable ſhade:---

4.

While, as the olive-branches fair,
Around thy board thy infant care
Shall croud, and bid thy heart o'erflow
With joys, that only Parents know.

5.

Such bleſſings, Lord, thy hands provide
For All, who make thy fear their guide,
And ſtedfaſt walk th' all-perfect way,
Nor loſt in paths of folly ſtray.

6.

Hail, favour'd Man! From Sion's tow'r
Thy God on Thee his gifts ſhall ſhow'r;

Thou,

Thou, thankful, to thy lateſt day
Shalt Salem's proſp'ring ſtate ſurvey.

7.

With lengthen'd joy, thine aged eyes
Shall ſee thy Children's Children riſe,
And peace her healing wings expand
O'er Judah's heav'n-diſtinguiſh'd land.

PSALM CXXIX.

1.

OFT from my Youth, may Iſrael ſay,
Oft from my Youth, in cloſe array
Againſt me rang'd, the hoſtile Train
My ruin ſought, but ſought in vain.

2.

My back with ſtripes the Ploughers tore;
The lengthen'd furrows ſtream'd with gore;
But Thou, juſt God, haſt burſt their bands,
And ſav'd me from their ruthleſs hands.

3.

Back let them fly in wild retreat,
Whoſe rage fair Sion's hallow'd ſeat
Purſues: let ſhame their guilt repay;
And let them like the graſs decay,---

4.

That, on the houſe-top ſeen to riſe,
Stops in mid growth, and fades, and dies;
Nor fills the Mower's hand, nor gives
One graſp to him, who binds the ſheaves;---

5.

Nor prompts th' obſerving Paſſenger
To greet them with this friendly pray'r;
" May heav'n's high Lord your labours bleſs,
" And crown them with the wiſh'd ſucceſs!"

PSALM CXXX.

1.

TO Thee from out the deeps I pray,
With heavieſt woes oppreſs'd;
Lord, let thine ears attentive weigh
The voice of my requeſt.

2.

If from the Sons of human birth
Thy wrath its debt demand,
O who, throughout the peopled earth,
Beneath that wrath ſhall ſtand?

3.

But ſin's worſt wounds thy mercy heals;
As down its pow'rs deſcend,
The grateful Soul their influence feels,
And trembles to offend.

Thee,

4.

Thee, Lord, I ſeek, the wiſe, the juſt;
My Soul, by Thee upheld,
Expectant waits (thy word its truſt)
Till Thou thy beams ſhalt yield.

5.

Not thus intent their longing ſight
The wearied Watchmen rear,
Not thus intent the growing light
Obſerve, when morn is near.

6.

O truſt in God; for love in Him,
And grace abundant reign;
He, Jacob, ſhall thy Sons redeem,
And purge their ev'ry ſtain.

PSALM CXXXI.

1.

THINE eyes, my God, nor lofty mind
Nor haughty look in me ſhall find,
Nor earth's vain pomp attracts my view,
Nor honour's prize my thoughts purſue.

2.

Behold me of affections mild,
Behold me humble as the Child,
That meek and ſilent ſinks to reſt,
Wean'd from the tender Parent's breaſt.

3.

O, fonder than that parent, ſee
Thy Maker, Iſrael, cheriſh thee:
To lateſt times on Him depend,
Thy Guide, thy Guardian, and thy Friend.

PSALM CXXXII.

1.

GREAT Ruler of this earthly ball,
Thy David to thy thought recall;
O hear my voice, all-potent Sire,
Nor diſtant from the pray'r retire.

2.

O think what pangs his boſom tore,
When to his God the oath he ſwore,
And thus, with various preſſures bow'd,
To Jacob's Lord a manſion vow'd.

3.

Be witneſs, if my floor I tread,
Be witneſs, if my couch I ſpread,
If ſleep theſe weary orbs ſhall ſeal,
Or ſlumber o'er mine eye-lids ſteal,---

4.

Till to my ſearch fair Judah's land
Some place preſent, whereon may ſtand,

Through

Through future age, thy fix'd abode,
The ſeat of Jacob's mighty God.

5.

To Thee, O Ephrata, we came,
Inquiſitive, and, led by fame,
The hallow'd tabernacle found
Within the foreſt's ample bound.

6.

Behold us, Lord, with willing feet
The manſion of thy preſence greet,
(Each heart inflam'd with grateful zeal,)
And proſtrate at thy footſtool kneel.

7.

Riſe, Iſrael's Father, God, and Friend;
Pleas'd to thy place of reſt aſcend,
Thou and thine ark, tremendous ſhrine
Of Majeſty and pow'r divine.

8.

While righteouſneſs thy Prieſts arrays,
O let thy Saints their thankful lays

Prolong ; and in thy David's name
Let Judah's King thy favour claim.

9.

Thus to the Prince of Jeſſe born
God the reverſeleſs oath has ſworn ;
Thy throne, protected by my care,
The Offspring of thy loins ſhall heir.

10.

Through diſtant times their hallow'd Line,
Long as to me their hearts incline,
My compact keep, my laws obey,
Shall, uncontroul'd, extend their ſway.

11.

Thy walls, O Sion, to thy Lord
His deſtin'd reſidence afford ;
Here will I reſt, nor e'er my love
From thy diſtinguiſh'd ſeat remove.

12.

Thy plenteous board my hand ſhall ſpread,
Diſtribute to thy Poor their bread,

Thy

Thy Prieſts with laſting health inveſt,
And wake to mirth each faithful breaſt.

13.

Amid thy Race, O David, here,
Salvation ſhall her ſtandard rear,
While copious on th' anointed head
The heav'nly lamp its beams ſhall ſhed.

14.

Thy Foes with ſhame invelop'd o'er,
Their blaſted counſels ſhall deplore,
And ſee the crown, that binds thy brow,
With unextinguiſh'd ſplendors glow.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1.

HOW bleſt the ſight, the joy how ſweet,
When Brothers, join'd with Brothers, meet
In bands of mutual love!
Leſs ſweet the liquid fragrance, ſhed
On Aaron's conſecrated head,
Ran trickling from above,---

And

2.

And reach'd his beard, and reach'd his veſt:
Leſs ſweet the dews on Hermon's breaſt,
Or Sion's hill deſcend:
That hill has God with bleſſings crown'd,
There promis'd grace, that knows no bound,
And life that knows no end.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1.

YE Servants of th' eternal King,
Your grateful hymns triumphant ſing;
To you I call, the choſen Band,
Who take amid his courts your ſtand,
While, gliding round the duſky pole
The ſtarry orbs in ſilence roll.

2.

Within his temple's vaulted frame,
With lifted hands, his praiſe proclaim;

And

And He, may He, whoſe pow'r has made
The earth, and heav'n's wide arch diſplay'd,
From ſacred Sion bid Thee prove
The bleſſings of his boundleſs love!

PSALM CXXXV.

1.

YE faithful Servants of your God,
To Him be all your thanks beſtow'd;
Through times extended courſe, his fame
In ſongs of higheſt praiſe proclaim.

2.

Ye who, on his beheſts intent,
The courts of Iſrael's Lord frequent,
And pleas'd within his hallow'd gate,
In regular ſucceſſion wait;---

3.

Him praiſe, the everlaſting King,
And mercy's unexhauſted ſpring;

Haſte,

Haſte, to his name your voices rear;
What name like His the heart can chear?

4.

His love from out the num'rous birth,
That crowns the wide-extended earth,
Selects the Race of Iſaac's Sons,
And Jacob his poſſeſſion owns.

5.

Thy greatneſs, Lord, my thoughts atteſt,
With awful gratitude impreſs'd,
Nor know, among the feats divine,
A pow'r that ſhall contend with Thine.

6.

'Tis God, whoſe all diſpoſing ſway
The heav'ns, the earth, and ſeas obey;
Whoſe might through all extent extends;
Sinks through all depth, all height tranſcends---

7.

From earth's low margin to the ſkies
Who bids the pregnant vapours riſe,

The

The lightning's pallid ſheet expands,
And glads with ſhow'rs the furrow'd lands.

8.

Now from his ſtorehouſe built on high
He gives th' impriſon'd winds to fly,
And, guided by his will, to ſweep
The ſurface of the foaming deep.

9.

By his reſiſtleſs ſtroke aſſail'd,
Her Eldeſt-born proud Egypt wail'd;
Nor rag'd his ſword on Man alone;
Her flocks, her herds its fury own.

10.

New ſcenes of dread her land ſurpriz'd,
When God the haughty Chief chaſtis'd,
And Each, who lent th' aſſiſting hand
To execute his ſtern command.

11.

From Egypt's deſolated ſhore
Its courſe his vengeance onward bore

To diſtant realms, by juſtice led,
And mightieſt Kings beneath it bled.

12.

Their Monarch Heſbon's coaſts deplor'd,
And Baſan her gigantic Lord,
While Canaan wept her forfeit lands
Reſign'd to Iſrael's choſen Bands.

13.

Thy name ſhall ever live, thy name,
O Lord, ſhall ceaſeleſs honour claim;
Thy works, atchiev'd in ages paſt,
To endleſs time remember'd laſt.

14.

From Thee our Judge we wait our doom
Thou, Lord, the balance wilt aſſume,
And, prompt thy People's woes to heal,
The ſentence of thy wrath repeal.

15.

Behold, on each polluted ſhore
The heathen Tribes their Gods adore;

Of

Of gold and ſilver form'd, they ſtand
The Creatures of the Artiſt's hand.

16.

Mouths have they, not for ſpeech deſign'd,
And ears and eyes, yet deaf and blind;
Their lips, by nature's finger ſeal'd,
Ne'er knew the vital breath to yield.

17.

Unviſited by wiſdom's ray
Their breaſt; nor leſs inſenſate they,
Who made their mimic forms, or made,
With fruitleſs pray'r invoke their aid.

18.

Ye favour'd Tribes, from Iſrael ſprung,
Jehovah's praiſe with grateful tongue
Aloud proclaim, and thankful join
To bleſs the Majeſty divine.

19.

Him bleſs, ye Sons of Aaron's Race;
Ye, who your birth from Levi trace,

And All, whoſe heart his laws delight,
In thanks to Him your ſongs unite.

20.

Let Sion with enraptur'd ear
His fame throughout her precincts hear,
Who 'midſt her walls, eternal Gueſt,
Has fix'd the manſion of his reſt.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1.

LIFT your voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſes to your heav'nly King;
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

2.

Be the Lord your only theme,
Who of Gods is God ſupreme;
For his bleſſings, &c.

He

3.

He to whom all Lords beſide
Bow the knee, and veil their pride;
For his bleſſings, &c.

4.

Who aſſerts his juſt command
By the wonders of his hand.
For his, &c.

5.

Praiſe the Lord, who, thron'd on high,
By his wiſdom built the ſky;
For his, &c.

6.

Him, who bade the wat'ry deep
Under earth's foundation ſleep;
For his, &c.

7.

And the orbs that gild the pole
Through the boundleſs æther roll;
For his, &c.

Thee,

8.

Thee, O Sun, whoſe pow'rful ray
Rules the empire of the day ;
For his, &c.

9.

You, O Moon and Stars, whoſe light
Breaks the horrors of the night.
For his, &c.

10.

When God's vengeful wrath was ſhed,
Egypt mourn'd her Firſt-born dead ;
For his, &c.

11.

Thence, by Him from bondage freed,
March'd all Iſrael's choſen Seed ;
For his, &c.

12.

While his mighty hand he rear'd,
And his outſtretch'd arm appear'd ;
For his, &c.

Aw'd

13.

Aw'd by Him, from ſide to ſide,
Lo! th' obedient deeps divide;
For his, &c.

14.

At his word the billows ſtay,
Part, and give his People way;
For his, &c.

15.

At his word again they cloſe
O'er the head of Jacob's Foes.
For his, &c.

16.

Safe in God's almighty aid
Iſrael o'er the deſert ſtray'd;
For his, &c.

17.

Kings, unable to withſtand,
Felt the vengeance of his hand;
For his, &c.

Chiefs

18.

Chiefs for hardieſt deeds renown'd
Proſtrate fell, and bit the ground;
For his, &c.

19.

Sihon fierce, who forth to fight
Led the harneſs'd Amorite;
For his, &c.

20.

Mightieſt Og, beneath whoſe ſway
Baſan's fertile region lay;
For his, &c.

21.

Theſe he ſlew, and from their hands
Took the forfeit of their lands;
For his, &c.

22.

Lands, which erſt by promiſe due,
Sons of Jacob, fell to you.
For his, &c.

On

23.

On our ſorrows from on high
God with pity caſt an eye;
For his, &c.

24.

In our battles o'er each head
He the ſhield of ſafety ſpread;
For his, &c.

25.

He with food ſuſtains, O Earth,
All who claim from Thee their birth.
For his, &c.

26.

Lift your voice, and thankful ſing
Praiſe to heav'n's eternal King;
For his bleſſings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1.

WHERE Babylon's proud water flows,
We fate and wept, while in us roſe
The dear remembrance of thy name,
O fair, O loſt Jeruſalem!
Our ſilent harps the willows bore,
Whoſe branches ſhade th' extended ſhore.

2.

In haughty triumph thus the Foe
Inſulting aggravates our woe:
" Come, tune to mirth your ſullen tongue;
" Riſe, Hebrew Slaves, and give the ſong;
" Such ſtrains as wont your fane to fill
" On captive Sion's boaſted hill."

3.

How ſhall we yield to the demand?
How, Exiles in a heathen land,

Preſume

Preſume the heav'n-taught ſong to raiſe,
And defecrate the hallow'd lays?
Shall Iſrael's vanquiſh'd Tribes employ
Their mournful voice in hymns of joy?

4.

If Sion from my breaſt depart,
Forget my hand its tuneful art;
Faſt to my palate cleave my tongue,
If, when I form my ſprightlieſt ſong,
Aught to my mirth ſupply a theme,
But Thou, O lov'd Jeruſalem.

5.

Think, Lord, O think, when Sion lay
Abandon'd to the dreadful day,
How, as thy heavieſt wrath ſhe tried,
" Down, down, exulting Edom cried,
" Down let the hated city fall,
" And level to the duſt her wall."

6.

Daughter of Babylon, that woe,
Depreſs'd, conſum'd, Thyſelf ſhalt know,

Which we, dire Murth'reſs, found from Thee:
And bleſt the Man, whom God's decree
Ordains to lead the ſlaughter on,
And daſh thine Infants on the ſtone.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1.

THEE, Lord, my harp's awaken'd ſtrings
Shall praiſe, and to the ear of Kings,
Whoſe pow'rs thy ſacred impreſs bear,
The ardor of my zeal declare.

2.

In low proſtration, tow'rd thy ſhrine
His knees thy Servant ſhall incline,
And thankful teach the rapt'rous lay
Thy faith and mercy to diſplay.

3.

Thy ſanctity all height tranſcends;
Thy word eternal truth attends;
Thy pow'r, while Thee my pray'r addreſs'd,
Has fill'd with heav'n-born ſtrength my breaſt.

Earth's

4.

Earth's Lords, by thy inſtructions led,
With Iſrael's Sons thy path ſhall tread,
And, joyous, as they march along,
Thy glory chaunt in grateful ſong.

5.

Inthron'd above the loftieſt ſky,
Thou deign'ſt the Humble to deſcry,
And, from thy diſtant ſeat, deride
The frantic boaſts of human pride.

6.

When hoſtile Troops excite my fear,
Thy quick'ning grace my heart ſhall chear,
Thy hand compoſe their furious ſtrife,
And reſcue from the ſword my life.

7.

What bliſs thy promiſe bids me ſhare,
Haſte, Lord, to yield; nor from thy care,
O ever faithful, wiſe, and good,
The Creature of thy hands exclude.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1.

THOU, Lord, haſt ſearch'd me out; thine eyes
Mark when I ſit, and when I riſe;
By Thee my future thoughts are read;
Thou, round my path, and round my bed,
Attendeſt vigilant; each word,
Ere yet I ſpeak, by Thee is heard.

2.

Life's maze, before my view outſpread,
Within thy preſence wrapt I tread,
And, touch'd with conſcious horror, ſtand
Beneath the ſhadow of thy hand:
Such knowledge, Lord, how deep! in vain
I ſeek its ſummit to attain.

3.

Where ſhall I ſhun thy wakeful eye,
Or whither from thy ſpirit fly?
Aloft to heav'n my courſe I bear;
In vain; for Thou, my God, art there:

If

If prone to hell my feet deſcend,
Thou ſtill my footſteps ſhalt attend.

4.

If now, on ſwifteſt wings upborne,
I ſeek the regions of the morn,
Or haſte me to the weſtern ſteep,
Where eve ſits brooding o'er the deep,
Thy hand the Fugitive ſhall ſtay,
And dictate to my ſteps their way.

5.

Perchance within its thickeſt veil
The darkneſs ſhall my head conceal;
But, inſtant, Thou haſt chas'd away
The gloom, and round me pour'd the day;
Darkneſs, great God, to Thee there's none;
Darkneſs and light to Thee are one.

6.

My reins, my fabrick's ev'ry part,
O Lord, the wonders of thy art
Proclaim, and prompt my willing tongue
To meditate the grateful ſong:

With

With deepeſt awe my thought their frame
Surveys:---" I tremble that I am."

7.

While yet a ſtranger to the day
Within the burthen'd womb I lay,
My bones, familiar to thy view,
By juſt degrees to firmneſs grew;
Thy pow'r my lineaments began,
To ſhapes preſcrib'd the texture ran.

8.

Day to ſucceeding day conſign'd
Th' unfiniſh'd birth; thy mighty mind
Each limb, each nerve, ere yet they were,
Contemplated diſtinct and clear;
Thoſe nerves thy curious finger ſpun,
Thoſe limbs it faſhion'd one by one;---

9.

And, as thy pen in fair deſign
Trac'd on thy book each ſhadowy line,
Thy handmaid nature read them there,
And made the growing work her care,

Conform'd

Conform'd it to th' unerring plan,
And gradual wrought me into Man.

10.

With what delight, great God, I trace
The acts of thy ſtupendous grace!
To count them, were to count the ſand
That lies upon the ſea-beat ſtrand:
When from my temple ſleep retires,
Thy preſence, Lord, my heart inſpires.

11.

Shall impious Men thy will withſtand,
Nor feel the vengeance of thy hand?
Shall not thy wrath terrific riſe,
The bold Tranſgreſſors to chaſtiſe?
Hence, Murth'rers, hence, nor near me ſtay;
Ye Sons of violence, away!

12.

When lawleſs Crouds with inſult vain
Thy works revile, thy name profane,
Can I unmov'd thoſe inſults ſee,
Nor hate the Wretch that hateth Thee?

Indignant, in thy cauſe I join,
And all thy Foes, my God, are mine.

13.

Searcher of hearts, my thoughts review;
With kind ſeverity purſue
Through each diſguiſe thy Servant's mind,
Nor leave one ſtain of guilt behind:
Guide through th' eternal path my feet,
And bring me to thy bliſsful ſeat.

PSALM CXL.

1.

MY impious Foes, great God, repel;
Their rage by pow'r ſuperior quell;
Do thou ſubdue the adverſe Band,
That, leagu'd in guilt, againſt me ſtand.

2.

They toil, on fierce contention bent,
New arts of miſchief to invent;

Whet,

Whet, as the aſp, their tongues, and dip
In death's worſt gall their venom'd lip.

3.

O ſave me from the hand of wrong,
And backward turn the frantic Throng,
That, pleas'd, in dire alliance meet,
And tempt to fatal lapſe my feet.

4.

The murth'rous trap, th' intwining ſnare,
The Sons of violence prepare,
And guileful, onward as I tread,
Beſide my path their net outſpread.

5.

Thou art my God; to Thee on high
Thus proſtrate at thy throne I cry;
O let my pray'r by Thee be heard,
From undiſſembling lips prefer'd.

6.

Strength of my health, indulgent Lord,
Thy arm unſeen each adverſe ſword,

As o'er the field the battle burn'd,
Preventive from my head has turn'd.

7.

O let not the remorſeleſs Band,
Each counſel by thy proſp'ring hand
Accompliſh'd, and each wiſh ſupplied,
Their conqueſts boaſt with growing pride.

8.

Do Thou, vindictive, on their heads,
While round the hoſtile circle ſpreads,
Intent my guiltleſs Soul to ſlay,
The miſchief of their lips repay.

9.

Let ruſhing flames their Sin chaſtiſe;
Prone tow'rd the pit (no more to riſe,)
Let each with fault'ring footſteps bend,
And headlong to its depths deſcend.

10.

The tongue to wiſdom unſubdu'd
From bliſs its Owner ſhall exclude;

Detraction

Detraction in the earth's domain
No lasting heritage shall gain.

11.

The feet to violence inclin'd,
Destruction, following fast behind,
Shall hunt, and with unwearied pace
Thro' sin's dark maze their path shall trace.

12.

My heart has known Thee, Lord, prepar'd
The Helpless and the Poor to guard,
To save them from oppression's jaws,
And vindicate their injur'd cause.

13.

The Souls subjected to thy fear
To Thee the thankful voice shall rear,
And, studious of thy just command,
Within thy sight accepted stand.

PSALM CXLI.

1.

TO thee I call; O haſte Thee near;
My voice, great God, indulgent hear;
With grateful odour to the ſkies
As incenſe let my pray'r ariſe,
And let my hands, uplifted high,
With full acceptance meet thine eye,
As victims on thine altar laid,
When eve extends its deep'ning ſhade.

2.

O let my mouth to guilt be barr'd,
And o'er its portal plant a guard;
Turn, turn from ſin's purſuit my will,
Nor let th' Artificers of ill
In me the wiſh'd Aſſociate greet,
Or ſee me to their path my feet
Incline, and, caught in error's ſnare,
Their feaſtful board luxurious ſhare.

Let

3.

Let virtue's Friends, ſeverely kind,
With welcome chaſtiſement my mind
Correct, and, by their precepts won,
Let me each error learn to ſhun;
But give not Theſe, great God, to ſhed
The balm of flatt'ry o'er my head,
Left ſudden from thy wrath I feel
The ſtroke, that None ſhall know to heal.

4.

The pray'r, that from my lips proceeds,
My horror of the Sinner's deeds
Shall ſpeak; nor Thou that pray'r deſpiſe,
But, while before their ſtartled eyes
From rocky heights their Chiefs are thrown,
Incline their ſtubborn hearts to own
How ſweet my words, and, taught thy fear,
The leſſons of thy truth to hear.

5.

The beaſts, the birds that wing the air
Thy ſlaughter'd Saints inſatiate tear,

Behold

Behold the grave's wide mouth diſplay'd,
Our bones in heaps before it laid,
As when beneath the Woodman's ſtroke
From the tall aſh, or ſpreading oak
The branches fall, and ſcatter'd round
In wild diſorder ſtrew the ground.

6.

Father of All! to Thee mine eyes
I lift; on Thee my hope relies;
Do Thou, as 'mid the toils I tread
By Men of impious heart outſpread,
My dangers, not regardleſs, ſee,
And let me, while by thy decree
Wrapt in the ſnare themſelves I view,
With ſtep ſecure my path purſue.

PSALM

PSALM CXLII.

1.

TO God I cry; to Him my pray'r
Addreſs; to Him my heart its care
Shall pour, and to his ear diſcloſe,
In ſad recital, all its woes;
To Him, for He the pray'r can hear,
To Him my ſuppliant voice I rear.

2.

To Thee, great God, to Thee alone,
The traces of my paths are known;
Thy ſearching eyes, with ſteady view,
Through ſorrow's gloom my ſteps purſue,
And ſee my Foes athwart my way
The cover'd ſnare inſidious lay.

3.

I turn'd me, anxious, on the right,
I turn'd, and round me caſt my ſight

With fruitleſs ſearch; no Friend was nigh,
Th' expected ſuccour to ſupply,
With lenient tongue my griefs to chear,
Or pitying drop the ſocial tear.

4.

Forlorn of help, Thee, mightieſt Lord,
My Soul with humble truſt implor'd;
In Thee, all-bounteous God, I cried,
In Thee alone my hopes reſide;
O while beneath my woes I bend,
To me thy kindlieſt ſuccour lend.

5.

While life along my veins ſhall ſtream,
Its portion Thee and bliſs ſupreme
My heart ſhall own; O gracious hear,
While worn with griefs my voice I rear,
And let my Foe's ſuperior might
Thy pity to my aid excite.

6.

Do Thou my priſon doors unbar;
So ſhall my tongue thy love declare

In

In hymns of praiſe, while, joy'd in me
Th' event of pious hope to ſee,
The Souls, that own thy juſt command,
With thankful wonder round me ſtand.

PSALM CXLIII.

1.

THINE ear, my God, propitious lend;
O ever juſt and true, extend
Thy pity, while to Thee I pray,
Nor ſcrutinize with ſtrict ſurvey
Thy Servant's acts: for who, O who,
Shall pure of guilt approach thy view?

2.

Thou ſeeſt the Foe with furious ſtrife
My Soul purſue; to earth my life
He treads, and in the horrid gloom,
As thoſe who 'mid the ſilent tomb
Through ages ſleep, from human eye
Secluded far, has bid me lie.

3.

I feel my vital ſtrength depart,
And wild amazement fills my heart;
But, backward borne to periods paſt,
Thy mercies, Lord, my thoughts have trac'd,
And in my breaſt recorded ſtand
The wonders of thy mighty hand.

4.

Aloft my ſuppliant palms I ſpread;
Nor more the glebe, its moiſture fled,
Longs the deſcending ſhow'r to ſee,
Than thirſts my wearied Soul for Thee;
O hide not, Lord, thy face, but ſave
Thy Servant from the yawning grave.

5.

O let the hour that wakes the day
Thy mercy to my ear convey;
While, for on Thee my hope depends,
In fervent thought my mind aſcends,
Expectant, tow'rd thy heav'nly ſeat,
Train to the paths of truth my feet.

To

6.

To Thee, my refuge, Lord, I fly;
Do Thou, the deaths that wait me nigh
Repel; my will to Thine, for Thou,
Thou, art my God, corrective bow,
And give me, by thy ſpirit led,
The land of righteouſneſs to tread.

7.

Thy wonted mercy, Lord, impart,
O quicken with thy grace my heart,
And let thy juſtice interpoſe,
My ſorrows to relieve, my Foes
To cruſh, and from their rage remove
A Soul devoted to thy love.

PSALM CXLIV.

1.

BLEST be the Lord my ſtrength, whoſe aids,
When lawleſs force my peace invades,
My fingers for their taſk prepare,
And diſcipline my hands to war:---

2.

My hope, my ſhield, my ſtrongeſt tow'r,
The Friend that in the dang'rous hour
My life protects, and bids each land
Subjected own my juſt command.

3.

Lord, what is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot ſhould find a ſhare?
Or what the Son of Man, that THOU
Thus to his wants thine ear ſhouldſt bow?

What

4.

What are his days?---a ſpan their line;
Or what his age compar'd with Thine?
Himſelf, when in the balance weigh'd,
A nothing, and his life a ſhade.

5.

Deſcend, from heav'n's vaſt height deſcend;
Its wide-ſpread arch beneath thee bend;
Touch the proud hills, eternal Sire;
And ſee them quick in ſmoke aſpire!

6.

Let fierceſt lightnings through the air,
Now ruſhing, now reverting, tear
Thy ſtubborn Foes; and, edg'd with flame,
Swift at their heads thy arrows aim.

7.

Stretch to my aid thine arm, and ſave
My life from the devouring wave;
Back let the vengeful Foe retire,
Whoſe lips, whoſe hands in fraud conſpire.

So

8.

So ſhall my finger's artful ſtroke
The harp and ten-ſtring'd lute provoke
New ſtrains t' attempt, and with my tongue
In ſweet diviſion form the ſong.

9.

Guardian of Kings! thy fav'ring might
Thy David through the thickeſt fight
With watchful care vouchſafes to guide,
And turns each threat'ning ſword aſide.

10.

Stretch out thine arm, O Lord, and ſave
My life from the devouring wave;
Back let the vengeful Foe retire,
Whoſe lips, whoſe hands in fraud conſpire.

11.

So, nurs'd beneath indulgent ſkies,
Our Sons with full increaſe ſhall riſe,
Like youngling plants, in order rang'd,
Of healthful ſtem, and leaf unchang'd---

Our

12.

Our Daughters as the column fair,
That, faſhion'd by the Artiſt's care,
Claims in the regal dome a place,
The poliſh'd angle's nobleſt grace:

13.

So ſhall the hind exulting bear
The bleſſings of the loaded year,
And the rich harveſt's gather'd ſtore
Load with its heap th' extended floor.

14.

Our oxen ſtrong for toil behold!
The teeming Mothers of the fold
See, ſcatter'd o'er the rural ſcene,
Their thouſands and their myriads yean.

15.

No more our ſtreets the cries of fear,
Or ſhouts of violence ſhall hear;
Thou, Lord, the tumults ſhalt aſſuage
Of hoſtile force, and civil rage.

16.

O happy We, while thus our Race
The ſignals of thy love ſhall grace!
O bleſt the People, that in Thee
Their God, and faithful Guardian ſee!

PSALM CXLV.

1.

THEE will I bleſs, my God and King,
Nor ceaſe thy wondrous acts to ſing;
From earlieſt morn to lateſt eve
Thy praiſes on my tongue ſhall live;
To Thee my harp ſhall wake each ſtring,
Nor ceaſe thy wondrous acts to ſing.

2.

Great is our God! in vain our praiſe
His excellence in equal lays
Would celebrate; in vain the mind
Its height, its depth eſſays to find;

Age

Age to ſucceeding age thy might
Shall ſpeak, thy works, bleſt Lord, recite.

3.

My tongue thy glory ſhall proclaim,
The faithful witneſs of thy fame,
Bid contemplation's inmoſt thought
Survey the wonders Thou haſt wrought,
And with aſſenting Myriads join
To bleſs the Majeſty divine.

4.

Thy dreaded pow'r ſhall each rehearſe,
Thy greatneſs ſhall my thankful verſe
Inſpire, thy righteouſneſs and love
Our hearts inflame, our ſongs improve;
Thee good and kind ſhall Mortals own,
To anger ſlow, to pity prone.

5.

Far as Creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heav'nly Lord, deſcend;
One chorus of perpetual praiſe
To Thee thy various works ſhall raiſe,

Thy Saints to Thee in hymns impart
The tranſports of a grateful heart,---

6.

The ſplendors of thy kingdom tell,
Delighted on thy wonders dwell,
And bid the World's wide realms admire
The glories of th' Almighty Sire,
Whoſe throne ſhall Nature's wreck ſurvive,
Whoſe pow'r through endleſs ages live.

7.

Thy promiſe truth eternal guides,
And mercy o'er each act preſides;
The feet, whoſe ſteps to lapſe incline,
With faithful care thy arm divine
Shall prop; the ſpirit bow'd with woe
Thy all-ſupporting aid ſhall know.

8.

From Thee, great God, while ev'ry eye
Expectant waits the wiſh'd ſupply,
Their bread proportion'd to the day
Thy op'ning hands to each convey;

Thy

Thy ways eternal juſtice guides,
And mercy o'er thine act preſides.

9.

Who aſk thine aid with heart ſincere,
Thee ever gracious, ever near,
Shall own; their pray'r in each diſtreſs
To Thee thy Servants, Lord, addreſs,
And find Thee (verging on the grave,)
Nor ſlow to hear, nor weak to ſave.

10.

Ye Souls, among his Saints inroll'd,
In God your ſure defence behold,
Who wakes your choſen Train to guard;
While pride ſhall meet its juſt reward,
And fierce deſtruction at his word
Shall bathe in impious blood its ſword.

11.

Long as I breathe, my thankful tongue
To Him ſhall meditate the ſong;

My

My willing lips with praiſe o'erflow,
My grateful Soul with tranſport glow;
From Man's whole Race his hallow'd name
Shall thanks and endleſs honour claim.

PSALM CXLVI.

Hallelujah.

1.

PRAISE, praiſe thy God, my Soul; his name
To life's laſt date my thanks ſhall claim,
And, long as I exiſt, my lyre
Shall wake to ſing th' eternal Sire.

2.

O ſeek not, with preſumption vain,
Your hope on Princes to ſuſtain,
Nor truſt, when threat'ning ills invade,
The ſtrengthleſs prop of human aid.

His

3.

His breath reſign'd, on earth's low bed
Behold the Mortal reſt his head;
Nor farther ſhall his thoughts extend,
But with him to the grave deſcend.

4.

Bleſt, who their help in Thee alone,
The God to Jacob's Offspring known,
Have found, and to the hand divine
In each diſtreſs their care reſign:

5.

That hand, that form'd the heav'ns and earth,
And call'd the watry deep to birth,
With all that in the ample round
Of Nature's utmoſt reign is found.

6.

'Tis God's, whoſe truth, through ages paſt
Confirm'd, ſhall time's extent outlaſt;
'Tis His, the injur'd cauſe to right,
And cruſh the arm of lawleſs might.

'Tis

7.

'Tis His to looſe the Captive's chain,
With bread the Hungry to ſuſtain,
The Blind reſtore, the Weak uprear,
And ſave the Souls that own his fear.

8.

Through diſtant regions doom'd to roam,
In Him the Stranger finds a home;
'Tis His the Orphan's breaſt to chear,
And wipe the heart-ſwoln Widow's tear.

9.

The impious Souls, whoſe love of ill
To raſh tranſgreſſion prompts their will,
Who dare from his decrees to ſtray,
Shall reap the error of their way.

10.

O Sion, in thy God confide,
And know how fix'd his reign, how wide;
O'er ſubject Worlds his juſt command
To endleſs age confirm'd ſhall ſtand.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVII.

1.

O Bleſs Jehovah: ſweet the joy,
When taſks like theſe the voice employ;
To Him our higheſt thanks belong,
And praiſe ſits comely on our tongue.

2.

'Tis He, who builds fair Salem's walls,
And Iſrael's exil'd Sons recals;
Yields to the contrite heart relief,
And binds its wounds, and ſoothes its grief.

3.

He to the ſtars aſſigns their names,
(As, ſcatter'd wide, their vivid flames
Adorn the bright ethereal plain,)
And numbers with his eye their train.

4.

Great is our God! beyond all bound
His pow'r; beyond all ſearch is found

His knowledge ; in his arm the Meek
With ſure ſucceſs their aid ſhall ſeek ;

5.

That arm, whoſe unreſiſted ſtroke,
On Each, who dares his wrath provoke,
With ſwift deſcent its aim ſhall guide,
And level to the duſt their pride.

6.

Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry chord,
Exalt the name of Jacob's Lord,
Whoſe hand with clouds the heav'n obſcures,
On earth the genial moiſture pours.

7.

He bids the herb its mantle ſpread,
Luxuriant o'er the mountain's head ;
Gives to the beaſts their wonted food,
And ſtills the raven's clam'rous brood.

8.

If o'er the field the battle bleed,
His watchful eye the ſtrengthful ſteed

Regards

Regards not, nor the Chiefs, whoſe feet
Unmov'd the ſhock of Legions meet.

9.

On You, in whom his fear reſides,
On You, whoſe heart in Him confides,
His grace its ſignals ſhall beſtow,
His arm with conqueſt bind your brow.

10.

O Solyma, his lov'd abode,
Him praiſe, unceaſing! bleſs thy God,
O Sion, who thy gates has barr'd;
Whoſe various gifts thy Sons have ſhar'd.

11.

His viſits teach thy grateful ſoil
To recompenſe the Tiller's toil;
He crowns with peace thy happy plain;
Calls from thy glebe the pureſt grain.

12.

God's word, from heav'n in ſwift career
Convey'd, ſuggeſts to Nature's ear

The laws that regulate her frame,
And gives her ev'ry act its aim.

13.

Flak'd by his art, the woolly ſnow
Falls ſilent on the ground below;
By him the froſt, as aſhes hoar,
Lies ſprinkled earth's wide ſurface o'er.

14.

In harden'd fragments through the air,
While Man its rigours ſhuns to bear,
His hail deſcends; in icy chains
His hand the gliding ſtream detains;—

15.

Till, at his word, th' inſtructed wind
With friendly breath the wave unbind,
And bid it, onward borne, again
With liquid lapſe its courſe maintain.

16.

Such is the God, and ſuch his might,
Whoſe precepts Iſrael's love invite,

And

And to his Tribes in full diſplay
His life-directing truths convey.

17.

What realm, thro' Earth's extended coaſts,
His care, like thine, O Judah, boaſts,
Or, taught, as Thou, his fear to own,
The dictates of his will has known?

18.

O come, your thankful voices join,
And bleſs the majeſty divine:
His praiſe, to time's remoteſt day,
His pow'r in ſacred notes diſplay.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1.

YE bleſt Inhabitants of heav'n,
To God be all your praiſes giv'n;
O praiſe Him from the realms that lie
Above the reach of mortal eye;

Him

Him praiſe, ye Angels of his train,
Him, All whom heav'n's vaſt Hoſts contain.

2.

Praiſe Him, thou glorious orb of light,
And Thou, pale ruler of the night;
Praiſe Him, ye ſtars; His praiſe repeat,
Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his awful ſeat;
And you, ye floods, that, heap'd on high,
Preſs with your weight th' extended ſky.

3.

Let theſe to God their voices rear,
Who bade them be; and ſtraight they were:
Who bids them ſtand; and ſtand they ſhall;
Nor aught the mandate ſhall recal,
That, fix'd by his almighty mind,
To endleſs age their date aſſign'd.

4.

Let not the heav'n God's praiſe confine;
O All of earth the chorus join;

Ye

Ye whales, ye deeps, in praiſe conſpire,
Snow, vapour, hail, and bick'ring fire,
And ev'ry wind, and ev'ry ſtorm,
That duteous his beheſts perform ;---

5.

Ye leſſer hills, ye mountains high,
Ye trees, whoſe fruits Man's food ſupply,
Ye cedars, whoſe expanded ſhade,
Nor ſtorms, nor ages teach to fade,
Ye beaſts, that range th' uncultur'd ſoil,
Or patient lend to Man your toil.

6.

Praiſe Him, each bird that wings the air,
Each reptile, nurtur'd by his care ;
Ye Kings, and Nations of the earth ;
O praiſe Him all of princely birth,
And Ye, whoſe doom, as juſtice guides,
The long-conteſted cauſe decides.

7.

Ye youthful Bands, and Virgin Choir,
Each liſping Babe, and hoary Sire,

Wake

Wake to his name your grateful ſongs;
To Him alone all praiſe belongs;
His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflows,
Nor higheſt heav'n its limit knows.

8.

Ye Tribes, exalted by his arm,
You, chief, the heav'nly theme ſhall warm,
Bleſt Sons of Iſrael's hallow'd land,
Who neighb'ring to his preſence ſtand;
O come, your thankful voices raiſe,
And conſecrate to him your praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

Hallelujah.

1.

SING to our God the new-form'd lay;
Ye Souls, who his commands obey,
Aſſembling join your thankful tongues,
And hallow with his praiſe your Songs.

O Iſrael,

2.

O Iſrael, let thy Maker's name
With joyous zeal thy breaſt inflame,
And Sion's Sons exulting ſing
The mercies of their heav'nly King.

3.

Range in the dance the ſacred Band,
And urge the Minſtrel's well-taught hand
To ſtrike the loud-reſounding lyre,
While timbrels in his praiſe conſpire.

4.

With what delight, great God, behold
Thine eyes the People of thy fold!
Thy ſtrength the Souls of humble frame
Their ever preſent aid proclaim.

5.

With conqueſt crown'd, and, rapt in joy,
Let All, whom thy decrees employ,
Thy name exalt, and thankful raiſe
The ſong of gratitude and praiſe.

6.

Let All unite with willing mind,
Nor ceaſe, when on their beds reclin'd,
The ſilent midnight's liſt'ning ear
With ſongs of loudeſt mirth to chear.

7.

Thy mercy let their lips record;
Give to their graſp the two-edg'd ſword;
And let them, guided by thy hand,
Deal vengeance through each Heathen land.

8.

Let them the guilty Tribes chaſtiſe,
Whoſe impious arm thy pow'r defies;
Triumphant in the iron chain
Their Nobles and their Kings detain,---

9.

And while, inſpir'd with active zeal,
Thy preſcript thus their hands fulfil,
The glories wear, for all prepar'd,
Whoſe hearts thy juſt beheſts regard.

Hallelujah.

PSALM

PSALM CL.

Hallelujah.

1.

PRAISE, O praiſe, the name divine;
Praiſe it at the hallow'd ſhrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praiſe reply.

2.

Let each tongue, and let each chord
Praiſe the name of Jacob's Lord,
Let his acts, and pow'r ſupreme,
To your ſongs ſuggeſt a theme.

3.

Be the harp no longer mute;
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute;
Wake to life each tuneful ſtring;
Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring.

4.

Let the organ in his praiſe
Learn its loudeſt note to raiſe,
And the cymbal's varying ſound
From the vaulted roof rebound.

5.

All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praiſe that breath employ,
And in one great Chorus join;
Praiſe, O praiſe the name divine.

GLORIA PATRI.

1.

IN thee, O Heav'n, O Earth, in thee
Be Glory to th' eternal Three;
That glory, which through ages paſt
Was; is; and ſhall for ever laſt.

OR THIS.

2.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bleſt,
Be praiſe in Heav'n and Earth addreſs'd,
As was and is, and yet ſhall be,
When time its lateſt hour ſhall ſee.

OR THIS.

3.

To Thee, one God, in Perſons three,
As was, and is, and yet ſhall be,
One Chorus let the Nations raiſe,
One ſhout of univerſal Praiſe.

OR THIS.

4.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bleſt,
Be praiſe, as was at firſt, addreſs'd,
Such praiſe as from th' Angelic Choirs,
And Saints, whom zeal like theirs inſpires,

In Heav'n above and Earth below
Still flows, and ſhall for ever flow.

OR THIS.

5.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bleſt,
Be praiſe in loudeſt notes addreſs'd,
Such as the ſtars of morning ſung,
When Earth was on its balance hung,
Such praiſe as from th' Angelic Choirs,
And Saints, whom zeal like theirs inſpires,
In Heav'n above and Earth below
Still flows, and ſhall for ever flow.

ANOTHER.

6.

All glory to th' eternal Three;
Thee, Father; Thee, O Son; and Thee,
The Spirit ever bleſt:
That glory, which through ages paſt
Unchang'd has ſtood, and yet ſhall laſt,
When time has ſunk to reſt.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

7.

All glory to th' eternal Three,
As was, ere time began to roll,
As is, nor yet ſhall ceaſe to be,
When time has reach'd its deſtin'd goal.

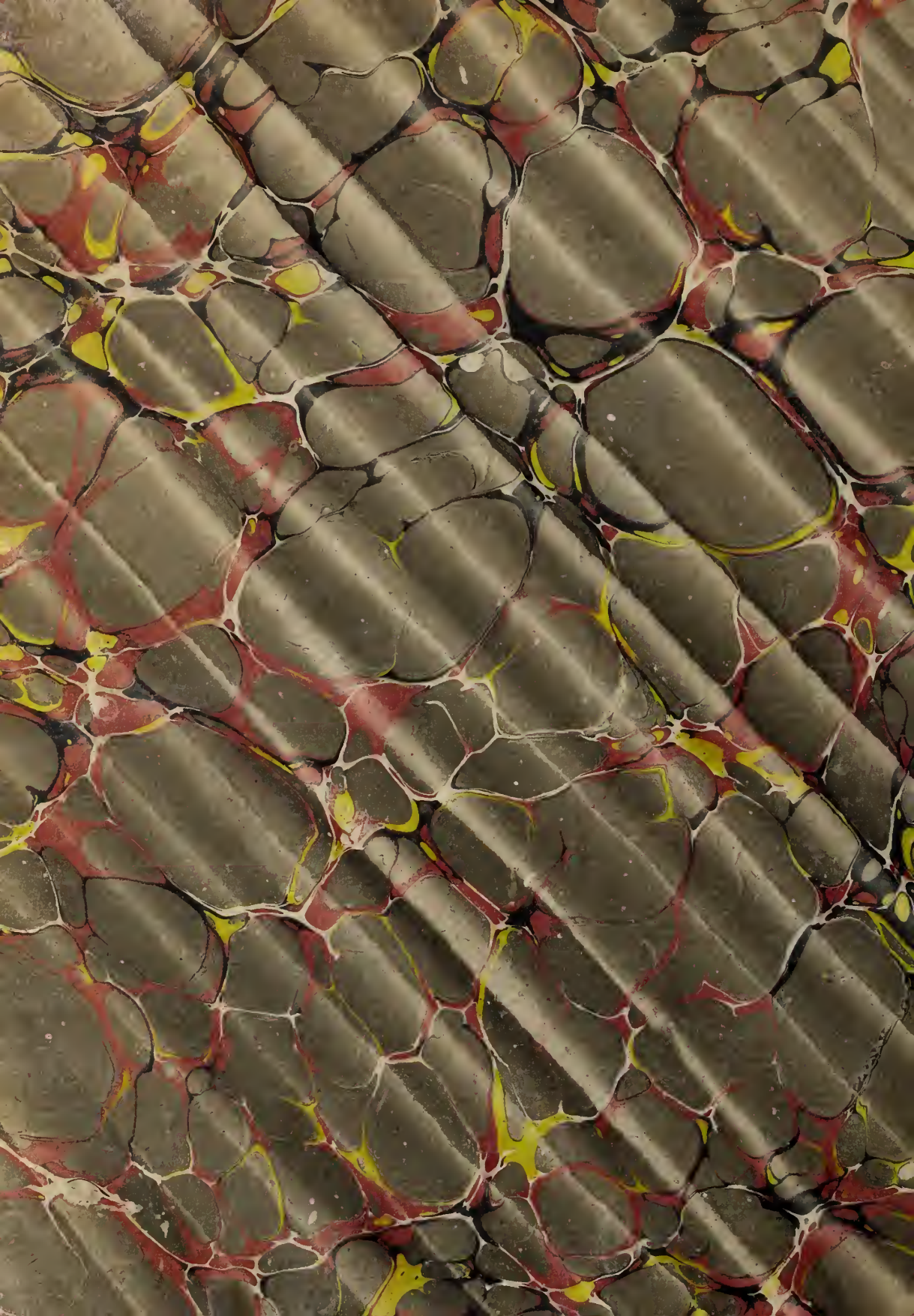
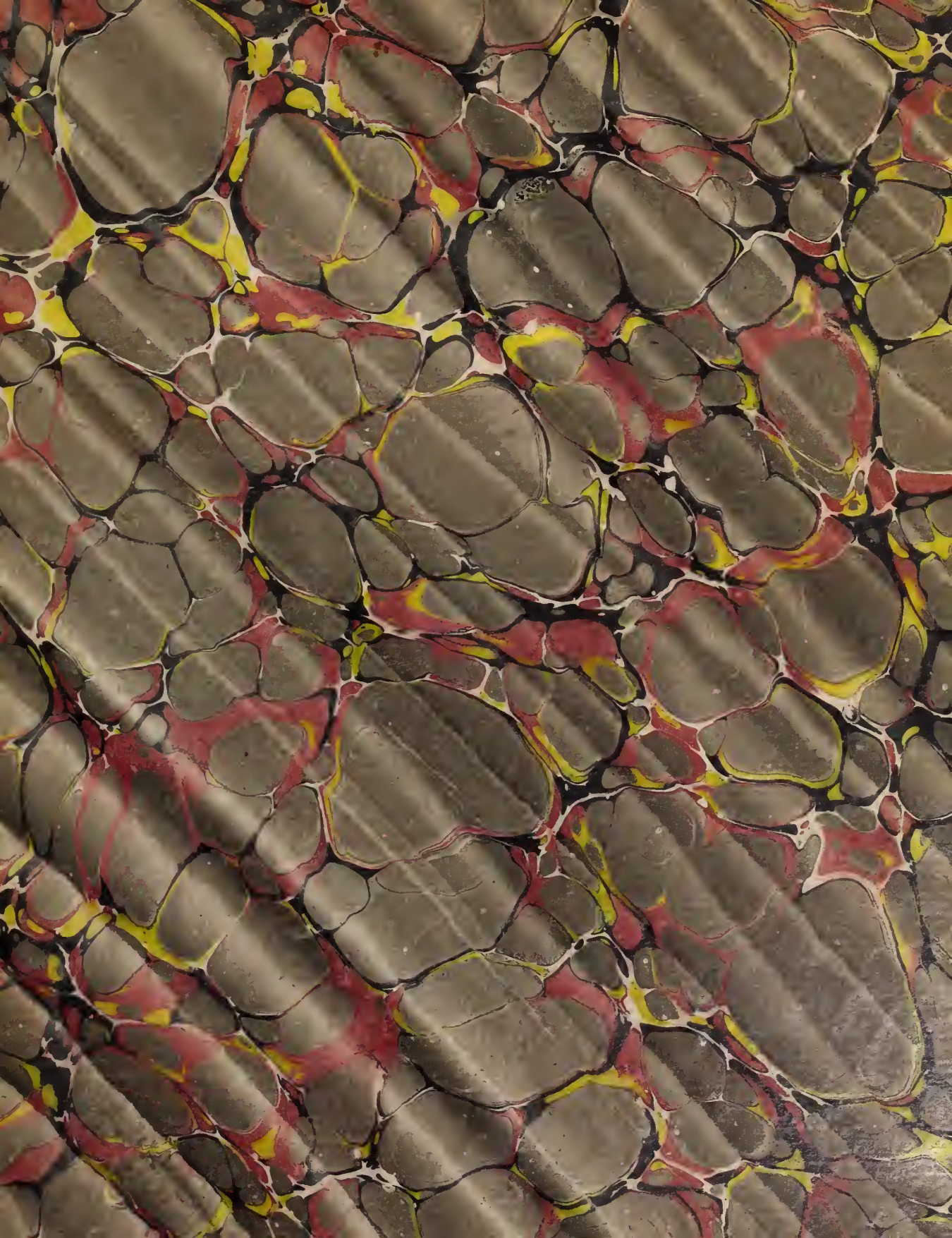
ANOTHER.

8.

Be glory to th' eternal Three
Aſcrib'd, and higheſt praiſe,
As was, and is, and ſtill ſhall be
Beyond the end of days.

ANOTHER.

9.

To th' eternal Three be giv'n
Praiſe on Earth, and praiſe in Heav'n;
Such as was through ages paſt,
Is, and ſhall for ever laſt.

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